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THE
CHURCHMAN'S
Shilling Magazine
AND FAMILY TREASURY

CONDUCTED BY

THE REV. ROBERT H. BAYNES, M.A.

VICAR OF ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS, COVENTRY; AND EDITOR OF
"ENGLISH LYRICS," "LYRA ANGLICANA," ETC.

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the Churchman's Shilling Magazine & FAMILY TREASURY.



A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN BLYTHE.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE AT THE MANOR.

THIRTY-FIVE to-day—an age at which many women are still young, and with life bright and hopeful before them, and what am I? A prematurely old woman, with faded beauty, shattered health, ruined hopes, and, oh, what terrible memories! And this I have been for ten years. For ten long years my life has been a burden I would gladly lay down. And yet I am not unhappy. Thank God, peace has come at last; peace in the consciousness of sin forgiven, and in patient resignation, gained at last, to wait patiently till He shall see fit to release me from this weary life. Without that peace I do not think I could ever have found courage to face again the past, and write, for the warning of those who chose to read, the records of a sinful life. Yes, a sinful life I do deliberately call it, though, perhaps, there never was a life more free from all that men call a sinful life in a woman. But I cannot judge it as men judge—I, who know all its inmost secrets. I do call it a fearfully sinful life; perhaps, in God's sight a more sinful one than many from which the world turns away in self-righteous contempt. I can only

bless His holy name for the mercy He has shown, and strive to submit, without a murmur, to whatever He may ordain.

I often wonder now, as I look back over my past life, what my disposition was originally ; whether that fearful hour, which even now seems to stand out with such terrible distinctness above all other transactions of my life, really only developed an inherent tendency, or whether it entirely warped and distorted my whole nature. All of which I can feel certain is, that I must have been born with an almost wildly romantic and imaginative disposition, under which must surely have lain hidden a marvellous tenacity of purpose and a terribly vindictive spirit.

I cannot in the least tell at what age I began to remember connectedly. My life was so entirely devoid of incident, that the first dawn of consciousness, to me, was very like the dawn of a still, grey autumn morning ; so gradual that one cannot tell at what exact moment objects become distinctly visible. As far back as I can remember, my life was the same. A strange, unhealthy life for a child, more especially for such a child as I must have been. I was the only thing about the whole place possessed of youth. Everything else told of old age and decay. The house was very old ; a quaint old manor-house. It was very large, but we only occupied a small part, and the rest was in a ruinous state. It was all panelled and floored throughout with black oak, and the small, narrow windows in the massive walls gave the large low-roofed rooms an almost prison-like appearance. The furniture looked as though it must have been of the same date as the house, and both worm and moth had been busy with it ; still it served us well enough. The house abounded in strange nooks and corners. Long dark passages which led to nothing, with unexpected steps, lurking like traps for the unwary, just in their very darkest parts ; and queer, odd-shaped rooms, just where you would never expect to find a room. Many of the upper rooms communicated with each other by means of sliding panels, and more than one of them had panels opening into narrow staircases in the thickness of the walls ; relics of days of turbulence and insecurity, long since past away.

The only occupants of the house, besides myself, were my guardian—uncle, as I always called and for long believed him to be, though, thank God, he was not so nearly related to me as that—and two old servants. Those were the only occupants of the house, that is to say, until I was ten years old ; but of the changes that took place then more hereafter.

My uncle looked in thorough keeping with the ghostly old house. He was a very old man, and must have been, when young, very tall; but as long as I can remember, he had always been bent with age. His features were thin and sharp, and his eyes small, dark, and restless. He rarely left the house, never the grounds, except occasionally, when he went away entirely for a few days, generally going and returning equally unexpectedly, but where or why, no one seemed to know. The two servants were, old Margery, a strong, active woman, who filled the place of housekeeper, cook, and everything else, and that, to say the truth, without being overburdened with work; and an antiquated old man-servant of equally mongrel description.

Outside the house, establishment there was none. There were neither carriages nor horses, and the stables were almost in ruins. One old gardener we had, who looked after the kitchen garden enough to make it supply us with the small quantity of vegetables and common kinds of fruit needed for our small household, but that was all. The pleasure-grounds, which were extensive, and must at one time have been laid out with considerable taste, though in a style long since old-fashioned, were now a perfect wilderness; but I liked them far better in that state than in any other.

No check was kept upon my roaming propensities beyond a peremptory order, that I was never to go down to the village without either Margery or old Andrew. But there was little need to give such an order. I should never have dreamed of such a step as venturing into all the turmoil and bustle, as it seemed to me, of the little village. I was as shy as any child brought up in such a way could be, and the mere hint of the possibility of encountering a stranger was quite enough to send me off to bury myself in the most deeply hidden solitudes of my favourite woods. My feelings on the subject were strangely indicative of the effects of my strange, lonely life. The idea of walking through the village alone would have made my heart beat with terror, while I could ramble for hours through the wildest recesses of the woods, and often lose myself for a long time, without the least thought of fear.

The scenery round the manor was wild and beautiful in the extreme; and over the whole country I wandered at will, as far, at least, as my childish powers would allow. But beyond all other spots I loved the deep glen running far up among the hills behind the house, with its wooded crags and rocky stream, and,

above all, with its romantic waterfall about two miles from the manor. I think I knew almost every rock and tree in that glen, and every pool in the stream ; and well I might, for there were but few days of my life, for many years, that I did not visit some part of it at least.

Of my uncle I saw but little. He never took much notice of me, yet he was always kind to me ; and with all the readiness of an imaginative child to cling to any one, I loved him dearly. One day with us was a faithful portrait of another ; there was no variety in our monotonous life. We breakfasted early, and the moment breakfast was over I was off out of the house, but not to roam far. I was bound to be in by the time Margery had finished her morning occupations, and then she gave me my lessons. A strange mistress, and equally strange pupil ; though from what I can remember of those early lessons, Margery must have been a better educated woman than most of her class. At any rate, that was all the education I got at that time, and I don't think it extended much beyond reading and writing. My lessons over, I had my dinner, and then I was free to please myself until the time my uncle dined, when I had my tea ; after which, I generally slipped out again in the summer, or, in the winter, off to Margery's sitting-room, to sit with her till bed-time. It was a great treat to me when, on fine summer days, I could persuade Margery to let me have a holiday, and give me my dinner in a basket, and let me be off to roam at my will, or explore some more distant and less well-known locality.

Visitors we had none, save occasionally the rector. He did call sometimes, but very rarely. My uncle had established for himself the character of a thorough recluse, and no one cared to intrude upon him. The old knocker had grown so rusty from disuse that it must have needed a strong hand to make known the possessor's presence at the door. If there had ever been a bell it had long since departed.

On one point old Margery was very particular with me, and that was that I should go with her regularly to church every Sunday morning. A very sore piece of discipline that was to me. I hated going where there were so many people. But Margery was inexorable, and to my repeated remonstrances, and questions why I should go to church, she only answered—that it was right to go ; though why it was right I rather doubt whether she could have told herself.

We sat in church in a high old-fashioned pew, which effec-



"I took the book, and gazed at it in speechless amazement; never had I beheld anything half so beautiful. It was a large book, handsomely bound, and closed with a massive richly chased silver clasp."—Page 5.

tually prevented my finding any amusements for the weary time in watching the rest of the congregation. But one very hot day Margery opened the pew door a little way to let in the air, and through the opening I espied a little girl, about my own size, whose proceedings I sily watched with the most intense curiosity.

She had a Prayer-book, and was apparently following the service with ease. I was eight years old at this time, and could read quite well, and the idea suddenly presented itself to my mind—why should I not have a Prayer-book too? This idea I propounded to Margery as we walked home.

"So you ought, to be sure," she said, "instead of sitting there like a heathen. You just ask your uncle for one, Miss Katie."

"Do you really think he will give me one, Margery?"

"May be, may be not; I can't tell. But if he won't, I'll find you one somewhere about the house. You just ask him."

That very evening I broached the subject. I was not in the least afraid of my uncle, so I went straight to the point,—

"Please, uncle, will you give me a Prayer-book?"

"A what, child?" he said, looking up from the book he was reading over his dinner, according to his usual custom.

"A Prayer-book, uncle," I repeated.

"What on earth do you want a Prayer-book for?"

"I can read quite well now," I said, with much dignity; "and if I go to church I ought to have a Prayer-book, that I mayn't look like a heathen."

This reason for my request I hazarded at a venture, in full reliance on Margery. I had not the most remote idea what a heathen was.

My uncle laughed. "Well, well, I'll see for one. There is one somewhere about, I dare say."

All that week I was in a state of extreme anxiety about the promised Prayer-book, but it did not appear until Saturday. On that morning my uncle came down-stairs with a book in his hand, which he held out to me, saying,—

"There, take that. I suppose you have more right to it than any one else."

I took the book, and gazed at it in speechless amazement; never had I beheld anything half so beautiful. It was a large book, handsomely bound, and closed with a massive richly chased silver clasp.

"Oh, uncle!" I said, after a moment of breathless silence; "is that really for me?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"What a beautiful book!" I said, in an almost awe-struck whisper.

My uncle laughed, but said nothing, and sat down to breakfast, but no breakfast could I eat. My whole soul was absorbed in the Prayer-book. With infinite labour I succeeded in undoing the clasp, and then my delight reached a climax. The rubric was all printed in red. I was hardly sane, I think. As I turned over the leaves my eye was caught by some writing on the first page, but that was quite beyond me. I could read nothing but the date of the year; which, after long and severe calculation, I succeeded in making out to be ten years ago—a perfect age it seemed to me. I began to regard my cherished book as of very great antiquity indeed.

I escaped the first moment I could, and dashing along the polished floor of the long passage which led to Margery's room, with a speed for which nothing save years of practice could have secured impunity, I burst into her presence in a state of frantic excitement.

"Hey day, child! whatever is the matter?" she exclaimed, looking up in astonishment from some jam pots she was occupied in covering.

"Oh, Margery, look! what a beautiful book!" I almost gasped.

"Book?" she repeated. She had evidently forgotten all about the Prayer-book.

"Yes, it's my Prayer-book. Uncle has just given it to me. Oh, Margery, did you ever see such a beautiful book? And there's some writing in it I can't read, and I want you to tell me what it is."

Margery took the book from my hand, opened it, and then deliberately put on her spectacles, and looked at the writing. She did not speak, however, for a few minutes.

"What is it?" I asked, impatiently. "What does it say?"

Margery sighed. "It just says this," she answered: "'Sybil Legh, on her marriage,' and the date."

"Sybil Legh!" I repeated. "Who was she?"

"Who? Why, your mother, to be sure," replied Margery.

"My mother! I didn't know I had ever had a mother," I said.

"Lord bless the child!" exclaimed Margery; "of course you had."

"And who did she marry?" I asked.

"Why your father, to be sure—Captain Legh."

"And was I born before or after she was married?" was my next question.

"How can you talk so, Miss Katie? Why afterwards, of course," replied Margery. "You weren't born for full two years after she was married."

"And where is she now?" I asked. "Why doesn't she come and see me?"

"She's dead," replied Margery. "She died when you were born."

"And where's my father?"

"He died before you were born, my dear. But I can't stay talking to you; I have a lot to do."

And Margery having finished her jam pots, departed, leaving me sitting on the stool by the fire, with my newly-acquired treasure in my lap. It did not, however, absorb all my attention now as it had done before. Margery's words had stirred new feelings into life, feelings which I had never known before. I knew that other children had fathers and mothers, for I used sometimes to go to the cottages in the neighbourhood with Margery; but I suspect I had a sort of vague idea that this state of things was entirely accidental. At any rate, it had never occurred to me that I ever possessed either. I began to realize now that I had something in common with other children, seeing I too had had a father and mother; and I am quite sure the discovery of this fact brought me a considerable increase of importance in my own eyes.

As soon as my lessons and dinner were over I retired to my favourite haunt in the glen, to meditate on my new discovery, carrying with me my precious book, that I might examine it at leisure, and try to spell out the letters of my mother's name. Legh I could manage, for Margery had taught me to write my own name; but Sybil was a terrible puzzle, it was quite beyond me. I sat there for a long time, turning over and over the leaves, and wondering whether my mother went to church, and whether she used that book; and with a rapidly increasing desire to know more about her, and a strange longing that I could see her,—the moment I had finished my tea that evening I crept out of the room, in search of Margery, who I found knitting by the fire. This was just as I hoped it would be. I immediately proceeded to business by bringing a stool, and sitting down beside her.

"Now, Margery," I said, "I want you to tell me all about my mother."

"It's very little I can tell you, Miss Katie," Margery replied. "I never saw her."

"Didn't she live here then?" I asked.

"Dear, no. Never came near the place in her life as I know of."

"Then where did she live?"

"That I'm sure I can't tell you. All I know about it is just what I told you this morning. She died when you were born, and your uncle went and brought you here, and here you've been ever since."

"And have you taken care of me ever since?"

"Not entirely. A nurse came with you, and she stayed till you were two years old, and then she went away."

"And is that all you know?" I asked. I was terribly disappointed.

"Yes; that's all."

"But, Margery, I want so much to know about my mother."

"Then you must ask your uncle, my dear. I can't tell you anything more."

This I proceeded to do on the first opportunity. He seemed surprised at the question.

"What made you think about your mother?" he asked.

"Because of her name in my prayer-book. Was she your sister, uncle?"

"Sister! No;" he answered. "She was my cousin's only child."

"Then you are not my uncle?" I exclaimed, in dismay. I had lately been studying the table of relationships.

"Not exactly," he said; "but something very like it. Your mother always called me uncle."

"Did she live with you?" I asked.

"No. She lived with her mother; who died just at the time she was married."

"And why did I come to live with you when my mother died?"

"Because she made me your guardian."

What that was I had not the most remote idea; but my uncle had taken up his book again, and was evidently not inclined to answer any more questions. I tried the subject again another day, but with no better results. My uncle did not positively

refuse to answer my questions, but still he contrived to give me little or no information about my mother ; and for years I knew no more of her than I have written down here. But many a long hour, after the day I got her prayer-book, did I spend in building childish castles in the air, in which my unknown mother was the principal character.

One other discovery, too, arose out of my possession of the prayer-book, which greatly delighted me. Margery suggested that I ought to have my name written in it, so I asked my uncle to do it.

"Please write it large, uncle, so that I can read it," I said.

I still continued to call him uncle, though the discovery that he was not really my uncle had greatly disturbed me. How thankful I felt afterwards to know he was not.

He took up a pen, and, in a clear round hand, wrote my name beneath my mother's.

"There," he said, "can you read that?"

I took the book. "Katherine Sybil Legh" he had written. I could read it without much difficulty, knowing all the names.

"Oh, uncle!" I exclaimed, "you have written it wrong."

"No I haven't," he replied.

"But my name isn't Sybil."

"Yes it is," he answered. "You were called Katherine after your grandmother, and Sybil after your mother."

I don't know why, but I was wonderfully pleased to find my name was the same as my mother's.

CHAPTER II.

GENERAL FAIRFAX.

Two more years passed without any change in my life, except that I think I began to play less, and to build castles in the air more. Margery had found somewhere, and given me a book of fairy tales, too, and by the time I was ten years old I could read easily enough to do so with pleasure to myself. Those fairy tales were my chief delight, and materially altered the shape of my castles in the air. I pored over them day after day, until I almost knew them by heart; and I began to be very constantly in my day dreams an enchanted princess, oppressed by some powerful magician, and rescued by some adorable young prince.

I could not well tell the powerful hold those fairy tales—my first introduction to the enchanted realm of fiction—took on my vivid imagination. They seemed to alter my whole life, and make me for the first time begin to think sometimes that it was very dull, and to wish I had been born in the time of genii and magicians.

The autumn was drawing on, and it was getting too chilly for evening rambles. I had almost given up my habit of creeping away after tea to Margery, and taken, instead, to a seat in one of the windows of the dining-room, where my uncle sat all the evening, with my beloved fairy-tales. One evening I had taken my seat as usual, and was reading for the hundredth time some favourite tale, when my ears—they were always rather sharp—caught a sound which made me start. Could it be? Yes, it surely was—a knock at the hall door. I glanced at my uncle, but he had evidently not heard it through the thick walls and double doors. He was a little deaf. My heart begun to beat violently. Such a thing had never happened within my memory. What could be coming? Could it be an adventure? I almost expected to see the door suddenly fly open, and some powerful magician or dreadful ogre appear. I listened eagerly, and soon caught the sound of footsteps in the hall. Something was going to happen. The steps approached the door. I heard the handle turn—the door opened, and old Andrew appeared, and announced in a tone loud enough to reach my uncle's ears—

“General Fairfax.”

I don't know whether I was the more relieved or thunderstruck—relieved that it was not an ogre, or thunderstruck at this unwonted intrusion of an entire stranger. But General Fairfax, whoever he might be, had by no means as yet succeeded in making his way across the polished hall floor, and in the meanwhile I had time to look at my uncle. He had started from his seat with a half-stifled exclamation of surprise, as Andrew's announcement caught his ear; and was standing looking towards the open door, with an expression of face more indicative, even I could see, of astonishment than of pleasure. A moment's pause followed, which seemed to me an age, and then General Fairfax entered. How distinctly at this moment I can see him, as I saw him then, though five-and-twenty years have rolled away; with his tall, manly figure, and grave, almost sad face, which would have been stern, but for the eyes, with their kindly expression. His hair was quite grey, and I thought him an old man. He was about fifty then. Would that I could banish now all memory of him

other than as I saw him at that moment, what a weight it would lift off me. But it may not be. "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap," and memory has the chiefest place in that harvest.

My uncle stood looking at him, for a moment after he had entered the room, in silence, and then he said,—

"Fairfax! Is it really you?"

"Ay, the same, Marchmont," he answered, in a deep but musical voice, "though I dare say you would have hardly known me."

"Indeed I should not. But what has brought you here?" replied my uncle, in a tone which seemed to imply no great pleasure at the occurrence, whatever its cause might be.

"Business," he answered.

"Of what kind?"

"I am coming to be a neighbour of yours," replied General Fairfax. "I have left the service, and have been looking out for a place to settle, and I heard of one near here which I thought would suit me, so I came down to look at it."

"How did you find me out?" asked my uncle.

"I accidentally heard your name, and a few inquiries convinced me you must be my old acquaintance, so I came over. But what on earth has induced you to bury yourself in this way, Marchmont?"

"Many reasons," replied my uncle, "too long to explain now. But tell me, are you going to purchase a place?"

"No, only to rent it for the present. Purchasing may be considered of hereafter, when I see how it suits me."

"What place is it?"

"Deanswood," replied General Fairfax, naming a place about a mile and a half distant, which had been long shut up. "You know it?"

"By name," replied my uncle; "I have never seen it. I hardly ever go out."

During this brief conversation I had sat in silent consternation. How should I escape? If I moved, General Fairfax would be certain to see me; if I remained, he would most likely do so; so, in either case, I had a fair prospect of being forced into an interview with a total stranger. However, the possibility was preferable to the certainty, so I sat still, hoping against hope that I might escape notice in my quiet corner; but I was disappointed. General Fairfax caught a sight of me at last, and I saw him start.

"Is that——" he said, in a low, agitated tone, and then he paused.

"Sybil's child? Yes," replied my uncle. "Katie, come here, and speak to General Fairfax."

This was awful, beyond even my worst fears. I glanced at the window, but it was impracticable, or I should have fled instantly. An idea of making a rush to the door darted across my mind—alas, General Fairfax was exactly between me and it—there was no help for it. I got up, and slowly approached him. He did not speak, but taking my hand in his he drew me gently towards him, and pushing my hair back from my forehead, he looked long and earnestly at me. A dreaming absent look gathered over his face as he did so, making it seem as if he were hardly so much looking at me, as through me, and far into the distance. I looked at my uncle, wondering what it all meant; but he was not looking at me, he was furtively watching General Fairfax's face, with an expression I had never seen on his face before, and which, though I did not understand it, made me feel afraid of him. It was such a sinister look.

After a few moments General Fairfax started, and his look came back from the far distance to my face again, as he asked—

"How old are you, Katie?"

"Ten," I answered.

"Ten!" he repeated; "surely it is not possible. It seems as if it was only the other day your mother was married."

"My mother was married twelve years ago," I said.

"How do you know?" asked General Fairfax.

"Because it's in her prayer-book that I've got, and Margery read it to me."

"Yes, I believe you are right," he said, with a sigh, "but how the time has flown."

He was silent again, but I stood beside him willingly enough now. I liked him better than any stranger I had ever seen. He looked so good and kind. Besides, his words had suddenly invested him with great interest in my eyes. By the way he spoke he must surely have known my mother. At last I hazarded the question—

"Did you know my mother?"

"Most surely I did," he answered.

"Katie," interrupted my uncle, in a more peremptory tone than he was generally accustomed to assume when speaking to me, "it is time for you to go to bed. Wish General Fairfax good-night."

I obeyed, and as I did so, he drew me to him again ; and as he kissed me, he said in a whisper,—

“God bless you, child, for your mother’s sake !”

I went off to my bed, actually leaving my precious fairy tales on the window-seat, where I had laid them when I got up to speak to General Fairfax, nor did I even remember, till the next morning, that I had done it. This wonderful event had, for the time, banished even fairy princesses and cruel magicians from my mind. The advent of a stranger would have been exciting enough, but that of one who had known my mother was almost too much. I was far too excited to sleep, for what—at least to me—seemed an age, and I even resolved to ask General Fairfax about my mother the moment I had a chance. I was quite sure I could summon courage to speak to him, and perhaps he would tell me about her. I fell asleep at last, trying to arrange which of all the questions I wanted to ask I should put first.

The next morning, at breakfast, I hazarded the question—

“When will General Fairfax come again, uncle ?”

My uncle looked up at me, and the expression I disliked so much flitted across his face again for a moment, as he replied,—

“I don’t know. Why do you ask ?”

“Because I should like so much to see him again,” I replied.

“Why do you want to see him ?”

“Because I want to ask him—about my mother,” I was going to say, but I stopped short—why I did not know ; but I felt disinclined to give my reason, so I altered it to,—

“Because I like him. He was very kind to me.”

“Sure to be that,” said my uncle, with something between a laugh and a sneer. “But when he’ll be back I’m sure I don’t know. He was only over for the day ; he hasn’t come to live here yet.”

This was a terrible disappointment. My childish impatience could ill brook such a delay. However, I contrived to conceal my feelings. I had an instinctive consciousness that my uncle was by no means so anxious for General Fairfax to return as I was.

Why should General Fairfax be sure to be kind to me either ? That was another subject for consideration. I did not see any reason why he should ; though, nevertheless, unaccustomed as I was to anything beyond the little more than negative kindness of my uncle, I was quite ready to return his kindness with a most

enthusiastic affection. From that day the undisturbed reign of the fairy tales was over.

It was some time before I saw General Fairfax again; but many a secret visit did I pay to Deanswood to watch the progress of the preparations there for his arrival; and at last, one Sunday morning, I saw him come into church. I was tall enough now, by aid of a stool, to see over the top of the pew when we were standing up, and I don't think that day I saw much else except General Fairfax, with his grave, thoughtful face. My heart began to beat violently when the service was ended. Would he come and speak to me? I could not summon courage to make the first overtures to an interview even with him. I watched him anxiously. Margery was always a long time before she would leave the church. I think she rather chose to avoid the congregation, and this morning I thought she never would move. I felt very much inclined to cry when I saw General Fairfax leave the church without even glancing in the direction of our seat. It was a terrible disappointment; but destined to be as short as it was bitter.

When at last Margery had stowed her books safely away under the cushions, and carefully consigned her spectacles to her capacious pocket, and leisurely walked out of the church in the rear of every one else, the first person I saw, evidently lingering in the churchyard, was General Fairfax. He came towards us directly, and held out his hand with that grave, kindly smile which drew my childish heart so irresistibly towards him, saying,—

“Why, Katie, I thought you were going to stay for the afternoon service?”

“Margery hadn't put away her books,” I said.

He laughed, and still holding my hand in his, walked on beside me.

“Do you go to church every Sunday?” he asked, after a moment's silence.

“Yes, every Sunday, unless it is too wet,” I replied.

“And what do you do when you get home?”

“I have my dinner.”

“And what then?”

“Margery hears me say my catechism and hymn, and then I go out till tea-time.”

“By yourself?”

“Oh, yes, I always go out by myself. Uncle hardly ever goes out. It's very dull on Sunday,” I added, confidentially, “be-

cause I mustn't play or read story books. I'm always glad when it is bed-time."

He laughed again, but did not answer. A few more steps brought us to the turning which led to Deanswood; our road was in exactly the opposite direction. General Fairfax paused as we reached the corner, and said,—

"Do you think Sunday would be less dull if you were to go home with me, and have your dinner at Deanswood?"

I was too much astonished to answer. I don't think a grave suggestion of an immediate journey to the moon could have been half so startling to any one else, as that remark was to me. I had never had my dinner anywhere but at the manor since I could remember.

General Fairfax repeated the question, after watching me with an amused look for a moment, and then I answered rather dubiously,—

"I should like to go with you."

"Very well, come along then. You can tell Mr. Marchmont," he added, turning to Margery, "that I have taken Miss Katie home with me, and will bring her over myself to the manor in the evening."

Margery looked rather doubtful.

"I don't know, sir, whether master will like it," she said; "he is very particular about Miss Katie."

"Yes, I know all about that. We had a long conversation the other night. You need not be afraid, Mr. Marchmont won't mind Miss Katie going with me."

Margery seemed satisfied, and turned away, saying,—

"Mind you are a very good child, Miss Katie."

In another moment I was walking up the road to Deanswood alone with General Fairfax; alone with an almost total stranger, and yet not in the least dissatisfied with my position. I could not feel as if he were a stranger, but yet I felt as if I must be dreaming—that it could not be true that I was really going to spend the day at Deanswood.

General Fairfax talked to me about various things as we walked along, and my tongue was soon going freely; but when we reached the house I began almost to repent my rash acceptance of the invitation. An awful personage, in the shape of a very different looking man-servant from old Andrew, met us in the hall; and a touch of the bell summoned a still more appalling apparition in my eyes—no other than a portly, middle-aged housekeeper.

"I have brought you a visitor, Mrs. Squires," General Fairfax said. "Little Miss Katie. You remember I told you about her; Mr. Marchmont's niece."

"Oh dear yes, sir. I have her dinner all ready for her. Will she have her dinner in my room, General? or will she have it when you have your luncheon?"

"With me, certainly!" replied General Fairfax.

"Then will she come with me and get ready?" said Mrs. Squires.

I was still holding General Fairfax's hand, and I think he must have felt my grasp on it tighten, for he looked down and said,—

"Will you go, Katie? or would you rather stay with me?"

"Oh, please, I would rather stay with you," I said.

"Very well; so you shall, then," he replied.

"Then let me take your hat and jacket, Miss," said Mrs. Squires.

To this I had no objection. Mrs. Squires took off my jacket, and then, as she took my hat, she exclaimed, as if almost involuntarily,—

"My gracious! what hair!"

"Hush!" hastily exclaimed General Fairfax; but I had caught the expression, and was on the point of a fit of tears. Margery was very particular about my never being untidy in my appearance.

"Oh, please," I said, with eyes filling with tears, "I'm very sorry if my hair is untidy, but it is my hat that has done it; because it's too big."

"There's nothing the matter with your hair, child," replied General Fairfax.

"It's quite smooth, Miss, indeed," added Mrs. Squires, seeing that I still looked a little uncertain; and she disappeared with my things.

General Fairfax took me into the library, but I was in a very subdued frame of mind. The novelty of my position, and the strange aspect of everything round me were almost too much for me. What wonderful tact he possessed in dealing even with a child! He sat me down on a stool and gave me a book, saying, "You must amuse yourself for a few minutes, Katie. I have a note to write;" and then he seated himself at a writing-table, with his back to me, leaving me time to recover myself a little, and make my observations on all around me undisturbed.

The room was a handsomely fitted up library, but how magnificent it seemed to me! I had never in my life been inside any other house than the manor, saving only some of the farm-houses or cottages near. I was still lost in wonder and admiration, when the door opened, and I heard a voice say,—

“Luncheon is ready, General.”

“Come along then, Katie,” General Fairfax said, rising. “Are you hungry?”

“Not very,” I answered. I was far too excited to feel inclined to eat. What little appetite I had, disappeared at the first view of the luncheon-table. How often since, amid scenes of splendour and festivity, have I almost smiled at the thought of my feelings at the first sight of that quiet, unostentatious, but well-appointed table!

Except an occasional stray remark, General Fairfax took but little notice of me during luncheon; and by the time it was over I had recovered myself enough to begin to meditate about asking the questions about my mother which had been occupying my thoughts so much.

“What shall we do this afternoon?” he said, as we rose from the table. “I don’t think I must make you walk about much. The walk up here, and home in the evening, will be nearly enough for you.”

“Mayn’t I go and see the gardens?” I asked. “I can walk a great deal further than I have walked to-day without being tired.”

“Very well, you shall go by and by; I want to talk to you for a little now.”

He led the way back to the library, and, sitting down in an arm-chair, he lifted me on to his knee, saying,—

“Now, little woman, what is it? You want to ask me some question, I am sure.”

“Oh, please, General Fairfax,” I answered, “will you tell me about my mother?”

A slight shade crossed his face, and he did not answer for a moment. Then he said,—

“What about her?”

“Everything, please. I want so much to know. I never knew I had a mother till uncle gave me her Prayer-book, and I want to know about her.”

“It is but little I can tell you, my child. It is twenty years since I last saw her.”

"Twenty years," I repeated.

"Yes; that seems a long time to you, doesn't it? But it seems to me, Katie, as if it was but the other day I saw her last."

"Oh, please tell me more about her. Tell me all you can."

"I knew her very well when she was quite a girl," he answered, "and used to see her a great deal. She and her mother lived very near where I lived then. But twenty years ago I went to India, and then, about eight years after, I heard she had married Captain Legh, your father; and then the next thing I heard was that you were born, and she was dead; and that your uncle had taken you to live with him."

"But what was she like?" I asked.

"She was tall and slight, and had hair and eyes just the same colour as yours."

"Am I like her, then?"

"I think you will be very like her when you are grown up," he said, with a sigh.

"How old would she have been if she was alive now?"

"Thirty-eight," he answered.

I privately thought this so old, that I did not wonder my mother was dead, but I did not say so.

"Is that all you can tell me about her?" I asked.

"Yes, all. At least, that is all at present. Some day perhaps, when you are older, I will tell you something more."

"Oh, please tell me now."

"No, not now. You would not understand; you must wait. But now I want to ask you some questions, Katie."

"What?" I asked, in surprise.

"I want to know what you do all day. Not on Sunday; you have told me that, you know; but on week-days. Tell me now exactly what you will do to-morrow."

"As soon as I have had breakfast I shall amuse myself till I have my lessons; then I shall have my dinner, and then I shall go out into the woods, if it is fine, till tea-time; and then I shall amuse myself till bedtime."

"Who gives you your lessons?"

"Margery," I answered.

"Margery!" he repeated, in some surprise. "Do you have no lessons from any one else?"

"No."

"And what does Margery teach you?"

"She teaches me to write, and to spell, and make figures, and then she makes me read to her."

"What do you read?"

"Oh, I don't know, dry books that I can't understand. She gets them from uncle, out of the library. But I don't like them, so I try to think of something else while I read them."

"Do you always read the same book?"

"Oh no. There is a different book for almost every day, and I have to read for an hour. I don't like them at all, but Margery says it is right for me to read them, that I may not grow up ignorant. But I don't see where is the use of my reading them if I don't know what's in them afterwards."

General Fairfax laughed. "Does no one else ever teach you?" he asked.

"No, no one."

"Not your uncle?"

"No."

"This will never do," he said, in a low voice, as if speaking to himself; and then he asked,—

"What do you do on a wet day?"

"I amuse myself in the house."

"What do you do?"

"I generally read."

"But I thought you didn't like reading?"

"Oh yes, I do. It's only the lesson-books I have to read to Margery that I don't like. I like to read to myself."

"What do you read?"

"Fairy tales," I replied.

"Do you like them?"

"Oh yes, I like them so much. I have only one book of fairy tales, but I read them over and over again."

"And what else does Margery teach you?" he asked.

"She teaches me to sew, and to knit socks."

"Anything else?"

"No, nothing else."

"My poor child," he said, stroking my hair, "this must not go on."

"What must not go on?" I asked.

"The sort of life you are leading; but we will talk about that afterwards. Come and see the gardens now."

The gardens delighted me as much as the house had done. Then General Fairfax took me to the stables, and I think my

delight reached a climax when he took me into the loose box where his own horse was, and let me pat and feed him. He stood watching me in silence for a little, and then he said,—

“Are you very fond of animals, Katie?”

“I don’t know,” I said, “we haven’t any, but I think I should be very fond of them.”

“Would you like to have a dog?”

“Oh, General Fairfax!” I exclaimed, clasping my hands. “A dog, all for my own?”

“Yes, all for your own.”

“Do you think he would be fond of me?”

“I’m sure he would.”

“Oh, I should like it so much.”

“Very well, you shall have one. I have got some puppies here; come and choose one, and I will have him trained for you, and you shall have him as soon as he is old enough, and then——”

He broke off abruptly, for I suddenly burst into a violent fit of crying.

“Katie, my child,” he said, sitting down on a bench in the stable, and drawing me towards him, “what is the matter?”

“Oh, I don’t know,” I sobbed, “only I am so happy. No one ever was so kind to me before. Uncle is very kind, but he hardly ever speaks to me, and he never seems to care about whether I like anything; and I am sure he would not let me stay with him half so long, or talk to me as you have been doing.”

“Then you must learn to love me, Katie,” he said; but his voice was rather husky.

“I do love you now. I love you more than any one else, I think,” I answered, throwing my arms round his neck. “I love uncle very much, but I don’t think I love him as much as you.”

He held me in his arms for a moment, and kissed me, and then he said, rising,—

“Come and look at the puppies.”

I chose my puppy,—a little black and white retriever, and received, with great delight, General Fairfax’s promise that I should come and see him very often, until he was old enough to come to me. Then we went in, and I had my tea, after which it was time to go home.

“Katie,” said General Fairfax, as we walked along, “are you a discreet little girl?”

"I don't know what discreet means," I replied.

"Can you obey orders?" he asked.

"I will do anything you tell me," I answered.

"Ah, that is just what I wanted," he said. "Now mind you don't say anything, to any one, about my having asked you about your lessons, or what you did all day. I shall come and talk to your uncle about it myself, but I don't want you to say anything to him. Will you remember?"

"That I will," I answered. "I will not say a word to any one."

"That's a good little girl. Now give me a kiss, and say Good night. I am not coming in."

I wished him good night, and ran up to the house.

"How did you come home?" my uncle asked, as I entered the dining-room.

"General Fairfax brought me," I answered, "but he wouldn't come in. Oh, uncle, I have had such a happy day, and General Fairfax is going to give me a dog."

"What did he say to you?" asked my uncle.

I pulled up instantly, and demurely answered his question by detailing various things which General Fairfax had said, that could not possibly give a clue to the forbidden subject. I believe I would have endured the rack rather than have breathed a word about it, after what he had said.

WORD-GOSSIP.

BY THE REV. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

THE plan and purpose of the following papers will be best understood by the ordinary meaning of the title I have prefixed. They are meant to form no special systematic treatise on words and their peculiarities, but merely, if possible, to set forth here and there, in a form pretending to no depth of learning and to no authority of teaching, some points of interest connected with language in general, and our own language in particular, which it is hoped may prove attractive to ordinary readers. I have endeavoured to avoid, on the one hand, too dry and deep, on the other, too superficial and conjectural, a mode of expression, and have prefixed the title of "Gossip," in the hope that the very notion of homeliness and sociability which is attached to the word may meet the objections which some "stern critics" might feel disposed to take to a set of essays on words, filled with digressions and familiarities of various sorts, which at first sight may seem not closely enough connected with the subject in hand.

Gossip would be no gossip if it were all didactic and dry—unprofitable gossip if altogether light and trifling. My aim has been, and will be, so far as possible, to say what I have to say of things which may be instructive in such a way as may also be interesting; and to "bandy words" with my kindly readers as I might do some rainy day beside my study fire with a congenial friend. Of course I shall find many to disagree with my statements, and to question my deductions. Why should they not? Who shall limit any man's exercise of the great and glorious "right to differ"? Would life really be worth having if there were no contradictions? And who need write books if all men were of one mind? But I will at least promise my readers that they shall neither find me dictatorial in my statements, nor so bigoted to my own opinions as to hold myself above correction. If I offer them the rough quartz of my own digging, I shall rejoice

if they extract the gold, even though they crush the ore to do so.

It has often been my lot, in preaching to a rustic congregation, to be told by my hearers, by unmistakeable outward signs which every preacher ought to be quick to recognise, that I have been running too long in one groove. On such occasions I generally use at the end of any period the cabalistic formula, "Now, I am going to tell you a story." It is like the adjutant's cry of "Attention!" to the regiment standing at ease; it is the unfailing "Open sesame" to blinking eyes; it acts as the sound of Blucher's guns at Waterloo, and gives the victory at once to virtue and wakefulness in those struggling hearers whose whole reserve of vital power has been engaged by nature in the huge effort of digesting their one weekly dinner worthy of the name. Of course my sermon story must have a meaning. Even so I will tell a little story now to my readers, with whom I wish to start on good terms, but who may be already inclined to yawn over my egotistical introduction.

My father had a schoolfellow, whose name, for all I know, may have been just as well Gonzalvo Guicciardini as Bob Brown, which latter, however, I will call him by "for short." This was a lad of such appalling conscientiousness that nothing could induce him to make an unqualified statement of fact, lest in some unintentional way he might be found to have uttered a falsehood. Some companions one day, in order to get an absolute assertion out of him, made the following experiment. They offered him a wine glass, saying, "Now, Bob Brown, take this wine glass in your hand, and say, 'Upon my word of honour, I have this wine glass in my hand.'" With imperturbable solemnity Bob took the glass, and slowly said, "Upon my word of honour, I have this wine glass in my hand, *I think!*" Just as Bob with his wine glass am I with my words. He had a strong belief in the correctness of his view, but left a loop-hole for escape in case of possible error. So do I with my derivations; *I think* they are right, but I will not for a moment say it is impossible they, or some of them, may be wrong.

II.—PLEASURES AND PRINCIPLES OF WORD-HUNTING.

That the wise man acquires with each access of learning an increase, at least, of one special sort of knowledge, that, namely, of his own ignorance, is a remark which the student of language must find continually justified as his experience grows. The

marvellous advances which linguistic studies have made of late years, and the wide field which has been opened to the labours of the conscientious inquirer, have awakened enough interest in such matters as to render some slight acquaintance with the general subject of linguistics almost a requisite in circles of average education. Who, for instance, now-a-days spends a week in a country house, without finding at least one or two occasions when the general appalling dulness of ordinary conversation becomes enlivened by some controversy as to the force of a word, the meaning of a custom, or the origin of a phrase or proverb? And who has not noted the interest with which such subjects are pursued, even when not one of the parties to the controversy is qualified by study or experience to do more than hazard a conjecture or guess at an interpretation? We do not mean to say that every one to be met on such occasions is either sufficiently capable, willing, or rash to enter personally into the discussion; but they generally can and do attend to its course and scope with a certain sort of uninstructed pleasure, like that with which the uninitiated look upon the huntsman's casting of his hounds, or watch the intricacies of backing-up at cricket, and count the numbers as they are scored upon the billiard-marking board. To be sure, the occasions for linguistic talk are limited. Breakfast time is a bad time for it; half the people have letters to read; and the unlettered remainder are too watchful of their chance for the laid-down newspaper, or too attentive to the horrid man who *will* skim it of its cream by ejaculating telegraphic headings, to mind even Max Müller if he began to lecture, or Hensleigh Wedgwood if he began to criticise him. And if breakfast be a bad time, dinner is a worse one; the sympathizers rarely are within reach of each other; a solemn ceremony is going on which must be attended to; the great British sacrifice to high appetite must be gravely approached and regularly consummated; certain viands must be accepted and certain others declined; certain wines drunk at one moment, and refused the next; any error in doing which may make your neighbour doubt of your style, and in such case scout your disquisitions, were they such as professors would praise and publishers scramble for. Certain attentions must be paid to the lady on your right, or woe betide the female estimate of your otherwise brilliant conversational powers, when your late neighbour talks of you up-stairs in the drawing-room, with her hand on the mantelpiece and her foot on the fender, the remembrance

of boredom in her heart, and the awful verdict dropping from her lips, "Humph! hadn't much to say for himself; rather a dull specimen!" The British dinner is too dovetailed an assembly for the etymologist to expect attention from. The fox-hunters predominate there; if they choose they may unearth the ghost of poor Reynard killed in the morning; they can view him at soup, check for champagne, and run into him triumphantly by the time the little bits of cheese are handed round. But the poor word-hunter may just as well strangle his little bag-fox at once as turn him down for sport. There's not even a tally-ho! he's mobbed in a moment. The British dinner is no time for linguistics. And how about other hours between the meals? Equally vain! People (male or female) hunt in couples then, and only scholars can enjoy linguistics *tête-à-tête*; so, after all, there is but one good season in the day for such a topic; but, to make amends, it flourishes then. At luncheon time, that delightful meal, one of whose synonyms—"snack"—means in low German simply "chat,"—when other interests flag and appetites are moderate; when you can sit a moment without your plate being snatched away, and listen a moment without a servant's interruption; when the parson has dropped in on one side, perhaps, leavened with Greek and Latin, and the ladies have some French, and the younger ones some German, and the young men believe it the thing to nod as if they had read or heard lectures on the science of language, and their sisters without any nodding have really read and liked such books as "Trench upon Words,"—then I say, at this blissful free-and-easy luncheon time let the astute word-hunter slip his fox. Away he goes, and all the field, to carry on the figure, are off in the pursuit; some shouting loudly when they should be silent, some shyly silent when they might vociferate, some with firm-seated attention resolved to see it out, but all going and meaning going. And if the fox be game, if the word be one really interesting, how wide and sweeping is the chase. The hunters vying, each select the trophy they desire as the reward of their pursuit. Prefix and suffix form poor Reynard's pate and brush; nay, so accurately does the parallel hold good, that the huntsman may suggest to the first whip, as the merry chase goes on, that *varmint* and *verbum* must at least be cognate terms. They hunt him to his last lodging; earth after earth he tries, but finds no harbour; from county to county, from land to land, from continent to continent, they follow their failing quarry. The labourers in the fields

they pass make signs and shout to guide the hot pursuit ; Kelt, Norseman, Briton, Saxon, Gaul, Lett, Finn, and Provençal, stand on each rising ground to telegraph his track, till, worn by long fatigue to a mere limping shadow of his former self, he goes to ground, at home at last, amidst the hills of Hindostan.

In truth, the philologist's hobby-horse is a strong goer that trifles never balk. To him the British channel is a surface drain, the Alps and Apennines mere posts and rails, the Mediterranean a simple brook, and the Himalayas only an outlying cover. And surely in racketing over such a wide expanse through all the season, which means all his life, that hobby's rider must have many a happy day and see a deal of country. Seriously, to drop this very horsy metaphor, the student of words enters upon a pursuit the pleasures of which no merely worldly study can out-rival, and stores with every day he lives, with almost every sentence he hears, resources for continual enjoyment. And if in the remarks which follow I seem to bear too hardly on the rashly expressed results of merely superficial observation, or hasty conjecture, I would have it borne in mind that it is not the fact of observation however superficial, or of conjecture however hasty, that I condemn, but only their rash and unprofitable expression. For the conjectural stage of linguistic inquiry *must be passed through by every student*. He can never learn to swim without venturing into the water ; and floundering along with one foot on the ground, though it be not exactly swimming, may teach him at least to strike out with his arms. And it is in fact only the observation of derivations which he either sees as being obvious or guesses at as being probable, which gives him any taste for the pursuit. Let me in all humility quote my own experience to illustrate my meaning. As a very little boy, walking with my father, the fact of a woman curtseying to him as she passed, set me on inquiring the derivation of the word *curtsey*. Knowing no better, I made myself an adverb *curté*, *shortly*, from the Latin adjective *curtus*, referring the *sey* to Latin *sedere*, *to sit* ; and was very satisfied with my conjecture, as explaining the gesture to be an abridgment of sitting, till my father upset it at once by pointing out the fact of the word *curtsey* being compressed from *courtesy*, and consequently referable to the root of *court*. The very consideration of the two derivations proved of interest, and tended to the encouragement of the taste for such investigations. In fact, to the uninstructed beginner, conjecture alone can awake an interest in the matter, and point the way to study as the

means of reaching fuller and more accurate results. It is exactly so with other pursuits, such for example as those of music and the fine arts, and it might be so with the acquirement of Greek and Latin, did not blind custom make our teachers universally begin at the wrong end, cramming brains with undeveloped grammatical results before they can comprehend grammatical relations. There is no question, that a child hearing a sonata of Beethoven played, and followed by "Pop goes the Weasel," will prefer the latter performance, which seems an abomination to the more instructed ear; in the same way that, further on in life, as the ear becomes educated, the true lover of music infallibly transfers his admiration from Italian melody to German harmony; but without passing through such phases the materials for comparison between the lowest and the highest degrees of musical excellence would be wanting.

So it is in art. The child who draws what he really thinks a portrait of his dear papa, representing him as an agonizing figure of 8 supported on lucifer matches, and brandishing two frantic toasting-forks for arms, must pass through some such phase as this before he can become conscious of any taste or liking for drawing. The errors are only seen by degrees, and the correction of each, as discovered, marks a new step gained in the way to excellence; and this brings me back to the text with which I started, only placed in another form. The wise man learns his own ignorance, and knowledge of his ignorance increases his wisdom. It may be that some of my readers know the town of Dusseldorf, that metropolis of painting, and Schulte's "Permanente Ausstellung," or exhibition of paintings, in which nearly all the pictures which leave the easels of the three hundred and odd artists in the place appear for at least two or three days before being sent to other exhibitions, or to the patrons by whom they have been commissioned. Such readers may remember the name and works of Wessel—"hujus magnum nomen fuit" about the year of grace 1860; not as a great painter, for mortal man probably never saw anything so ridiculous as the so-called paintings he exhibited; they formed topics of endless amusement when they appeared, and attracted many spectators by the fame of their badness who would have felt but little pleasure in, or appreciation of, the noblest works of Achenbach or Lessing. The man knew nought of painting, nought of drawing, but he insisted on his crude ideas, monstrously absurd as they were, being exhibited; and the result was, as might have been pre-

dicted, that he was looked upon as an utter lunatic. He could see no fault in his productions; he had been, if I mistake not, a waiter in an hotel before the frenzy filled his mind that he was born to be an artist, and the fearful daubs he put before the public were the result of total want of education. His eye had not learnt to see or to compare objects, and to observe the differences, wide though they were, between the models he copied and his own imitations. Now, would it have been right to blame this poor crazed man for painting? would it have been fair or reasonable to take his easel and his pencils from his hands, and thus destroy his pleasure, and disturb his peace? Assuredly not; such an idea could scarcely enter any reasonable brain; but it certainly would have been well to prevent the exposure of his astounding ignorance, and to have sanctioned the appearance of no more of his productions before a critical public till he could see things at least with an eye able to protect him from attempting impossibilities. It is just thus that the work of superficial observers in linguistics should be treated. They should not be told, as now and then an impatient student may tell them, that they have nought to do with words; their interest in, and awakening taste for, a delightful study, is not to be discouraged and ridiculed, but they should be counselled to dig below the surface. Their observation is not to be blamed, but its superficiality is. The work of the cleverest engineer in opening a coal mine must begin at the surface, must be superficial, somewhere or other; but if he wants to make his toil profitable, he must go thence deeper and deeper. So he strikes new strata, and taps new veins, while others may be content with gathering the useless slag and clinker which has been burnt at the pit's mouth. So it is with the investigation of words. It is the rarest thing to find any novelty whatever even in the most accurate guesses of the superficial linguist; and they are often as annoying to the real student as the novel announcement might be to a real historian that "Queen Anne was dead."

III.—COMMON ERRORS AS TO DERIVATION.

The word *guess*, in my last paragraph, suggests for consideration the grand erroneous notion of derivation which is most generally entertained. It is this, that similarity in sound, similarity in sense, or similarity in application, discovered as existing between two words, either in the same or different languages, is

sufficient to establish the fact of one of the words in question being either cognate or affiliated to the other.

And this brings me to notice, in passing, another common error as to derivation; I mean that of carelessness in distinguishing *kinship* of words from *descent*. How often people presume, just because Homer wrote before the birth of Latin literature, that the Latin language is a daughter of the Greek, and that similar or identical words occurring in both languages must of necessity be of Greek descent; without remembering that even in the days of Homer men lived in Italy, who must have had a language. Much in the same way we find it said of such and such an English word,—“Oh! it comes from the German,” as if that were its conclusive pedigree. The distinction between *affinity* and *derivation* is so little attended to, that many, in speaking of languages and words, make the same error as one might who, speaking of a family of sisters differing in age, considered the eldest mother of the second, the second of the third, and so on to the end. In fact, the fraternal relationship of language is loosely spoken of as the filial, and men imagine continually that they have discovered an origin where in fact they have only lighted upon an analogy.

But this distinction between *cognate* and *derived* words is only by the way. The grand error in common notions of derivation, as I have said, lies in regarding a resemblance, which may be casual, between two words, as a necessary proof of common origin.

That such resemblance is a *presumption* of their common origin is unquestionably true; and in many, nay, in innumerable cases, the presumption may be strong enough to amount to a demonstration; but this is far from sufficient to establish anything like a rule referable to all cases; and the neglect of this distinction leads to much confusion.

I need make no excuse for transcribing here some apposite remarks on this subject from the pen of Professor Max Müller, for the matter of whose labours in the linguistic field students of language can hardly be more indebted than ordinary readers are for their manner:—“It does happen now and then that in languages, whether related to each other or not, certain words appear of identically the same sound, and with some similarity of meaning. These words, which former etymologists seized upon as most confirmatory of their views, are now looked upon with well-founded mistrust. Attempts for instance are frequently made at comparing Hebrew words with the words of

Semitic languages. If this is done with a proper regard to the immense distance which separates the Semitic from the Aryan languages, it deserves the highest credit. But if, instead of being satisfied with pointing out faint coincidences in the lowest and most general elements of speech, scholars imagine they can discover isolated cases of minute coincidence amidst the general disparity in the grammar and dictionary of the Aryan and Semitic families of speech, their attempts become unscientific and reprehensible.”¹

And again, in the same lecture,²—“Sound etymology has nothing to do with sound. We know words to be of the same origin which have not a single letter in common, and which differ in meaning as much as black and white.” (By the way, this phrase, accidentally used, is a good illustration of the statement, the word *black*, if its common derivation be received, coming from a word signifying *pale*.) “*Mere guesses, however plausible, are completely discarded from the province of scientific etymology.* . . . A derivation, even though it be true, is of no real value if it cannot be proved—a case which happens not unfrequently.”

Let me give an instance or two of this conjectural etymology. A very distinguished scholar and author thus derives the word *vouchsafe*. He makes it part of a French phrase, “*Veux, sauf ton honneur, me permettre,*” &c. “*Deign, saving your honour, to permit me,*” &c.; thus implying wherever the word is used the astonishing ellipsis of the words “your honour,” or some such equivalent; and implying further, that the fulfilment of such a request as is here presumed must in any case be supposed capable of compromising the honour of the person entreated. This already is a hard strain on our belief, and looking further into it, and seeing that such a derivation would bring the word from the Latin *velle*, instead of from *vovere*, altering entirely the sense of the word, we feel no difficulty in condemning the conjecture as faulty and frivolous. The word is in fact, as the dictionaries rightly have it, referable to *vow* or *vouch*, either in the form of an active verb with an ellipsis of the object, *vow* (me, him, &c.) *safe*, that is, give a warrant or safe conduct (in the same way as we ask *to be borne* harmless), or as a neuter verb, *vow safe*, that is, *warrant surely*, which is the first and natural sense of the expression. How it has reached

¹ Max Müller, “Lectures on Science of Language,” Series II. p. 282.

² L. c., p. 243.

its secondary meaning, *condescend*, is a matter with which we are not here concerned.

I have purposely adduced this instance of faulty conjecture overlooking obvious derivation, as affording a sort of extreme example of the errors into which guesses, unsupported by proof, may lead generally well-informed students.

Let me take a different case. I mean the word tally-ho ! For this a writer in *Notes and Queries* suggests the French derivation, *au taillis*,—literally, *to the copse*. The very use of the word might have shown the absurdity of such a suggestion. It is only when the fox has “gone away” from cover (or *taillis*) that even a Cockney would dream of raising his tally-ho at all. Woe betide his hunting character for ever if guilty of such an atrocious crime ; and, therefore, to suppose that when Reynard is gone the sportsman should be summoned *into* cover, can only be a rational guess on the supposition that fox-hunting and donkey-racing are conducted on similar principles. This is a fine example of the need of proof to establish conjecture. The author of this explanation should at least have examined the French terms of chase before airing his suggestion. I happen to possess an old French book “*Le parfait chasseur*,” in which, strangely enough, the origin of the cry is found not under the head of fox-hunting, but as belonging to the pursuit of the stag ! I quote the following passage from page 8 :—“*Quand le Veneur a reçu l'ordre de frapper aux brisées, il prend son limier et marche devant toute la troupe droit à sa brisée, et pousse ses voies jusqu'au lancer ; puis il sonne deux ou trois coups de trompe quand il a lancé son cerf. Si quelqu'un le voit, il crie ta-hiau, et l'on donne les chiens.*”

Here we have the exact word in sense and sound ; whatever its origin, and however singular the fact that we spell it with the double *l*, which the French pronounce exactly as in the words *ta-hiau*, it is manifest that the derivation *au taillis* was never imagined for it in the very country whence the correspondent of *Notes and Queries* would deduce it, though the term exists there as an established hunting-cry, with the very meaning in which it echoes all over England for seven months in the year.

Again, how plausible is the conjecture that the word *pin* is derivable from *pinus*, a pine tree, rather than from *spina*, a thorn. In the first place, the form both of the word and the thing it expresses is far more similar to that of the former than that of

¹ Par M. de Selincourt, Paris 1683.

the latter word; and in the second, we find a striking analogy in an independent language. In German the word *pin* is expressed by a particularization of the general term *nadel*, a needle; the form being *steck-nadel*, a needle which remains in its place, as contradistinguished from one which is removed as soon as its object of carrying a thread through the orifice it makes is accomplished, (the prefix *steck*, if meaning merely perforation, while suggesting no distinction, since a needle perforates as well as a pin, would more properly be *stech*). Now the Germans actually apply the word *nadel* to what we call the *needles* of trees of the pine tribe, as distinguished from the *leaves* of other trees; and they further classify pine timber in general as *nadel-holz*, needle-wood. Yet a little examination shows how, in spite of these analogies of form and of application, the word *pin* must come through the less similar *spina*, from the still less similar *spica*, which supplies us also with our word *spike* in another sense. In Virgil's description of the squalid Achemenides in the third book of the *Æneid*, we read that his tattered covering (like that, if I mistake not, of Robinson Crusoe, friend of our youth), was held together by *thorns*, "*consertum tegumen spinis*." And there is no reason why the word *pine* might not have been used instead, were such a sense customary, since both Virgil's metre would have admitted it, and Achemenides' circumstances would have been in keeping with such use, for we are actually told he was in a pine-bearing country in the description of the pursuing Cyclops, who used a pine stem as his walking-stick.

"*Trunca manum pinus regit, et vestigia firmat.*"

Ovid,¹ moreover, referring to Virgil's account of Achemenides, speaks of him when his squalor is past, and when in the matter of raiment he is what an Irishman would call "smooth" once more—

"*Talia quærenti jam non hirsutus amictu,
Jam suus, et spinis conserto tegmine nullis,
Fatur Achemenides ———*"

And Tacitus,² describing the attire of the Germans, says,—

"*Tegumen omnibus sagum, fibula, aut, si desit, spina consertum.*"

"The universal covering is a blanket, fastened by a brooch, or failing this, by a thorn."

These instances, to say nothing of the French word *épingle*,

¹ *Metam.* xiv. 165, 166.

² *Tac. Germ.* xiv.

which in its earlier form, *espinle*, exhibits the initial *s* of *spina*, are entirely conclusive on the point in debate.

Again, with reference to the derivation of the word *umpire* conjectural etymology has been very busy; and in this case we find a really conscientious and laborious student tempted into a guess which can hardly be considered satisfactory. I mean that given by Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood;¹ though, as might be expected from so accurate a scholar, he adduces evidence, which to himself is manifestly conclusive, of the correctness of his view. He says,—“the old spelling *nompeyr* (Piers Ploughman’s Vision, ii. 107), leaves no room for doubt that this word comes from the old French *nonpair*,² uneven, odd. It seems, however, to admit of much doubt; while another origin, *imperium*, *command*, which Webster gives, is a truly miserable guess. Were we to accept *nonpair* as the origin of the word, we should be taking a simple adjective as expressing a special personage, a course which, however necessary in cases where we can do no better, seems very objectionable if we can find a substantive existing in the word. The initial *n*, in the instance adduced, is manifestly as exceptional as that in the word *nunkle* occurring in Shakspeare for *uncle*, and is occasioned most probably by an original agglomeration of the *n* from the article *an* before the vowel of *ompair*; much in the same way as we say *alligator* for *a lagarto* (lizard). That *m* is sometimes convertible to *n* is indeed unquestionable, but only again under urgent necessity, and the expression *non-pair* would be very exceptional in a language which has the Latin *impar* in the form *unfair*,—the last quality to be desired in a referee. It therefore appears more probable that the word, which, as I have said, implies a *person*, is formed of the French substantive *homme*, *man*, and *pair*, equal, and signifies *the impartial man*, in exactly the same way as we find the referee called upon continually in German students’ duels by the epithet *Unparteiischer*. I may add, as a strong confirmation of this view, that it was suggested to me by observing how in cricket matches, in that part of West Surrey where I then lived, the *umpire* (as we pronounce the name) is invariably styled the *umpeer*, and the fact of our having the word *peer*, as equivalent to the French *pair*, showed me how obviously the former part of *umpire* was referable to the French word *homme*.

The examination of this word tempts me, in spite of my own warnings against conjectural and unevidenced etymologies to

¹ Philological Soc. Proceedings, 1846-48, p. 151.

² For *non pair*.

venture the suggestion that our word *fair*, in the sense of *just*, and also perhaps in the sense of *beautiful* (apart from having light hair,) comes from the same root, through the primary notion of *evenness*, equality of proportion, *regular* features being still considered all but indispensable to beauty.

Another very common error as to derivation lies in suggesting the name of some supposed or real place or person as the origin of a word. This in very many cases is committed by observers of the entirely superficial class, by the etymological butterfly rather than the etymological bee. So we hear such extravagances as assigning *gambado* to the name of an imaginary riding-master, while the true meaning is something adapted to the leg, from Italian *gamba*, *the shin* (as used in *viol di gamba*, *leg-fiddle*, *violoncello*); the source, by the way, of our words *ham* and *gammon* (of bacon), which latter again I have heard absurdly assigned as the etymon of *gammon* in the sense of *hoaxing*, as one speaks of a *rich* joke, or as schoolboys talk of a *fat* piece of fun; the simple meaning of *making game*, from the Saxon *gamen* (as in *back-gammon*, *game of the trough*), being entirely overlooked.

So *Notes and Queries* records a brilliant guess originated by lighting on the mention of a cook named Brawn in Dr. King's writings. This, unsupported by any sort of evidence, rational or contextual, is sufficient to persuade a conjecturer that this Soyer of the time conferred his "*magnum et venerabile nomen*" on that excellent viand with which witless Wamba routed poor Isaac of York at the tournament. But *brawn* means distinctively the meat of a *boar* (*boaren*), and, properly speaking, is applied to the thick portion of the boar cut from the shoulders and neck. Wamba's "*shield of brawn*" accurately describes its shape, as also the modern expression *collar of brawn* fixes its anatomical position, though a misapprehension or wrong conjecture as to the force of the word *collar* has led to the cook's idea of serving brawn with a frilled collar round it; while this mistake again has led the carvers of brawn to another notion, and, the collar being supposed worn to enable the carver to grasp the brawn with his hand, it has been held necessary to do so, and, subversive of all order, to touch the sacred circle with a fork.

Take again the word *till* for a money-drawer. Mr. Timbs, the author of "*Club Life of London*," in describing the end of the once celebrated "*Tom's coffee-house*," says:—"The coffee-house business closed in 1814, about which time the premises were

first occupied by Mr. William Till, the famous numismatist." Here, it may be supposed, is an admirable derivation for the word *till* from a personal name. But a little examination of word-history disproves the accuracy of this inviting conjecture. Mr. William Till, as a coin collector, was appropriately named; but he collected in 1814, while the word "till, a drawer in a counter or desk," is to be found in Bailey's Dictionary of 1742, and probably in far earlier ones, since it is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word *dille* (equivalent to German *theil*, a part), and meaning a division or compartment.

The same historical argument demolishes the absurd derivation of *brawn* from a cook so named. Dr. King wrote his "Art of Cookery" in the early part of the last century; but the word *brawn* is centuries older, and to be found in the prayer-book version of the 119th Psalm, ver. 70:—"Their heart is as fat as *brawn*, but my delight hath been in thy law." The prayer-book version, as most of you may be aware, dates from 1539, being that of the great English Bible of Tyndal and Coverdale; and it is interesting to see how the later translation of the authorized version has dropped out the old word, giving instead, "Their heart is as fat as *grease*."

Another illustration of the error of deducing words from individual or imagined names appears in the explanation commonly given of the word *martinet*. It signifies in English a vexatiously strict commanding officer, and is altogether a military term. It is therefore alleged to be the name of some departed colonel named Martinet, who has thus for ever stamped the name he bore upon the character he gained. But *martinet* in the Swiss superstition means the spirit of mischief, the malicious sprite, the bugbear, and in this sense is mentioned by Victor Hugo ("Toilers of the Sea," vol. i.) when setting forth how every country has at least its tradition of some such ill-conditioned Loki. And a special reason why such a Swiss word should have this extensive military sense to-day may be found in the fact that for so many centuries and in so many countries Swiss mercenaries formed a part of almost every European army.

It is undoubtedly true that individual names have now and then been perpetuated in the manner here censured; but if so, we find almost universally that there is some good and distinct historic proof of the fact; and if such proof be not adducible, we can scarcely go wrong in scouting the derivation proposed.

When we are told that the word *simony*, by which we mean corrupt trafficking in church preferment, is derived from Simon Magus, the explanation and testimony afforded by his history recorded in the Acts of the Apostles give convincing proof of the accuracy of the derivation. So we know the origin of Davenport, D'Oyley, Macadamize, Brougham, and Clarence. So we know that to "burke an inquiry" means to silence it, in figurative allusion to the murderer Burke, who, to provide bodies for the surgeons, used to murder his victims by covering their mouths with a pitch plaster. But other such instances are rare. In fact, these nominal derivations hardly ever have any sort of reasonable ground for their support. One such term, however, seems now to have got a firm footing in our language, the explanation of which may possibly in course of time be lost. It is that most euphonious periphrasis in which the bloodthirsty ogre of the lodging-house bed is denominated a "Norfolk Howard." Here a very noble name is assigned to a very ignoble insect, with what seems likely to be a permanent, if unpleasant, association, and the manner in which it has come about may be worth recording.

A few years ago a Welsh gentleman altered his name; the lieutenant of his county, denying his right to do so, refused to address him by his new style in official correspondence. Considerable debate arose on the subject, and, the question being brought before a court of law, it was held that there was nothing illegal in the change of name effected. The decision was given the day before the Derby day. The *Times* on the day after the Derby day inserted a leading article on the subject of the right of changing names; the writer of that article went to the Derby, and, doubtless knowing what the subject of his night's writing was to be, had it frequently present in his mind. In Epsom he noticed an innkeeper's name posted up as Joshua Bugg—truly an ominous epithet for one of his calling,—and the *Times'* writer in his article cited this extraordinary patronymic as an example both of a name needing change, and of its owner's right to change it. The article declared that as far as legality was concerned "Mr. Joshua Bugg might take the name of Norfolk Howard to-morrow." Mr. Joshua Bugg was a reader of the *Times*, and he "followed the leader" implicitly. Not only did he announce in the next day's *Times* his change of name, but actually adopted the writer's chance suggestion, and took the style of "Norfolk Howard" from that time. Happy man, we might say, at the

price of a short advertisement to end the long annoyance of so loathly a name. But mark again the sort of Nemesis which followed. He hoped, as millions have vainly done, to get rid of the bug; but the very publicity of the proceeding marred the purpose of its author. The multitudinous tribe of bugs whose ranks he left took umbrage at his leaving; the right he exercised they exercised in turn; true to their affectionate nature, they would not part from him whom once they held. When he was Bugg, they all were bugs,—plain, simple, peaceful, pertinacious, and content; but he became Norfolk Howard—so did they. Had poor Joshua taken the name of Cimex, he would have been still a Bugg, though a bug in Latin, and the tribe, familiar already with that epithet, would have been content with being bugs in English. But the temptation to adopt aristocratic style was too much for him, and so he and his descendants must bear for ever to represent that multitudinous nightmare which mocks them still beneath their high-flown name.

This explanation of words by the suggestion of a personal name, however trustworthy where distinct evidence can be adduced, as in the last two instances, is, as I have before said, inadmissible without proof; to attempt it is an error, caused by want of research. I will now adduce an illustration or two of an error of an opposite character,—that, namely, arising from such over-research as leads inquirers to prefer seeking a remote derivation for a word to looking for it close at home. The word *skewer*, for example, with its vulgar pronunciation *skiver*, may give occasion to very learned disquisition. The linguist's first idea, under the light of the expression *skiver*, will be to refer the word to the same root as the words *shiver*, a fragment or flake, and *shavings*, of wood. These words are to be found in the Dutch *schyf*, a slice, high German *schiefer* and Danish *skive*, a *slate*; and though it be evident that the butcher's *skewer*, a strong and penetrating stick, is not well suggested by the idea of a weak shaving or a flaky mineral, he is apt enough to sit down content with such an origin as being possible, plausible, and the best he can get. And yet at his very hand in our own language the true meaning of the word is hidden under another spelling in the word *secure*, which comes from the Latin through a figurative use. What could be more natural than that meat so cut as to be likely to fall to pieces should be *secured* from doing so? Thus the cook or butcher would *secure* the meat, and extend the name of the act to signify the instrument with which the act was done.

A few words may be allowed before we leave the subject on one other common error as to derivations, that, namely, which originates in the determination to find an origin for words or names which were doubtless at first arbitrarily formed, or accidentally applied. As a general rule, every word, perhaps every name, has an origin; but, especially in the matter of names, there are multitudes occurring, in works of fiction for instance, entirely constructed by their authors. These are subject to no rules of interpretation, and should be left alone. We all know how many writers, especially German ones, have seemed to discover in the works of Shakspeare depths of philosophic meaning, transcendent if not transparent, which common sense incontinently scouts; we feel as impatient at such laborious efforts as we should at a person who, looking on a beautiful picture hanging on the walls of a gallery, should insist on proving to us his frantic theory that the figure of the original must be behind the canvas, though the picture may be but a fancy sketch. Just as there have been found commentators to expound on the most philosophical and recondite principles, that part of Goethe's "Faust" which the author himself pronounced to be, not only without hidden meaning, but absolute nonsense (*Dummes Zeug*) so the *cacoethes derivandi* leads people to seek for derivations, even in the most arbitrary names. A single but striking illustration is that of deducing the name of Swift's imaginary hearer, Lemuel Gulliver, from the words *Gull-i-ver*, to gull or deceive in truth. Swift might have called his hero Johnson just as well as Gulliver. In fact, the very existence of Gulliver as an actual *bonâ fide* name affords a strong presumption against any such intentional meaning on the author's part, while *to gull in truth*, if the phrase mean anything beyond a bull, was neither the object aimed at, nor the effect produced, by the famous book of travels.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

No form of words, probably, is so familiar to us from our very childhood as those few sentences to which, by general consent, men have given the name of "The Lord's Prayer." It is of universal use among us and all Christians; it is the child's first prayer, learnt almost in babyhood, and it is the accompaniment or the fitting conclusion of the man's own words of prayer. In public worship we have it in every service, and from family prayer it is seldom absent, and we fancy all feel that something is wanting if private devotions are concluded without it. Whence, then, came this form of prayer, so short and yet so full of meaning, that, as is expressed in the Catechism of Edward VI., 1553, "In this short abridgment are sufficiently contained all things that every Christian ought to pray for;" so beautiful in its language and rhythmical in its flow, and yet so simple that, as the same catechism says, "there is in all this prayer nothing doubtful or beside the purpose?"

This paper aims at giving a few words—first, on the origin of the prayer itself, as it has been given to us; and then a sketch of some of the chief variations and changes through which our own English version passed until it reached its present almost, if not quite, perfect form. The words, in the form in which we have them, originally were the words of our blessed Lord himself. They are His own form of prayer, with which He has bidden men approach God, who, as He taught them, is their Father in heaven. We find, on referring to our authorities, the written Gospels of St. Matthew and St. Luke, that Jesus twice taught the prayer to those who were, on different occasions, listening to His words. The prayer is contained in St. Matt. vi. 9—13, and again in a form which presents substantially the same petitions, though with some variations of wording, in St. Luke xi. 2—4. In the former passage it is a part of the sermon on the mount, and is set forth as an illustration of what prayer should be.

Having treated of several subjects Jesus proceeds to mention "various acts of devotion" which befit His followers; how, for

instance, they should give alms and how they should not give alms; and later, how they should fast and how they should not; and, between these two, how they should pray and also how they should not pray. The Teacher says, Do not pray in public, do pray in secret, in the closet; do not pray with vain repetitions, or, as one of our older translations has it, "babble not overmuch," do pray as I teach you: when ye pray, say "Our Father," and then follow the words of that perfect form which has been to many almost their only living religious form, at a time the public prayers of the church were in a language which they did not understand, and so were prayers whose spirit was almost as unknown as their letter, the very embodiment of vain repetitions.

Here, then, in the sermon on the mount, we have a form of prayer given to the servants of Christ for their general use, and also to be to them a general example of what prayer should be. But it appears from the context in St. Luke's Gospel that that evangelist has recorded its utterance by our Lord on quite a different occasion. One of the disciples, seeing the Master himself praying, asked to be taught how to pray, as John also taught his disciples. Jesus at once made answer by teaching the inquirer those petitions which he had already given once before. And though there is a certain likeness between the words which follow the prayer in both Gospels, yet the passage in which this likeness is contained is very short, and the subject of prayer must have been often touched upon in our Lord's teaching, and of necessity must have been treated much in the same way at various times to various audiences. A small likeness in the words must not, therefore, be pressed into an argument that we have in these two passages two accounts of the same event.

Such is a sketch of the origin of the prayer in its present form; but the language which our Lord used was not new, for most of the petitions which are contained in the prayer are older than the time when Jesus arranged them and stamped them with His divine approval. He in reality adapted and summarized certain expressions and petitions used in some of the daily prayers of the Jewish synagogue. Nor was this in any degree unnatural, for in all things He came "not to destroy, but to fulfil," and more than once He took pains to show that His teaching was the perfection of Judaism in its highest and best sense. Yet as there was a difference, pointed out not once only, between that which was said "to them of old time" and that which He set forth with the words, "I say unto you;" so here, too, He added the clause,

"as we also forgive our debtors." To this there was no parallel in the Jewish prayers, and as if to show how important this addition was, it was on this clause alone—itself the very representative of all Christian doctrine—that He made any comment.

The words of Jesus are excellently represented to English readers by the translations in the present version of our English Bible, which are almost perfect both in accuracy and in rhythm; indeed, it would be almost impossible to make any change which would not impair one or the other. And it is well, perhaps, to mention here that in every case, except one, where the English version in St. Luke varies from that in St. Matthew there is a corresponding variation in the original Greek text. It must, however, strike many readers of St. Matthew and St. Luke as curious that they never in public worship, perhaps never in private, hear exactly the same version of the prayer as they find in these Gospels; that, in fact, the renderings of the Authorized Version are never used. This, of course, is because the version in the Book of Common Prayer had been universally accepted before the year 1611, the date of the first issue of the present translation of the Bible, and was not altered so as to agree with it. Just in the same manner we have several small variations between the version of the ten commandments in the Prayer-book and in ordinary use, and the rendering which is now to be found in "the twentieth chapter of Exodus," to which the Prayer-book refers as its authority.

There is much that is interesting to be found in tracing the gradual process by which the perfection of language and rhythm in our present forms (and not least in the Prayer-book version) has been reached; and in noticing some of the many variations of reading which have before now been tried in this prayer, and have long since passed out of use.

It would be beyond the scope of this paper to refer to Saxon translations; we therefore take as our earliest specimen and starting point an early English version, said to be of the thirteenth century, published with many others in Mr. Maskell's "Monumenta Ritualia":—

Fader oure that art in heve,
i-halged bee thi nome, i-cume thi kinereiche,
y-worthe thi wyll also is in hevne so be on erthe,
our ishe-days bred gif us to day,
and forgif us gultes also we forgifet oure gultare,
and ne led ows nowth into fonginge,
aith ales ows of harme. So be it.

This is really Saxon-English, if we may so call it, and free from any admixture of Latin, showing any influence of Latin versions. It differs far more from our modern versions than the copies of the next century do; for by that time the prefix "i" or "y" had pretty generally disappeared, and so had such words as "auth," meaning "but," "also," meaning "as." "Ales" is changed into "deliver," and "harne" into the more accurate word "evil," both which remain till now undisturbed. The word "kinereiche," which is found in "The Cursor Mundi," a metrical version of the Bible history written about A.D. 1320, and with which may be compared the word "hovenriche" (the kingdom of heaven), occurring in "The Vision of Piers Plowman," A.D. 1362, gives place to "kingdom." But, as a still more important change, in that century we find the influence of the Latin versions in the words "dettes" and "dettours," which are still retained in our version in St. Matthew, and which are really the strictest rendering of the Greek words. We find the same influence, too, in the word "temptation" instead of the English "fondingge," from "fonde," to try. From the 14th century onwards we meet with few changes showing any progress of the language, though there are some slight alterations in the usage of words, as, for instance, the use of "as," equivalent to the modern "so," ceases; so "and we," where we should say "we also." The double negative, too, is no longer found: "ne lede us nowth" becomes sometimes "ne lede us," and at others, "lead us noghte" or "lede us nat."

But we find very many slight variations which are extremely interesting, if viewed as experiments in translation, continually aiming to combine extreme accuracy with a perfect rhythm, those which have not succeeded in retaining their place being not the least interesting. In a primer version of the fourteenth century (given in Blunt's annotated Prayer-book), and again in an edition of Coverdale's Testament, we have "in heavens," the plural, an evident attempt to represent the plural of the Greek and Latin versions, which, however, was not sufficiently in accordance with English usage to maintain itself.

There seems never to have been any attempt to supplant "hallowed," which has come down from some very early Saxon translator. "Honoured be Thy name" does indeed occur in "Tyndall's Exposition of Matthew vi." (1532), but it was not introduced into his Testament.

In one version the next clause runs, "Thy kingdom come to

thee," and again in the "Primer," 1538, "Let thy kyngdome cum unto us," additions which are rather explanations than renderings of the Greek. "Thy rewme come to thee" of the fourteenth century, is parallel to Wycliffe's "And if a rewme be departide in itself, the ilke rewme may not stonde," Mark iii. 24; and "whaune I schal drynke it newe in the rewme of God," Mark xiv. 25. But the clause which has given translators the greatest trouble is that which now stands in St. Matthew, "Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." We find it rendered in many ways, each differing from the others a very little, as "Fulfilde be thi wil in hevene as in erthe," "as" here meaning so; "Be thi will do as in hevene and in erthe;" "Thy wille be do in erthe as in heven;" "Thy wyll be fulfylled as well in erthe as it is in heven;" "Thy will be fulfilled even in earth as it is in heaven." The Bishop's Bible has in Matthew "Thy wyl be doune on earth as wel as it is in heaven," while in Luke the same words are rendered, "Thy wyl be doune even in earth also as it is in heaven." In our own Bibles we have in Luke "Thy will be done, as in heaven, so in earth."

To Tyndall probably is due the simple inversion and change which altered "oure eche dayes brede geve us to daye" into "Give us this day our daily bread."

In Coverdale (1538) the words are "our bread over other substance," which are a translation of the Latin "Supersubstantialem" of the Vulgate, printed in this edition with the English. This is, of course, not a variation of rendering, but an entirely different interpretation of the original, which is now generally rejected by English commentators. It was not indeed the rendering of the old Latin copies, which used a word equivalent to the English "daily."

To Tyndall, again, "trespasses" seems to be due, for Wycliffe, agreeing with the earlier Primer versions which I have seen, has "dettes," the Latin "debita;" not because he did not know the word trespasses, for Sir John Mandeville, in his Travels, writes, "He that never trespacede, wolde for trespassours sufre deth," and Wycliffe himself has "everlasting trespas" in Mark iii. 29. Tyndall (1525-6) renders "forgive us oure treaspases as we . . . which treaspas us," and a later edition of his Testament (1537) has "as we forgive oure trespacers," which he had already written in his Exposition of St. Matthew vi. (1532); while the Primer of 1538 has "them that trespas agaynst us." The word which has thus passed into universal use by having

been adopted by the compilers of the Prayer-book of 1549, did not recommend itself to the later revisers or translators of the Testament. The Geneva version returned to Wycliffe's word "debts," and was followed by the Bishop's Bible and the Authorized Version. The Bishop's Bible, however, retained in St. Luke "every man that trespasseth us," but the editors of the Authorized Version changed the expression into one more accurate. The retention of the word in general use shows the very great influence which the Prayer-book has exercised.

A desire may sometimes be detected to tone down the exact meaning of the next petition, probably lest any one should suppose it possible that God could tempt any man. Hence a Horn-book for children, supposed to date about 1550, has, "Lett us not bee ledd;" and again in the Litany and Suffrages (1558), the petition is "Suffer us not to be led into temptation," but the obvious accuracy of the usual rendering has preserved it.

It remains now to say a few words about the conclusion of the prayer, or doxology, as it is commonly called,—“For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. Amen.” This is not regarded by most critics as part of the prayer taught by our Lord, but as an interpolation, since it is not found in several of the most important Greek MSS. For our purpose it is sufficient to say that the Latin Church rejected it, and the English Church in olden time followed Latin usage. Thus this doxology is not to be found in any of the early English versions in Primers or Prayer-books; the “So be it,” or “Amen,” which they have being probably the ordinary response, and not a part of the prayer. But about the time of the Reformation the practice ceased to be regular, and there has not been uniformity since. This was, no doubt, owing to the fact, the doxology had been received into the Greek copies of St. Matthew's Gospel then most in use, partly, perhaps, owing to Beza having accepted it in his Latin version. Thus while it is not in Tyndall's New Testament, it is in his Exposition of St. Matt. vi., though no comment is given on it. Again, it is not found in Coverdale (as published by Nicholson, 1538), but is in all the later English versions. It was not in the Prayer-book of 1549, nor in that of 1552; but was inserted in the Book of Common Prayer for Scotland, 1637. It was not in the first Catechism in the Prayer-book of 1549; but was in that issued in 1553, “a Short Catechism to be taught by all Schoolmasters,” which expressly asks the question, “Why was it Christ's pleasure to knit up our prayer with this clause in the

end?" Latimer, preaching in 1552, says, "In the Gospel of St. Matthew there be added these words,—'For thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, world without end. Amen.'"

At the last revision of the Book of Common Prayer, in 1661, this doxology was added in five places, although in Bishop Cosin's instructions to the printer these words occur,—“Never print the Lord's Prayer beyond 'deliver us from evil, Amen.'” It occurs also in the two metrical versions of the prayer which have been attached to the Metrical Psalms at the end of the Prayer-book. Whether the words are the words of Jesus or no, at least they seem not out of place; and their appropriateness as a conclusion is attested by the fact that almost every word is adopted from a thanksgiving uttered by David when “he blessed the Lord before all the congregation,” 1 Chron. xxix. 11, where we find, “Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory; . . . Thine is the kingdom, O Lord.”

We have, too, St. Paul as a witness to its fitness, he using (1 Tim. iv. 18) words in substance very like the closing words of this prayer; “and the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will preserve me unto His heavenly kingdom,” adds a doxology, also in substance very like that which we now use,—“To Whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.”

“THE VEXED QUESTION :”

CAN I MARRY ON £300 A YEAR ?

BY HUNTLEY SMYTH.

INTRODUCTORY.

SOME time ago there appeared in the columns of the *Times* a series of Papers on the following question:—“Is it possible to marry on £300 a year?” These Articles called forth a host of letters discussing the subject, many of them possessing considerable merit; but nearly all the writers acknowledged that the problem was a difficult one to solve, having in view especially the *status* or position which an expenditure of £300 a year necessitated.

The following Chapters will be devoted to an elucidation of the “Vexed Question,” as the *Times* designated it. The experiences narrated will be genuine in every particular save the names of the parties. I can not only vouch for their authenticity, but from a long experience of housekeeping I know well that it is quite possible, by exercising ordinary prudence, and by properly husbanding the income at command, to make £300 a year do the duty which too many, unfortunately, are unable to accomplish with a much larger sum.

It may be urged that I mean to traverse the ground taken up by a writer in a little work,¹ where it is shown how a house can be managed on £200 a year. To any such objection I reply that my plan does not embrace the experience of a single family, which is all that the writer in question professes to show. My aim is to impress on my young countrywomen of the middle and upper ranks, how much more wisely they would act for their own permanent happiness and welfare, by resolving to link their fortunes with a man of estimable character whom they love, but who may happen to possess the limited income to which reference has been made, rather than in making an alliance having nothing whatever to recommend it but outward splendour and vain show,—how cold, hollow, and worthless, let the thousands of sad and aching hearts who have so chosen for themselves make answer!

¹ “How I Managed my House on £200 a Year.” Houlston & Wright, London.

“THE VEXED QUESTION.”

CHAPTER I.

HORACE SOLILOQUIZES.

“CAN I marry on £300. a year?” said Horace Lexington, as he lazily stretched out his legs before the fire in his comfortable bachelor’s apartment in Jermyn Street, and leaning back in his chair, watched the smoke of his cigar gracefully curl and disappear. “Unquestionably and most decidedly not, I should say. My club bill alone for last year came to—let me see—two hundred odd. Then my tailor, confound the fellow! has the audacity to expect to be paid occasionally; not to mention bootmakers, jewellers, and other gentlemen of the same description, who show equal bad taste in perpetually ‘taking the liberty of remitting their little account,’—and an extreme liberty I do consider it. However,” said he, thoughtfully, as he shook off the ashes of his weed against the mantelpiece, “there are fellows who do it. I wonder what pays Flora Matilda’s milliner bills, or provides for all the little accidents, sure attendants in these cases. Above all, I wonder where they find Flora Matilda herself?—not at this side of the Circus, I’ll swear. The pretty birds are too wary to enter any cages but gilded ones, and are, bless the darlings! as wideawake to the advantages of pin-money and a good settlement as their mammas or their grandmammas could desire.” Having thus, as he considered, exhausted the subject and his cigar, the young gentleman lit a fresh one, called for his hat and coat, and sauntered across to his club—to finish the evening.

“Can I marry on £300 a year?” said Augusta Vesey, while sipping some strong coffee out of a tiny cup of Du Barri china, in the prettiest of all possible dressing-rooms at the sunny side of Curzon Street. “I think not; nor should I like to try.”

It was just twelve at noon. A bright sun streamed in with a flood of light through the windows,—too bright, apparently, to suit the temperament of the young lady, who impatiently drew the muslin curtain across, exclaiming fretfully, “I wish my room had any other aspect; nothing so annoys the eyes as that dreadful glare. Heigho! how hot my head feels! and how

it aches! I wonder, does any one—I mean, of course, in our way 'of us'—ever dream of committing such an absurdity? And what sort of a life can it be with all the flowers trampled out, nothing but matter-of-fact and tradesmen's bills; none of the elegancies or refinements society really requires, nothing but mere necessities, with few of the comforts even of life? What an immense amount of 'pure affection' one should feel for a man to enable one to make for his sake so gigantic a sacrifice!—greater much than I could be capable of, I fear. There are women, I hear, who commit these deeds of heroism; but I am not ambitious to fill their ranks." Miss Vesey's musings were interrupted by the entrance of her maid, who came to say that "Miss D'Arcy was down-stairs, and would be glad to see her if 'at home.'" "Yes to her, most certainly; I shall be delighted. Show her up-stairs, Bennet." Presently the door opened and admitted a tall, handsome girl, in the first bloom of youth. She wore a dress of some light material in pale grey, with a tight-fitting jacket of the same, and a pretty straw bonnet. This, with the dainty little high-heeled boots, well-fitting gloves, and tiny parasol—of no manner of use, of course, not even to the owner,—completed her toilette. Nevertheless, I assert with confidence the *tout ensemble* would bring a smile into the grim visage of Diogenes, could he have lived to see it, cover the crustiest old bachelor with confusion, and make him retract on the spot all his vituperations against "the sex" and matrimony, and rush to the blank leaf of his family Bible, where the date of his birth was inserted, and consider if it was not yet too late to redeem his error.

"Kate, dear child," said Augusta, as she entered, "what brings you out so early? Account for yourself."

"Miss Vesey," said Kate, laughing, "what keeps you in so late? Account for *yourself*."

"We were not home until five o'clock this morning from Mrs. Pryce's ball. But why were not you there? You are acquainted, are you not?"

"Oh yes; we were asked, but I did not care to go."

"Keeping yourself up for to-night at H—— House, I suppose? I hear it is to be such a good ball—every one is going."

"Except us; we have sent apologies."

"Apologies to H—— House! Kate dear, why? What does it mean?"

"It means that I am tired of it all—quite weary of this constant routine of balls, fêtes, and morning visits, with hot

rooms and headaches, their sure accompaniments. I think life a higher, nobler thing than to be thrown away in an existence like this, and besides it is all so very unsatisfactory."

"Kate," said Augusta, solemnly, "you are not turning Methodist and evangelist, or becoming a 'brother,' or a 'sister,' or a thing of that sort, I do hope?"

"No, dear. Make your mind quite easy. I am not."

"Then pray, Kate, what does this tirade mean against all the pomps and vanities of life? and in which, I must say, you have played your part tolerably actively up to this point."

"Augusta," said Kate, laughing and blushing, "I have come to ask you to do me a favour. Will you, dear?"

"Granted before expressed. Speak!"

"Will you be one of my bridesmaids some weeks hence?"

"Kate, I should like to whistle—I feel it would relieve me,—but from regard to your feelings I forbear. So *that* is the meaning of it all! Now who are you going to marry?"

"Sidney Ward. You know him, don't you?"

"The curate of St. Stephen's? Of course I do; we sometimes attend that church. I like his preaching much, but mamma thinks he holds extreme views."

"He is not at St. Stephen's now; he has been appointed to a church at some distance off."

"Kate dearest, have you thought this matter over well?"

"I have; and feel that is no mere passing fancy, but a woman's love, Augusta."

"My dear child, what has he?"

"I cannot say exactly what he has; but I know what he is—a Christian and a gentleman; and the noblest, best, truest-hearted darling in the world."

"I am afraid," said Augusta, shaking her head, "it is a very rash proceeding, a dangerous experiment on your part. What does my aunt, your mother, say?"

"Mamma was against it at first, solely on account of money matters; though in every other respect she confesses he is all she could wish for in a son-in-law. However, she has quite come round, Sidney having persuaded her that it is quite possible to exist, even to be happy, without a carriage, opera-box, or a house in Belgravia."

"But what does Parker, her maid, confidante, and factotum, say?"

"Oh, it is great fun to see Parker. She goes about the house

as if some terrible calamity was impending, never mentions my name but with a sigh, and the humiliating addition of 'Poor dear!' does not think any good can come of it, as none of the D'Arcys, as she knows on, ever married into the Church; hopes Miss Lilla won't be following in my road."

"How delicious! But pray do not go yet," she added, as Kate rose, and seemed about to leave.

"I must say good-bye, for I promised mamma to be back in time to go out with her this afternoon. You know we have important matters to look after, preparatory to the great event I told you of."

"Pray stay a few minutes; you have not mentioned half what I want to know in the *minutiæ* of the affair. Tell me of the trousseau, and what we bridesmaids are to wear. Kate, you know I love you dearly, and would do anything to gratify you, possible or impossible,—would be capable of any amount of sacrifice for your sake; but if you expect me to appear in drab, brown, or smoke, I fear I must fall short. I could not do it, dear, even for you."

"I shall require nothing so dreadful at your hands. I quite forgot giving you that important piece of information. It is settled that the bridesmaids shall wear white grenadine, with blue silk scarfs,—veils, of course."

"Oh!" said Augusta, greatly relieved. "But what will the reverend Sidney say to such vanities?"

"Sidney delights in bright gay colours, and likes everything that is pretty."

"He has certainly shown his appreciative powers in choosing you."

"He says," continued Kate, "that in all God's gifts to us He has blended beauty and harmony equally with utility, and that it is a great mistake to think we propitiate Him by discarding His most precious gifts. But I must really now say good-bye;" and with a loving embrace the friends parted.

CHAPTER II.

MR. WARD'S MISGIVINGS.

IN a small apartment in a quiet street, at a long distance from the spot where we heard the subject last discussed, sat Sidney

Ward, incumbent of the church whose spire was just visible from the window.

Rather above than below the middle height, and of slight though well-proportioned figure, his hair chestnut, eyes deep blue, with rather a cold expression until he smiled, when the whole face lighted up, and the previous sternness of the mouth gave way to a look of indescribable sweetness.

Just now the former expression prevailed, for the same "vexed question" was troubling Miss D'Arcy's lover, and the current of his thoughts ran thus:—"Can I marry on three hundred a year? I hope so, and mean to try; but is it wise to ask a girl nursed in the lap of luxury to share what must seem a mere pittance to her?—a girl to whom economy, thrift, or household management must be mere dictionary words." Then arose before his mental vision the apparition of a bright figure in "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearl," where gauze, pale kid gloves, and artificial flower wreaths were in most inharmonious blendings with the little study in which he sat, and its general *entourage*.

Sighing deeply, he mused,—“Oh, Sidney! you have, I fear, allowed your feelings to get the better of your judgment, and have committed a miserably foolish act; and what will be the end of it all? Let me see, my church brings me £200. I get £50 for attending the hospital, Kate's income is £80, making altogether £330 a year to live on. Can it be done?”

With both elbows on the table, and both hands supporting his head, he sat with a very troubled expression looking at the figures, as if expecting they would resolve themselves into an explanation. But just then came to his recollection how the day before a little soft hand was put into his, and a gentle voice whispered in his ear, in reply to some of these misgivings, “I have nothing to regret. I am weary of it all, Sidney—this sham artificial life. I mean to be a good, true, and dutiful wife to you, and whether life brings us weal or woe let us bear it together. I have much to learn and unlearn; but you will bear with all my shortcomings, and teach me to be what I ought and would wish to be.”

“My own Kate,” he murmured, “it would be truly hard, when you have forgiven my wish to remove you from so much to so little, were I to resent your sometimes feeling the change. How will she get on with the parishioners? The poor I have no fear of; she will do well with them. How kind she was to those children of the poor widow Palmer! It was in her wretched

attic I first saw Kate, sitting by the bedside of the sick woman, with one little curly urchin in her arms, who had fallen asleep, his chubby fingers grasping the chain round her neck, and the other children standing round staring in silent awe. Her start and blush as I entered was a touching picture. How very handily she set about making a drink for the poor woman, lighting the few embers of fire, tidying up the room, and all the while looking so simple and natural!"

Just at this juncture the reverend gentleman's meditations were put an end to by the entrance of a tall, handsome young man of about six or seven-and-twenty, who exclaimed, "Sidney, old fellow, how are you? It is a century since I have seen you. What on earth has induced you to bury yourself in this out-of-the-way hole. I have had the most extreme difficulty in trying to unearth you; and the number of policemen, cabbies, and pot-boys I consulted, and whose aid I invoked in my search, has been wonderful. What combination of circumstances has induced you to settle here?"

"It is not out of the way for me," said Sidney. "It is quite close to my church. It has also the advantage of being a cheap locality. House rent especially is very reasonable here."

"I should think it, for house owners ought to pay a man for living in such a neighbourhood. Sidney, I heard this day a melancholy piece of intelligence, which I trust is not true."

"What is it, pray?"

"It is, that a friend of mine, a man of the highest intelligence, revered, and up to this, respected by all who knew him, is about to commit an act of such insane folly as will swamp his entire life, and expose him to the serious condemnation of his wiser fellows."

"Chandler, but that I am accustomed to your melodramatic style, I should expect to hear of nothing short of forgery, or some other calamity intensely sensational after such an opening. What crime, or folly, is your friend about committing?"

"Matrimony."

"Oh! that is it; I feel relieved. May I ask to whom you allude?"

"Thou art the man. Sidney, all jesting apart, I hope it is only an idle rumour. You do not mean to attempt what the 'highest authority in the land' has pronounced an impossibility. You cannot seriously contemplate marrying on—three hundred a year?"

"I do."

"Then I must say your friends should interfere, take out a

commission of lunacy, and shut you up on low diet until the fit goes off.”

“Be the proceeding sane or insane, Hugh, I am going to try it. In truth, and soberness, I do consider it quite possible to live happily, and I hope comfortably, on that sum; at all events we are going to try, and without many misgivings as to the result.”

“Then, all I can say is, if your motive be the good of your kind, and the amelioration of the human race, the deed will be one of the noblest instances of self-sacrifice on record. Curtius, the philanthropic Howard, and Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, all fall far into shadow in comparison. But forgive me, our long friendship will, I hope, warrant the impertinence. Have you no other resources? As far as my humble judgment goes, the sum you mention will simply cover the lady’s private expenses.”

“You do not know Kate D’Arcy?”

“Do I not? I would have gone in for her myself, only I happily discovered in time that I had not the slightest chance, and the knowledge of the perfect insanity of the thing consoled me for the disappointment.”

“My dear Hugh, when my mother married my father, now the very reverend Dean of Melstone, he was but a curate at Glastonbury. She has often told me that even as a deanness she never has been a bit happier than in the earlier years of her wedded life, though she often found it a hard struggle to make the ends meet. Why must we all want to begin where our parents leave off? Surely we may tread in their steps, and follow in their paths, without being held up by our fellows as monuments of imbecility.”

“I have the honour of knowing Mrs. Ward, Sidney, my boy; and if you expect to find many like her treading this earth, you will be disappointed. Do not, I beseech of you, judge of women by the test of your own home experiences, or you will be *désillusionné* very soon, that is all.”

“Thank you, Chandler, for the compliment to my mother. This time ten years you will pay a similar one to my wife, I trust, and whenever you can find your way to these remote regions, we will both give you a cordial welcome, that is, if you remember us.”

“Oh! I shall not forget, I shall always speak of you as a sort of ‘Robinson Crusoe’ or ‘Exile of Siberia,’ stories which wonderfully impressed my youth. May I ask what your mother says to this marriage *not à la mode*?”

"I'll read you part of her letter on the subject. Here it is:—

"I was not surprised, neither was your father, at the contents of your last letter, your previous ones having prepared us for the news. You might have done a more worldly wise thing, Sidney, but hardly a better. I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Kate D'Arcy, a few months ago, when she was staying in this neighbourhood with my dear friend Mrs. Chandler. (By the way, what has become of that good-looking, good-for-nothing son of hers, whom I got quite fond of when last here? I wish you would see after him sometimes, Sidney, for he has much good in him, that boy.) I liked Kate extremely, though I little dreamt she was so soon to be united to me in the dear bond of daughterhood. I thought her a most attractive, sweet-looking girl, and there seemed an earnestness, and reality, in all she said and did, that struck me greatly. God bless you, my dear boy, and give you all the happiness this world can bring. May He take you and yours into His precious keeping, and bear you safe through all Life's troubled waters to the heavenly Shore. Don't worry yourself thinking of the future. Your father bids me say that he will insure your life for £2,000, and will take care at his death to leave funds for the keeping up of the premiums. This is all he can do for you, having so many other children to provide for. Bring your wife to us as soon as you can. She will find a warm corner in all our hearts, and a sweet welcome from your loving mother.—E. W."

The careless smile and half-mocking expression vanished from Hugh Chandler's lip as he listened. "She is a good woman, Sidney, that mother of yours. Tell her I have not forgotten, nor shall I ever forget, the kindness she showed me when laid up at Melstone from the effects of that fall, when Starlight pitched me right over his head in clearing the sunk fence. As you are determined on the desperate venture, I must, with such odds against me, gracefully give in, aid and abet you in the transaction, bear you company on the fatal morning (the twenty-seventh, is it not?), and see you turned off. So good-bye."

The wedding duly took place on the day appointed; but as the *Morning Post* and *Court Journal* gave all full particulars of it, telling how the bride looked, and what she wore, with the number and names of the bridesmaids, and what they wore, and the full and true list of all invited guests; all about the

déjeuner, who furnished it, and where it was held, and the bridesmaids' bouquets, and where they were procured, and all about everything else, I shall enter into no description here, but refer you to the above-mentioned authorities, should you wish for further information.

Now, reader, fair and unfair, you have my hero and heroine before you in this couple so soon to be joined in the holy bands of matrimony, who have bravely determined to test for themselves the “Vexed Question.” We will follow them through part of their lives, and see how they solve the problem. We will for a brief space sympathize with them in their joys and sorrows, and those trials of life from which none are exempt. “In the world ye shall have tribulation.” Nor would it be well with us were it otherwise. A sharp stroke from His Hand is often necessary to bring us to the Father, and evil itself is good when He appoints it.

CHAPTER III.

KATE'S JOURNAL.

As a girl I regularly kept a journal, and as a wife I hope to continue a practice which I found both pleasant and useful: pleasant as a safe confidant of many hopes, fears, and feelings, untellable to mortal ear; useful as recurring to past events, and teaching a better experience by recording former shortcomings; and not the least in showing the wonderful change that takes place in our own selves, in our tastes, views, and ambitions. As a case in point, I feel assured that the aspirations of gushing sixteen have not found their realization in settling down here in Maybury Terrace, on an annual income of some £290; the house built of hopelessly new-looking red bricks, and two stories high; but sober twenty-one is quite content, and perhaps a little more.

Sixteen dreamt of a fairy palace, a coronet, brilliant equipages, and something between a prince and a belted knight. Twenty-one accepts a curate with a competency, an ornamental villa in a genteel suburb; and twenty-one is satisfied. A good deal, that, in twenty-one's favour; for, as I look around, it appears to me that in this world there are very few who are so. No matter how high a place men attain on life's social ladder, all seek to

obtain a footing on the step above; and how eagerly they strive and struggle to get there! If they do happen to succeed, well, it is but the same thing over again,—there are further advances to make, higher steps to attain to.

But this is all a digression from the subject at present occupying my attention, which is the great blank in my journal, no entry having been made there for many months past until this bright sunny morning.

I will take up the thread of my history, and recommence from my marriage, which event every one seemed to think went off very favourably; but for my part, out of all the misty confusion of the day I can recall but two distinct feelings: one is, that I thought I looked rather absurd at that hour of the morning in white satin, lace, and a wreath of roses; the other was, that I wished all these unnecessary, inconvenient people away, that I might have my mother and Lilla to myself on this my last day in my old home; but there they were, for *noblesse oblige*, and there they stayed; so the *déjeuner* was eaten, cake cut, toasts drunk, witticisms perpetrated, and everything else done that is considered *en règle* for these occasions. No tears were permitted: once my dear mother thought a little demonstration incumbent on her; that was when Sidney returned thanks for the "very kind manner in which his and his bride's health had been proposed," "taking the fledgling from the parent nest," &c.; but my cousin, Augusta Vesey, most unceremoniously informed her that such a proceeding could not be at all allowed. I must not omit relating how my sister and cousin stood at the hall door as we started, and threw an old shoe after the carriage;—a time-honoured custom, without which it would not have been deemed expedient for a daughter of the house of D'Arcy to commence her connubial career.

We went first to Cowes, and then crossed over to France. That journey by sea is a great trial to romantic and fastidious parties. Sidney and I remained on deck as long as we could, telling each other (and trying to believe it) how delicious it was thus going before the wind, "our bark cutting the waves." He hummed "A life on the ocean wave," and was just commencing to recite "O'er the glad waters," when his voice suddenly faltered, an expression of extreme anguish flitted across his countenance, and he became deadly pale. "What is the matter, Sidney?" I exclaimed, rising to go towards him, when I became giddy, faint, with an all-overish sensation of misery utterly indescribable. Alas!

it was the terrible *maladie de mer*. Romance must give way to reality. I rushed down-stairs, and never appeared on deck again until we were safe at Havre.

We stopped a few days at Rouen, and without intruding on the classic ground of Murray, I shall just observe that Rouen is a most picturesque old city, and full of interest. The noble cathedral, which Ruskin declares to be the most perfect Gothic edifice in Europe; the churches of St. Ouen and St. Maclou, and the lovely little church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, recently erected in imitation of the far-famed Saint Chapelle at Paris, were duly visited and admired.

The drive from Rouen to Paris is very lovely. You follow the course, for the greater part of the way, of that beautiful river, the Seine, studded with islets covered with poplars, which there, as everywhere else in France, flourish in perfection, and form a marked feature in French landscape. Arrived at Paris, we took up our abode at the "Hôtel de Lille," Rue St. Honoré. We found it comfortable, with good attendance, and an excellent *table d'hôte*, and of course only paid half what would have been the charge at an English hotel of the same class. We saw all that it was our duty to see, did all that was orthodox to do,—from the going over cathedrals, temples, and palaces, churches, museums, picture galleries, and institutions of every description, to the purchasing a new bonnet from Barraine's. Every one knows that was a necessity. We eat ices at Tortoni's, had *café* on the Boulevards, and one day dined at the Palais Royal.

I was charmed with Versailles. It was so quaint, and so quiet, I could hardly believe I was within half an hour's rail of Paris. We remained here a few days, and of course spent most of our time loitering about the Château, its interminable picture galleries, wonderful statuary, fountains—each a work of art, its lovely gardens and avenues, and that terrace—I am afraid to say how many feet wide and how many long.

We were admitted to the small "private apartments," where I was not a little disgusted to find the kings so very much better lodged than the queens; their rooms were comparatively shabby. We saw Anne of Austria's *salon*, where she and her ladies played so many pranks that they nearly overset the poor elderly Cardinal's reason; Madame de Maintenon's *oratoire*, and the little chapel where she was married to Louis,—for that she was the wife of the "Grand Monarque" is the universal belief in France,—*"L'œil de bœuf"* where was hatched all the evil, scandal, and

wickedness, the after consequences of which deluged the land with blood.

In the evenings we sat on the broad row of steps overlooking the "Tapis Vert," with that exquisite fountain playing beneath us, watching the sun set on the waters far away. Of course there was a day devoted to the "Petit Trianon," replete with such sad memories of poor Marie Antoinette and her gay court. My imagination quickly peopled the spot with all those stately lords and ladies laying aside their pomp and rank, and playing at shepherds and dairy-maids. Well, if not perhaps of the wisest, these pastimes were at least harmless, and surely less baneful than those of their predecessors. When *le roi s'amuser*, it was generally at the expense of many a weary heartache to his subjects. The gardens here are very lovely; *môde Anglais*, they are styled, because the trees and shrubs are allowed to grow naturally; and so they do luxuriantly, instead of being cut out into patterns, as is almost universally the case elsewhere in France.

Before saying farewell to Versailles I must mention a sad story which was told me in connection with the great equestrian statue which stands near the "Pièce d'Eau." The sculptor made a large wager with one of the lords of the court, that he would cut out of a single block of marble a man on horseback, life size. It was considered an impossibility; the wager was accepted, but the statue was completed, and there it stands at the entrance of the forest. The artist carved flames out of the marble, the horse appears startled, and in the act of springing over them. *Milord* came on the day appointed, with a large crowd of friends on both sides; like all, he admired the work, and loudly applauded the artist. "It is quite perfect," said *Milord*, "except the reins; where are they? You have forgotten them." It was true they were omitted, so all went for nought. The poor artist paid the money lost, then plunged into the waters near, and perished.

Before leaving France we went for a few days into Touraine, to pay a visit to some friends residing there in that beautiful country. We had some pleasant excursions, as they took us to see most of the places of note about. Tours is a handsome town, but I did like old Blois, with its green streets and extraordinary-looking old houses, built most of them in Louis Douze or Treize's time, each story jutting out farther and farther at either side of the street, after the eccentric fashion of most old French houses, until the attics almost kiss. How lovely were our wanderings by the Loire during those June evenings!—the chorus of nightingales,

the banks lit up with clusters of glowworms, the picturesque little *bourg* in the midst of the vineyards, and, of course, the groves of the everlasting poplars and acacias perfuming the air with their delicate scent. The country around Blois is quite studded with old castles, most of them of great historical interest, and associated intimately with many events in the lives of the Guises and De Medicis, and the Valois and Bourbon races. The old Château at Blois every one knows all about, but Chinonvaux, built on arches over the river Ober and Chaumont, Amboise and Chambord,—these give some idea of the grandeur and magnificence of the French seigneurs in those mediæval days. Chambord was rebuilt by François Premier, in all the gorgeousness of the *renaissance*. It was on one of the window-panes here that the used-up old king traced the memorable distich so often since quoted, “*Souvent femme varie ;*” little thinking that, two hundred and fifty years afterwards, these same lines would be worked up into one of the most powerful dramas that ever stirred the passions of a people.¹

On our arrival in England we went down to Dorsetshire to stay with Sidney’s parents,—such kind people, who at once accepted me ; indeed, directly I arrived I was made to feel by all parties that I was considered a daughter of the house. Dear Mrs. Ward gave me many valuable hints as to the management of my house, and towards the making the most of our little income. She told me she and the Dean commenced their married life on a much less sum than we are doing, and by practising a little self-denial with good management kept out of debt, and free from all troubles of that kind. She taught me many little things, the knowledge of which afterwards I found invaluable. And one morning that she and I sat in her study, she imparted to me some of her first experiences; and ended all her kind advice by saying, “My dear child, you have, in marrying a poor man, undertaken a life totally at variance with all your past. You must make it your duty now to do and to look after many things that, as Miss D’Arcy, you would have considered as not at all in your line. In your home the mistress’s eye must be everywhere and over everything. The best servant, if left entirely to herself, becomes either careless or tyrannical, and what wretched discomfort must ensue from your not seeing after the indifferent ones ! Never let anything tempt you to live in advance of your income. You can hardly now understand the misery you would lay in store for yourselves by so doing. Your necessities for the

¹ “*Le roi s’amuse.*”—\ ICTOR HUGO.

next year will be small compared with what they must be if the Lord bless your union with children. Put by now for a future contingency, Kate," she added ; "and above all, do not let any enthusiastic feeling of outdoing your duty lead you into becoming a mere household drudge. Many women wreck their own and their husband's happiness by a mistake of this kind. Sidney has married a graceful and accomplished girl, a lady (these are the words of Mrs. Ward senior, please remember); bear in mind that she must never change. If he wants a cook, sempstress, and housekeeper, Dorothy, whom you will find installed in your home, will quite answer the purpose. Be a wife, dearest, in the fullest, highest sense of the word,—friend, companion, and help-mate, always ready to give your husband sympathy and companionship."

I kissed her fondly, and thanked her for her kind words. I will try and act up to the very letter of them, seeking help where I know it will be given. Next day we left for home, to settle down into busy every-day life.

If any one should ever look over these pages, I should like them to have some idea of what Sidney is like, so I shall describe him for their benefit ;—but no, I should only be betrayed into writing something silly and misty, so I shall dismiss the subject by simply saying that there is nobody like him. My surprise is how he, good and sensible, ever came to think of me, so good-for-nothing, whose actions are always and ever falling short of her intentions. They say the poetry of one's life is over when we marry, its prose then commences ; but I am not going to prose over my life ; I shall throw as much brightness, sunshine, and flowers as I possibly can on our quiet path, and take life as it comes, with its pleasures and its cares, its troubles and its responsibilities, and just make the best of them all, agreeing with Mr. Slick, who so sensibly, though not perhaps very elegantly, expresses the sentiment, "Life cannot all be skittles and beer."

"TRULY MY HOPE IS EVEN IN THEE."

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

"The more the outward man decayeth, strengthen him, we besecch Thee, so much the more continually with Thy grace and Holy Spirit in the inner man."

Yes, I am waiting, very calmly waiting,
Until the silver cord is loosed. I know,
By weariness increased and strength abating,
That death comes quickly. It is better so.

Familiar things are round me, all unchanging
With the great change that stealeth over me;
From bough to bough the birds I loved are ranging;
The violets bloom beneath my favourite tree.

How strange it seems thou wilt flow on, bright river,
Winding thy silver course through valleys fair;
While on thy breast the golden sunbeams quiver,
And the white lilies float serenely there!

Still the west wind will murmur to the larches,
With the old music I so loved to hear,
That stirred the tracery of their sylvan arches,
Through which the sunny sky showed bright and clear.

I know the carpet of the shady dingle
Is thick with moss and many a primrose gem,
With which the hyacinths their purples mingle;
And little children go to gather them.

They bring them to the Church, where willing fingers
The buds and blossoms busily entwine;
And gladly o'er the work each young heart lingers:
Those Easter wreaths will own no touch of mine.

Oh, lovely as a vision of the dreaming,
That ancient Church will be on Easter morn!
With the rich light through coloured windows streaming
On the frail symbols of the woodlands born.

While every Christian spirit there rejoices,
And praises God with gladdened heart aright ;
And the great Volume of the chanting voices
Mingles with those that "rest not day nor night !"

And they will think them of that Heavenly far land,
Of which the weakest, feeblest thought is sweet ;
Where they shall need no fading earthly garland,
But cast their golden crowns before His feet.

And theirs will be the Feast—the Body broken,
The precious Wine that hath so oft sufficed
To cheer sad hearts ; the priestly blessing spoken,
The mystic Presence of the risen Christ.

Do Thou, O living Lord, my darkness lighten ;
Make Thou a temple of my lonely room ;
And let one sunbeam of Thy glory brighten
The long, long hours of weariness and gloom.

I will be patient till the summons reach me
That calls me evermore with Thee to dwell ;
But ere I go I pray Thee, Father, teach me
To value here Thy gift unspeakable.

Lead me a little while beside still waters,
And let my soul in Thy green pastures feed,
Till with Thy ransomed flock, Thy sons and daughters,
I come where Thou fulfillest every need.

Then though this mortal flesh, because of weakness,
Permits me not in yon dear church to be,
I yet may hope with reverence, and in meekness,
That Thou, my great High Priest, wilt come to me !

LICHFIELD AND ITS BISHOPS.

BY MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, B.D.,

PRÆCENTOR AND PRÆBENDARY OF CHICHESTER.

THE diocese of Mercia is one of the oldest in England, and was connected with the efforts of the Northumbrian clergy to evangelize the midland district. In the year 655, Diuma, a Scot, appears to have established his see at Leicester over the joint dioceses of Mercia and East Anglia; his successor and loyal countryman, Ceollach, resigned on political grounds when the Mercians rose in revolt against king Oswy of Northumberland. Trumhere, Abbot of Gilling, and Jaruman were both East Anglians, and consecrated by Northumbrian bishops; and Jaruman preached and laboured with considerable success in order to reconvert the East Saxons. Then came the memorable St. Chad, whose holy well at Stow is still wreathed with flowers on Ascension Day, whilst the cathedral of Lichfield and thirty-one midland churches are dedicated in his honour, and his name appears in the Calendar on March 2. He was the pupil of St. Aidan, at Lindisfarne, and brother of a Bishop of London, and, after studying in Ireland, presided over Lestingham, a Yorkshire monastery, founded by Cedd. In 666 he was consecrated by British bishops to York; but resigned within four years in favour of St. Wilfrid. He went through his vast diocese on foot preaching; and Theodore, the archbishop, when he removed him to Mercia, lifted him on horseback with his own hands. He lived in community with seven or eight clerks in a manse at Stow. Bede relates that angels' music cheered him in his cell before he died. He died of the plague, and was buried in St. Mary's Church.

Winifred, the next bishop, sat in the council of Hertford; and had so great a love for his charge, that he would not consent to its dismemberment as the see of the Earl Saxons had been divided. He was in consequence deposed. In the time of the more compliant Sexulph, late Abbot of Peterborough, the change which Winifred had resisted was carried into effect, by the creation of the sees of Stow, Lindsey, and Sidnachester in 678; of Hereford

in 676; of Worcester and Leicester in 680. Leicester and Lindsey were afterwards united in Lincoln. On December 30, 700, Bishop Hedda consecrated the Cathedral of Lichfield; Alwyn called himself Bishop of Lichfield and Leicester, but in the episcopate of Witta, in the Council of Cloveshoe, the diocese was resolved into two, Leicester, and Lichfield and Chester. Hemel, Cuthred, and Berthelin have left no memorial but their bare names; but Higebert, at the close of the eighth century, was raised to the rank of an archbishop by Pope Adrian at the request of the powerful king Offa, and his suffragans were those of Worcester, Hereford, Leicester, Sidnacheater, Elmham, and Dunwich; whilst the archbishop of Canterbury retained only London, Winchester, Rochester, and Salisbury. So king Offa, as Fuller says, thought the brightest mitre should attend the biggest crown. Higebert, however, enjoyed his honours only for a short time, as in 799, Pope Leo III., at the desire of king Kenulph, abrogated it, and the Council of Cloveshoe, in 803, reduced the see to the condition of suffragan. Erkinwald or Athelwald, the successor of Herewin, is said in 822 to have founded a deanery, and nineteen prebends for canons, probably in imitation of the new system introduced at Metz and in parts of France, and Germany, which became eventually known as "the English mode," in distinction from the purely monastic life. Thirteen bishops succeeded, the last of whom was an Abbot of Coventry: then came Peter, 1067-85, who called himself Bishop of Chester and Lichfield, and preferred for his see and burial-place the ancient Church of St. John, near which, it was said, king Harold found asylum in a hermit's cave after the fatal battle of Hastings. Robert de Limesey, 1088—1102, chaplain to the king and envoy to Rome, inherited his predecessor's erratic tastes, and on April 18, 1102, removed the see to the rich minster of Coventry, where he was buried. Robert Peche, 1121-7, who, as his chaplain, tenderly cared for Henry I.'s meat and drink, and reconstituted the prebends, was interred near his predecessor. In the first instance the see was removed to Chester in accordance with Lanfranc's canons, made in the synod of London, by which cathedrals were to be planted only in large towns. Limesey's palace, which stood at the north-east corner of St. Michael's churchyard at Coventry, was occupied until the accession of De Nonant. Limesey, however, was not beloved by his new capitulars; he suppressed the abbot, retaining, as in other monastic chapters, a prior only; he troubled the monks with his

stern discipline and dislike to learning, and with a refinement of cruelty stripped the rood beam of 500 marks' worth of silver in order to prosecute a case against them before the Pope.

Roger de Clinton, 1128, Archdeacon of Bucks and Lincoln, was nephew of Geoffrey, Baron of Clinton, and having bought the mitre for 3,000 marks was consecrated on the morrow of his ordination as a priest. He founded nine prebends at Lichfield, and rebuilt the cathedral by way of some atonement for his simony; but still failing to satisfy his conscience, assumed the cross and went to Palestine, where he was buried far away at Antioch. His best memorial is the Cistercian Abbey of Buildwas, near Wenlock. Walter Durdent, 1149-61, sometime præcentor, obtained the right of having a mint from king Stephen, and dying, was buried at Coventry. Richard Peche, 1162-82, son of Bishop Robert, Archdeacon of Coventry and Viceroy of Ireland, wearied of life and its career, resigned his see, and became a Canon Austin, and was finally interred in the Priory Church of St. Thomas, Stafford, which he had founded. Gerard la Pucelle, 1183-4, Canon of Sarum, and the friend of Peter de Blois, was buried at Coventry. With him that rival church lost its predominant interest with the bishops of the united sees. Hugh de Nonant, 1188-98, Prior of Carthusians at Betherlectin, irritated with the Benedictine monks of the minster in 1198, called out in Convocation, "To perdition with monks! if I had my will, in a few days not one should be left in England." And so he carried out his threat at Coventry, filling the cloister in 1190 with secular canons. Like De Clinton, he called himself Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, and it is said took so prominent a part in the ejection of the monks, that he received a wound in the head while before the high altar. However, their anger and indignation were satisfied when Archbishop Herbert restored them during De Nonant's exile. He had been sent by king John to Henry, Emperor of Germany, desiring him to keep his brother Richard fast in prison. When Cœur de Lion obtained his freedom he recompensed these good offices of the Bishop of Lichfield by a sentence of banishment, which at length was compromised by a timely present of 5,000 marks. Hugh de Nonant, in the Benedictine habit, repentant of his ill-usage of the monks of Coventry, was buried at Caen; but in the case of his successor, Geoffrey de Muschamp, 1198—1208, Archdeacon of Cleveland, and many subsequent bishops until John Catterick, interments at Lichfield became the rule. William de Cornhill, 1215-38, Archdeacon of

Huntingdon, granted to his cathedral the right of election of the dean by the canons. Alexander de Stavenby, the treasurer, had studied canon law at Bologna, and sat as Rector of the Divinity School of Toulouse. He was consecrated at Rome; he added two prebends in the cathedral and founded the Grey Friars Monastery. Hugh de Pateshull, son of Chief Justice Simon and Lord Treasurer of England, preceded Roger de Weseham 1245-56, late dean, who resigned on a pension, and died of the palsy. About this time great excitement was always caused at the demise of a bishop; a furious litigation, attended with compromises and alternate elections, had begun in 1222. In 1235 the two Chapters, the Benedictines of Coventry, and the Canons of Lichfield, agreed to elect a bishop by an equal number chosen from each, the prior voting on both occasions. The arrangement lasted until 1321, when the Pope interposed and reduced their votes to unimportance. Roger de Meyland, 1257—1295, Canon, was the third son of William Longspée, Earl of Salisbury; and being educated beyond seas, on succeeding to the mitre, knew so little of the vernacular that he lived abroad. Archbishop Peckham, however, compelled him to residence, and provided a coadjutor who at least could understand English. Stavenby was consecrated at Rome by Pope Honorius, and Weseham at Lyons by Pope Innocent IV. The next bishop, Walter de Langton, 1296—1321, Canon, received consecration at Cambrai from the Cardinal of Albano. He was nephew of Archbishop Langton, and one of the great mediæval statesmen-bishops; he rebuked the worthless Prince of Wales for his extravagance; and in consequence his park fences were broken down, his deer driven away, and himself accused of the most infamous conduct. Langton went to Rome, where the Pope referred him to the Primate, who restored him. He brought the body of Edward I., whose executor he was, from Burgh Sands to London, and then the vindictive Edward II. imprisoned him; but when his persecutor, Piers de Gaveston, was on trial for his life, Langton honourably refrained from taking a part in the judgment. He contrived amid all his troubles to found the lovely Lady Chapel, to build the palace, and to fortify the town and close, a precaution which was remembered to his honour when Lord Broke and the rebels laid siege to the house of God. Roger de Northburgh (1322-59), before he was a priest, had been a prisoner in the hands of the Scots, and was Chancellor of Cambridge, Lord Treasurer, and Keeper. Robert Stratton (1360-85), Canon, Master of Tri-

city Hall, Cambridge, Chaplain to the Black Prince, and Auditor of the Rota, was so illiterate that he could not read his oath of canonical obedience; he died blind. Walter Skirlaw (1386), Lord Keeper, the son of a sieve-maker at Swine, left Lichfield to become Bishop of Bath and Wells, and within three years Count Palatine and Prelate of the rich see of Durham, where he built the chapterhouse and commenced the cloisters, besides erecting the great tower and chapterhouse of Howden. Richard Scrope (1386), brother of William, Earl of Wilts, Chancellor of Cambridge and Prothonotary of the Apostolic College, left Lichfield (to which he was consecrated at Genoa) for the primacy of York, where his tragical end, which he met with Christian patience and submission, has been dramatized by Shakspeare in the play of "Henry IV."

The Franciscans were becoming popular in England, and John Burghill (1398), one of the order, was removed from Llandaff to Lichfield. He had been confessor to Richard II. At the West Gate he was received by the whole chapter, barefooted, and the king made a grand feast on the occasion. John Catterick (1415), Notary of the Papal Court, sat in the Council of Basle, where he so recommended himself to the cardinals that they pressed for his consecration so effectually that he was successively Bishop of St. David's, Lichfield, and Exeter. He was deputed to be one of the electors of a new Pope at Florence. He died abroad, and was buried in the Grey Friars' Church, at Avignon. William Heyworth (1420-46) sat in the Council of Basle with his predecessor, and was buried in the minster of St. Alban's, of which he had been abbot. William Booth (1447), like the unfortunate Scrope, was translated to York, and became Lord Chancellor; he was buried in St. John's Chapel in Southwell Minster. Nicholas Clere (1452), Chancellor of Cambridge, and the first prelate educated at King's College, where he distinguished himself by his capabilities as an architect, was joyfully translated from the bleak air of Carlisle. Reginald Butler (1453), late Abbot of Gloucester, exchanged Hereford for Lichfield: he went as an envoy to Rome, and was for a time imprisoned with Lord Dudley in Ludlow Castle by king Richard III. Robert Halse (1457), the son of a judge, was consecrated at Coventry, and had been Provost of Oriel College, Oxford. He was long held in honour as a promoter of good men to prebends in his cathedral, and years after the canons directed that they should be buried near his grave at the west door. William Smith, 1493, Pre-

sident of the Council, King's Justice in the Marches, and Chancellor of Oxford, remained long enough to be founder of Lichfield School and Brazenose College, in his old university before his removal to Lincoln, where he is buried. John Arundel 1496, was translated to Exeter, and was buried in St. Clement Danes, in the Strand, London. Geoffrey Blyth, 1503, educated in the new colleges of Eton and King's, Cambridge, and brother of the Bishop of Salisbury, Lord President of Wales, and envoy to Ladislaus, king of Hungary, figured in the splendour of the meeting on the Field of the Cloth of Gold. In his time new statutes were drawn up, and Dean Yotton was the first of his dignity who preached a sermon one hour long to the people every Sunday, a precedent of very ill omen, and much to be lamented. The name of Roland Lee is familiar in English history as that of the man who married Anna Boleyn to Henry VIII. He was President of the Marches, which he cleared of robber-gangs, and by his advice Wales was divided into counties, and united to England with the same laws and privileges. With less success he pleaded for the preservation of the magnificent cathedral of Coventry, as his principal see and head church; a poor fragment of its west end is the only relic of a sumptuous building brutally destroyed. He was buried at Shrewsbury. In 1541 the diocese of Chester was taken out of that of Lichfield, and so the whole title of Chester assumed intermittently by dissatisfied prelates, was entered permanently in the episcopate of England. Richard Sampson, 1542, another President of Wales, and sometime Bishop of Chichester, was a kind-hearted, feeble, timid man, and staunch advocate of "the lion and the dog," the royal supporters and emblems of royal supremacy, as it was termed in that day. He was a consistent Erastian, and alienated many of the lands of the see in the reign of Edward VI. He was buried at Eccleshall. Ralph Baynes, 1554, the learned professor of Hebrew at Paris, refused to administer the holy communion to Queen Bess, and was deprived by that imperious lady. He wrote Commentaries on the Proverbs, which consoled him under his sorrows. He died at Islington, and was buried at St. Dunstan's in the West in Fleet Street, London, but his enemies said that he was a better persecutor than Bonner, and worse than Christopherson. Thomas Bentham, 1559, a violent Puritan and preacher at Basle, only known as one of the translators of the Psalter, was buried at Eccleshall. His successor, William Overton, 1580, had also been a fugitive in the time of Queen Mary, and found a grave

near his. Sir John Harrington says that he alone of the married bishops kept good hospitality and his house in repair. Overton, who was brought up at Glastonbury, was the last of the monastic students. George Abbot, 1609, the son of a Guildford clothier, removed to London and Canterbury; he was Master of University College and Chancellor of Oxford; he was also one of the translators of the Bible. He married the queen of hearts, the Princess Elizabeth, to the unfortunate Prince Palatine; preached her mother's funeral sermon, and recommended Steenie to James I. as his confidential secretary. His primacy brought him no ease; he was suspended for one year, owing to the remissness of his government. He was the rival and enemy of Laud, cringing to the king, servile to the great, overbearing to his clergy, a favourer of Calvinism and Dissent. In his love of field sports, he shot with a cross-bow bolt Lord Zouch's keeper at Hemingworth. He crowned Charles I., founded an hospital at Croydon, and was buried in St. Mary's, Guildford. Another remarkable man, of far greater ability and equal ambition, was Richard Neile, 1610, Bishop of Rochester, Lincoln, Winchester, and Durham, and Archbishop of York; he was the son of a tallow-chandler in King Street, Westminster; and became Public Orator of Cambridge, Chaplain to Archbishop Laud and Lord Burleigh, Clerk of the Closet, and Master of the Savoy, passing through every degree and order in the Church of England. He opposed his old patron Laud, sat at the impeachment of Lord Strafford, was fined in the Star Chamber, and imprisoned twice in the Tower of London. He gallantly defended Westminster Abbey against a mob of London apprentices. After a stormy life of politics, in which he supported the Bill of Rights and a troubled Episcopate, he was buried in York Minster. Never had a see a quicker succession of prelates than Lichfield. Abbot occupied it only for a year; Neile held it four years, for the same period as his successor, John Overall (1614), who was removed to Norwich. This learned bishop was Master of Catharine Hall, Cambridge, Regius Professor of Divinity, Prolocutor of Convocation, a translator of the Bible, author of the Convocation Book, and a Fellow of the short-lived College of Chelsea. He was a wit, and when appointed to his mastership, observed that he supposed it was a *terminus diminuens*. "Nay," said the more wily Whitgift, "the least courtesy of princes must be taken as ushers to greater." Thomas Morton (1618), also Bishop of Chester and Durham, another Fellow of Chelsea, was a great sufferer in the rebellion. A more lovable character is

hardly on record. His feuds with his tenants he referred to a panel of the country gentlemen and clergy: daily alms were given at his castle gate. During the plague at York he was indefatigable, and used a private door to his house and chamber, lest his servants should catch the infection. He was princely in hospitality, profuse in alms, for, as he said, "gold is restorative." "Alack!" answered Dr. Donne, "I fear I never shall restore it," when he accepted the bishop's loan. He slept on a single quilt, eat but once in the day, and wore a coarse gown, and his meek motto was, "Lord, lighten my darkness." He twice entertained Charles I. He left his see after the battle of Newburn, and twice was imprisoned for using the Prayer-book. He was riding, after his release, with all his fortune, £60, in his pocket, when, overtaken by Sir Christopher Yelverton, who inquired who he was,—“I am,” he said, “the old man, the Bishop of Durham, going to London to die.” The good knight took him to his house at Easton Mauduit, where he was buried at the great age of ninety-five. On one occasion two rebels threatened his life, when one, less brutal than his fellow, said, “Let him go and hang himself!” “The words of angels,” said Morton, “uttered by Balaam’s ass.” Next came one who had, says Lloyd, no enemy but vice, and yet bequeathed a handsome fortune to a prodigal son, Robert Wright (1632), the first Warden of Wadham College, Oxford, and sometime Bishop of Bristol, who, like his two immediate predecessors, held the living of Clifton Camville to eke out the narrow means of the see. He was sent for eighteen weeks to the Tower, along with nine other bishops, for daring to protest against the proceedings of Parliament in 1641. On his release he retired to Eccleshall Castle, which was garrisoned for the king, to whose service he gave the half of his estates. He died, and was buried at Eccleshall, and from that time to the present, with the exception of Hacket, Cornwallis, and Smallbrooke, no Bishop of Lichfield has been buried in her cathedral. Accepted Frewen (1644) bears in his Christian name the Puritan impress of quaint names and arrogant spiritual conceit. He had been chaplain to Prince Charles; and the best part of his tenure of Lichfield was passed in retirement, as a bishop without a diocese, at Fulham and Banstead. During four years, after the Restoration, he enjoyed the northern primacy, and was buried at York. The most prominent of all the bishops now appeared, John Hacket (1661), who wrote himself Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry: the pupil of the learned Andrewes; the favourite of Archbishop Wil-

Lams ; the contemporary of George Herbert, at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge, had need be a memorable man. His old chaplain has preserved a century of his remarkable sermons, a storehouse of curious illustrations of this period ; and in his life of his patron Hacket bequeathed to us one of the most interesting biographies of an English prelate now extant. The Nonconformist Baxter had honestly refused the see which Hacket so worthily adorned. He had been rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, where, during the Rebellion, he said the Church Services by heart ; and when a ruffianly Roundhead clapped a pistol to his ear and bade him desist from preaching, never hesitated for one moment, but simply said, "Soldier, do your duty ; I shall do mine." He as gallantly, and with brilliant and unanswerable logic, at a few hours' notice, defended the cause of Cathedrals before the House of Commons ; he attended Lord Holland on the scaffold, and showed himself a loyal Churchman. The consequence was his retirement to Cheam, where he was able to illustrate his saying that Aurora is the mother of honeydews and pearls which drop from scholars' pens. "Serve God and be thankful," was this good man's motto, and to God's service he dedicated his fortune. On his arrival at Lichfield, the beautiful cathedral was shattered with a fire of 2,000 shot of great ordnance and 1,500 grenadoes. The central spire was in the dust, the roofs were beaten down, the organs, and stalls, and glass windows destroyed ; but the very next morning, with his own coach-horses, he began to remove the rubbish. No noble or gentleman passed through the city but he craved his alms ; night and day he laboured in the work of restoration, and so well that on Christmas Eve, 1669, he re-dedicated the church with an imposing ceremonial ; and then his care was turned to provide "the tongues." When the tenor bell was at length hung in its place, the bishop—then old and very feeble—was led into the adjoining chamber to hear its tone. He was well pleased with the sound, and blessed God that He had favoured him with life to hear it ; but, said he, "He is my passing-bell." And so it proved to be. Many a pleasant story is told of the bishop and his skill in parrying unkindly speeches, as, when Comyns, the rector of Norbury, coarsely said to him that hell was paved with bishops' skulls, he answered, "Tread lightly on mine, I pray you, sir, when next you go there." He founded Bishop's Hostel in Trinity College, Cambridge. He had one peculiarity : he forbade candidates for holy orders to come

with long hair; he did not live long enough to see the hideous invention of wigs. A very different person was Thomas Wood, 1671 (the dean); his one good act was to leave £3,000 to the M.A.'s of Christchurch, Oxford. [Sancroft at length suspended him for non-residence, as he lived at Hackney. For twenty-three years he retained the see, and on his death (he was buried at Ufford, Suffolk), William Lloyd (1698) was translated from St. Asaph: he afterwards went to Worcester, where he refused very properly to allow the bell to be rung at Dr. Sacheverell's entrance into the city; but the townsfolk, finding the ropes taken away, hammered upon the bells themselves, making an unearthly din. Lloyd preached Sir Godfrey Edmondbury's funeral sermon at St. Clement Danes. He was a fanatic in chronology and exposition of prophecies. He once begged an audience of Queen Anne, to convince her that the Church of Rome would be extinct in four years. His request was granted. Bishop Compton and several noblemen were present; and when Lord Dartmouth differed from him, he exclaimed, "So says my Lord: God says otherwise." Whether he liked it or not, the good-natured queen ordered dinner. "Madam," said the irritated bishop, "if I know not truth, I pray your Majesty will dispose of my bishopric to one who knows it better." Then he whispered her Majesty that the Saviour would reign on earth for the millenium within four years. He was shrewd enough, for with the experience of one of the seven bishops, when he was asked by her what would be the consequence if she invited over her brother and presented him to the Privy Council, he replied, "You would be in the Tower within one month, and dead in another." He was buried at Fladbury. It is a curious illustration of the times that he lost the office of Lord Almoner at the suit of the House of Commons to the queen, because his son and he had opposed the election of Sir John Packington. He assisted Henry Wharton in the compilation of "*Anglia Sacra*," and the learned Bishop Wilkins said of him that he had the most learning in ready cash that he knew. John Hough, 1699 (canon), the memorable President of Magdalen College, Oxford, who was ejected with twenty-six of his fellows for resistance to the unscrupulous projects of James II., and had been rewarded with the see of Oxford, followed Lloyd here and at Worcester. Longevity was a characteristic of the Bishops of Lichfield; Halse, Morton, Lloyd, and Hough were all older than ninety years; and Wood had seen eighty-five at his death. Edward Chandler,

1717 (canon), an Irishman, had been Bishop Lloyd's chaplain : he was the author of the " Defence of Christianity from the Prophecies of the Old Testament against Collins." For forty-three years he was a bishop, and eventually went like Morton to Durham ; and, as Secker and Butler, had been educated as a Dissenter at Tewkesbury. He was buried at Farnham Royal, Bucks. Richard Smallbrooke, 1731, once golden prebendary of Hereford, came from St. David's in an evil hour, for he filled the stalls of Lichfield with his relations. He had been chaplain to Tenison. The Hon. Frederick Cornwallis, 1749, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was the son of Earl Cornwallis, and twin brother of the General : family patronage pushed him on from the chaplaincy of General Cholmondeley's regiment, which he bought for £400 and sold for £600, to the Primacy. He was buried at Lambeth. Another fortunate scion of aristocracy was the Hon. Brownlow North, 1771, brother of the jocose premier, who soon passed through the intermediate stage of Worcester to the rich see of Winchester, where he is buried. In order to make room for him at Lichfield, another of noble blood, John Egerton, 1768, son of the Bishop of Hereford, grandson of the Duke of Portland, and son-in-law of the Duke of Kent, was moved to Durham : a notable preferment in comparison with his first diocese of Bangor. He is buried in St. James's, Westminster. Next came, however, a farmer's son to make all things equal,—Richard Hurd, 1773, who is said to have refused Canterbury, but certainly accepted Worcester. He is one of those who shine with a borrowed light from intimacy with a more distinguished name. His commentary on the " Ars Poetica " won for him the friendship of Warburton. He became preceptor to the Prince of Wales, and Clerk of the Closet. Mr. Yorke and Lord Mansfield befriended him, and now everybody has forgotten all about him, except in connection with his inflammable and ponderous friend. He was very lax in his views with regard to the sin of schism. Then comes another James Cornwallis, 1781, and this time an earl who exchanged a barrister's stuff gown in the Inner Temple for the more productive cassock ; but he deserves mention for two circumstances,—he was buried in his own cathedral, and he did a good work as Dean of Durham ; for in those miserable days of pluralities, which in our time have wrought the Nemesis of cathedrals, he was dean and bishop at the same time. However, whilst he was residing on his see, the monster of conceit and destruction, James Wyatt, had actually unroofed the galilee of Durham in

order to remove what he thought was an excrescence, and the prebendaries' wives regarded as an impediment to the access of carriages to their own doors, which might well be removed. The noble earl heard of the danger, and travelled with such good haste that he arrived in time to save the chapel from demolition, and to be able ever after to pride himself on the great event of his life, "I saved the galilee." The remaining bishops were the Hon. Henry Ryder (1824), son of Lord Harrowby, who came from Gloucester and was buried at Hastings; Samuel Butler (1836), (canon), the famous head-master of Shrewsbury school, and one of the last of the scholar-bishops who edited classics and so won mitres; he was buried in the town where he won his celebrity: James Bowstead (1839), a Second Wrangler, who was translated from Sodor and Man, and was buried at Eccleshall; and the last, "the best beloved of all," the indefatigable good bishop, John Lonsdale (1843), who died in the actual discharge of his episcopal duties, and whilst the diocese were about to present him with a pastoral staff in grateful acknowledgment of his loving oversight. The Chief Shepherd had called him home before it could be given. May it be an heirloom yet in the diocese.

Like Cornwallis, Egerton, and North, he was an Etonian; Neile, Hacket, and Wood were Westminsterers, Butler was a Rugbeian, Ryder an Harrovian. Long may it be before a successor follows George Augustus Selwyn!

THE DEATH OF MONTIGNY.

BY G. WENTWORTH BARNABY.

DE QUINCEY has written an amusing article on a serious subject—murder. He considers it as a “fine art,” and gives us one or two specimens as illustrations of his theory. Although murder is common, he considers it difficult, I believe, to find a well-executed one, owing chiefly to the fact that it is seldom pursued as an end in itself. On the contrary, it is usually as a means that it is employed, and then many marring elements interfere with the artistic, if not the successful execution of the design. He gives one extraordinary account of a murder, or rather, a series of murders, which, from the cool deliberation and patient industry with which they were perpetrated, together with the absence of any adequate motive, seems to show that their author was prompted chiefly, if not solely, by a love of murder itself. According to De Quincey’s view, he looked upon it as an art, and one in which he wished to excel; and he certainly succeeded. In ordinary murders, where the aim is gain, or some other low motive, the artist is frequently balked in his work by fear of surprise and discovery, or even sometimes by a troublesome vestige of a conscience, which tends to spoil its style, if not ruin it altogether. This is, I think, the drift of De Quincey’s remarks as far as I remember them.

I have often thought that an interesting article might be written on assassination, in which case abundant material for illustration might be found in history. The remarks before made concerning murder will apply generally to assassinations. They are usually spoiled through the haste with which they are attempted. Then, too, they are usually planned with the view of redressing some wrong, or of benefiting some person or persons, in which case we generally pity the victim, and frequently at the same time have some latent admiration for the assassin, though we may object to the summary means he employs to gain his end.

In order to get a good specimen—one anything like an equivalent to De Quincey’s, for instance,—we must look for one

where the assassin pursues his work for its own sake, and is not fettered in its execution by any fear of discovery, or by even a momentary pang of pity or remorse. Such an instance will be found, we think, in the death of Montigny; and though we do *not* look on murder *or* assassination as an art, much less a "*fine*" one, yet there are many instructive lessons to be learned from this tragedy, which will always hold a very prominent place in the category of dark deeds that have been committed on our sin-stained earth.

On the 29th of May, 1566, Florence de Montmorency, Seigneur de Montigny, left Brussels for Madrid, having been appointed envoy from the estates of Artois, Hainault, and Flanders to Philip II., to procure from him the abolition of the Inquisition, and the moderation of the edicts. There were two envoys appointed, the other one being Marquis Berghen; he, however, did not leave Brussels so soon, having been attacked by fever. Philip was very wroth at this time with the Netherlanders. They had not received with meekness the Inquisition with its horrors, which he was introducing. His sanguinary edicts, too, had aroused much opposition, and that was more than Philip could stand; he had no idea of a people, however oppressed, even going so far as to mention any dissatisfaction with the existing state of things. Consequently, he looked upon this mission as rebellion, and on the envoys as ringleaders. He, however, carefully concealed his real feelings, and received them with much apparent cordiality. They had various interviews with the monarch, which ended in no satisfactory result. Under various pretences they were detained in Spain, and closely watched lest they should escape. Berghen at last died, sick at heart and full of sad forebodings for his unfortunate country.

Montigny made several attempts to leave Madrid, but found that he was too closely watched to effect his purpose. At last, when Egmont and Horn had been arrested in the Netherlands by Alva, Philip took the precaution of imprisoning Montigny in a high tower, and eight men-at-arms were employed to watch over him. While here he formed a plan of escape. He succeeded in gaining over to his interest one of the soldiers, and was able by means of him to communicate with his friends without the prison walls. His major-domo had obtained leave to supply his master's table with provisions dressed by his own cook. Letters were concealed in the loaves of bread sent to the prisoner, and means to effect his escape were similarly introduced to his room.

The whole plan had been completely arranged, and the letter giving him his final instructions was forwarded as usual to the major-domo, but unfortunately he left to another the care of giving it to the prisoner. This was so clumsily done that *the* loaf was brought to the commandant of the castle, and not to Montigny. The commandant thus discovered the letter and the plot; and those concerned in it were condemned to death.

Montigny was now kept in closer confinement than ever. At length he was tried by the celebrated Blood Council in Brussels, and, as Philip had long intended that he should die, he was found guilty after the farce of a trial, at which, of course, he did not appear, being in a Spanish prison, nor did any one appear for him (except an individual appointed by Government), as the Council refused to give any statement of the articles of accusation, without which his friends declined to act for him. His young wife was overwhelmed with grief, and appealed to the king with all the earnestness of intense love on behalf of her husband, from whom she had been so long separated. "Convinced," she said, "that her husband was innocent of the charges brought against him, she threw herself, overwhelmed and consumed by tears and misery, at his Majesty's feet. She begged the king to remember the past services of Montigny, her own youth, and that she had enjoyed his company but four months. By all these considerations, and by the passion of Jesus Christ, she abjured the monarch to pardon any faults which her husband might have committed." It is hardly necessary to say that this earnest appeal from an agonized heart was fruitless. Montigny had loved his country and wished to lighten the burdens under which she was groaning, and this, in Philip's sight, was an unpardonable sin, the punishment of which fully justified any means he might think fit to use. Montigny was to die; the only question was—how? As to this there was some discussion, the general feeling being that a public execution would be unadvisable, as the deaths of Egmont and Horn had already excited immense indignation. So it was determined that the execution should be private, and here again there were differences. To settle these the king resolved to arrange the manner, —in fact, take all the management of the execution into his own hands.

The following account of this tragic event is taken from Motley, and is written in his usual clear and forcible manner. "The king now set about the arrangement of his plan with all

that close attention to detail which marked his character. The patient industry which, had he possessed a humane heart and a love of right, might have made him a useful monarch, he now devoted to a scheme of midnight murder, with a tranquil sense of enjoyment which seems almost incredible.

“There is no exaggeration in calling the deed a murder, for it certainly was not sanctioned by any law, divine or human, nor justified nor excused by any of the circumstances which are supposed to palliate homicides. Nor, when the elaborate and superfluous luxury of arrangements made by Philip for the accomplishment of his design is considered, can it be doubted that he found a positive pleasure in his task. It would almost seem that he had become jealous of Alva's achievements in the work of slaughter. He appeared willing to prove to those immediately about him, that however capable might be the viceroy of conducting public executions on a grand and terrifying scale, there was yet a certain delicacy of finish never attained by Alva in such business, and which was all his Majesty's own. The king was resolved to make the assassination of Montigny a masterpiece.

“On the 17th August, 1570, he accordingly directed Don Eugenio de Peralta, concierge of the fortress of Simancas, to repair to Segovia, and thence to remove the Seigneur Montigny to Simancas. Here he was to be strictly immured, yet was to be allowed at times to walk in the corridor adjoining his chamber. On the 7th October following, the licentiate Don Alonzo de Avellano, alcade of Valladolid, was furnished with an order addressed by the king to Don Eugenio de Peralta, requiring him to place the prisoner in the hands of the said licentiate, who was charged with the execution of Alva's sentence. This functionary had, moreover, been provided with a minute letter of instructions, which had been drawn up according to the king's directions, on the 1st October. In these royal instructions, it was stated that, although the sentence was for a public execution, yet the king had decided in favour of a private one within the walls of the fortress. It was to be managed so that no one should suspect that Montigny had been executed, but so that, on the contrary, it should be universally said and believed that he had died a natural death. Very few persons, all sworn and threatened into secrecy, were therefore to be employed. Don Alonzo was to start immediately for Valladolid, which was within two short leagues of Simancas. At that place he would

communicate with Don Eugenio, and arrange the mode, day, and hour of execution. He would leave Valladolid on the evening before a holiday, late in the afternoon, so as to arrive a little after dark at Simancas. He would take with him a confidential notary, an executioner, and as few servants as possible. Immediately upon his entrance to the fortress he was to communicate the sentence of death to Montigny, in presence of Don Eugenio and one or two other persons. He would *then console him*, in which task he would be assisted by Don Eugenio. He would afterwards leave him with the religious person who would be appointed for that purpose. That night and the whole of the following day, which would be a festival, would be allotted to Montigny, that he might have time to confess, to receive the sacraments, to convert himself to God, and to repent. Between one and two o'clock in the morning the execution was to take place, in presence of the ecclesiastic, of Don Eugenio de Peralta, of the notary, and of one or two other persons, who would be needed by the executioner. The ecclesiastic was to be a wise and prudent person, and to be informed how little confidence Montigny inspired in the article of faith. If the prisoner should wish to make a will, it could not be permitted; as all his property had been confiscated, he could dispose of nothing. Should he, however, wish to make a memorial of the debts which he would wish paid, he was to be allowed that liberty. It was, however, to be stipulated that he was to make no allusion, in any memorial or letter which he might write, to *the execution* which was about to take place. He was to use the language of *a man seriously ill, and who feels himself at the point of death*. By this infernal ingenuity it was proposed to make the victim an accomplice in the plot, and to place a false exculpation of his assassins in his dying lips. The execution having been fulfilled, and the death having been announced with the dissimulation prescribed, the burial was to take place in the church of Saint Saviour, in Simancas. A moderate degree of pomp, such as befitted a person of Montigny's quality, was to be allowed, and a decent tomb erected. A grand mass was also to be celebrated, with a respectable number, 'say seven hundred,' of lesser masses. 'As the servants of the defunct were few in number,' continued the frugal king, they might be provided each with a suit of mourning.' Having thus personally arranged all the details of this secret work, from the reading of the sentence to the burial of the prisoner; having settled not only the mode of his depar-

ture from life, but of his passage through purgatory, the king despatched the agent on his mission.

"The royal programme was faithfully carried out. Don Alonzo arrived at Valladolid and made his arrangements with Don Eugenio. It was agreed that a paper, prepared by royal authority, and brought by Don Alonzo from Madrid, should be thrown into the corridor of Montigny's prison. This paper, written in Latin, ran as follows:—'In the night, as I understand, there will be no chance for your escape. In the daytime there will be many; for you are then in charge of a single gouty guardian, no match in strength or speed for so vigorous a man as you. Make your escape from the 8th to the 12th October, at any hour you can, and take the road contiguous to the castle gate, through which you entered. You will find Robert and John, who will be ready with horses, and with everything necessary. May God favour your undertaking.—R. D. M.'

"The letter, thus designedly thrown into the corridor by one confederate, was soon afterwards picked up by the other, who immediately taxed Montigny with an attempt to escape. Notwithstanding the vehement protestations of innocence naturally made by the prisoner, his pretended project was made the pretext for a still closer imprisonment in the 'Bishops' Tower.' A letter, *written at Madrid* by Philip's orders, *had been brought by Don Alonzo to Simancas, narrating by anticipation these circumstances, precisely as they had now occurred.* It, moreover, stated that Montigny, in consequence of his close confinement, *had fallen grievously ill*, and that he would receive all the attention compatible with his safe keeping. This letter, according to previous orders, was now signed by Don Eugenio de Peralta, dated 10th October, 1570, and publicly despatched to Philip. It was thus formally established that Montigny was seriously ill. A physician, thoroughly instructed and sworn to secrecy, was now ostentatiously admitted to the tower, bringing with him a vast quantity of drugs. He duly circulated among the townspeople, on his return, his opinion that the illustrious prisoner was afflicted with a disorder from which it was almost impossible that he should recover. Thus, thanks to Philip's masterly precautions, not a person in Madrid or Simancas was ignorant that Montigny was dying of a fever, with the single exception of the patient himself.

"On Saturday, the 14th of October, at nightfall, Don Alonzo de Avellano, accompanied by the prescribed individuals, including

Fray Hernando del Castillo, an ecclesiastic of high reputation, made his appearance at the prison of Simancas. At ten in the evening the announcement of the sentence was made to Montigny. He was visibly agitated at the sudden intelligence, for it was entirely unexpected by him. He had, on the contrary, hoped much from the intercession of the Queen, whose arrival he had already learned. He soon recovered himself, however, and requested to be left alone with the ecclesiastic. All the night and the following day were passed in holy offices. He conducted himself with great moderation, courage, and tranquillity. He protested his entire innocence of any complicity with the Prince of Orange, or of any disloyal designs or sentiments at any period of his life. He drew up a memorial expressing his strong attachment to every point of the Catholic faith, from which *he had never for an instant swerved*. His whole demeanour was noble, submissive, and Christian. 'In every essential,' said Fray Hernando, 'he conducted himself so well that we who remain may bear him envy.' He wrote a paper of instructions concerning his faithful and bereaved dependants. He placed his signet ring, attached to a small gold chain, in the hands of the ecclesiastic, to be by him transmitted to his wife. Another ring, set with turquoise, he sent to his mother-in-law the Princess Espinoy, from whom he had received it. About an hour after midnight, on the morning, therefore, of the 16th of October, Fray Hernando gave notice that the prisoner was ready to die. The alcade, Don Alonzo, then entered, accompanied by the executioner and the notary. The sentence of Alva was now again recited, the alcade adding that the king, 'out of his clemency and benignity,' had substituted a secret for a public execution. Montigny admitted that the judgment would be just and the punishment lenient, if it were conceded that the charges against him were true. His enemies, however, while he had been thus immured, had possessed the power to accuse him as they listed. He ceased to speak, and the executioner then came forward and strangled him. The alcade, the notary, and the executioner then immediately started for Valladolid, so that no person next morning knew that they had been that night at Simancas, nor could guess the dark deed which they had then and there accomplished. The terrible secret they were forbidden, on pain of death, to reveal."

Such is the account of a midnight assassination planned by, and carried out under the orders of, one who looked upon himself

as the chief supporter and defender of Christ's Church on earth ; who had such a hatred of sin as to say on one occasion to a suppliant for mercy on his way to the stake, "I would carry the wood to burn my own son withal, were he as wicked as you."

It makes one's blood run cold to think of this royal spider luring his victim, and after entangling him in his toils, coolly deliberating as to the best means of slowly despatching him. He finally determines to give his victim full time to feel the bitterness of death, to be conscious of the hopelessness of his position, and yet but short and scant space in which to prepare for the awful change.

It is a dreadful picture, from which we turn with feelings of horror and pity. Surely, however, it is fraught with lessons, and useful ones too. How thankful should we be that we live in happier days, in a more enlightened age, and in a free country ! And to what do we owe these privileges ? To our Protestant religion, which, instead of persecuting, burning, and assassinating those who differ from it, proclaims peace on earth, good-will towards men.

HOT DAYS IN ROME.

BY FRANCES ELLIOT.

WHEN the summer heats fairly set in, to stay in Rome becomes—to use the privilege of a bull—staying as much as possible out of it. To ramble up and down the Campagna, now east, now west, anywhere out of the broiling heat of the city, is a delicious pastime. Ostia and the Pineta of Castel Fuzano, standing on the site of Pliny's villa, ought not to be forgotten in these summer rambles. Classic memories are revived, and combined with the delights of a luxuriant nature, refreshing shade, and balmy breezes from the ocean,—food for the head and the heart, not forgetting the poor body, which must be cared for also, as the natives are incapable of assisting.

One broiling day we left Rome by the Porta San Paolo, otherwise Ostiensis, rebuilt by Belisarius (one of the most picturesque entrances into the dear old city), flanked by the pyramid of Caius Cestius, standing like a sentinel over the long ages flying by. We drove along old Tiber's banks out on the pathless wilderness of green, with nothing but the white mass of the Basilica of San Paolo to break the monotonous view. The soft morning air came balmily breathing across the aromatic turf, bearing rich odours of sweet herbs. Oh those everlasting long lines of the Campagna! there they are again! To me they represent never-ending battle-fields repeated perpetually in every direction. Can I describe them? Below is the broad open valley, where one host lies encamped; above, on the steeply rising, undulating hills, the enemy has entrenched, to be charged and captured ere the battle is won, and the audacious Carthaginian or the savage Goth is driven back to whence he came. Over and over again the same scene occurs, especially in the lower parts of the Campagna, where the early conquests of the infant state were most fiercely contested, seeming actually to have moulded the face of nature to its warlike humour. The sun shone brilliantly on the undulating plain, the birds shot rapidly across the verdant grass, and the classic Tiber, along whose banks we drove, curved and circled in many windings, now forming an island, now skirting a low wood, the reedy

sedges rustling under the overhanging trees as the rapid current rolled by.

At one spot on this grassy expanse in the valleys and up the rifts of the hills grew thousands of snow-white lilies shooting up from waxy leaves. These lilies were unlike any other I had seen, so grandly beautiful, with a certain strange look, as if a charm dwelt in their delicate cups, and fairies met under the shadows of their dark leaves on moonlight nights holding trysts with their sisters the butterflies or bright-winged beetles; the rushing river rolling by, making soft music in the summer nights. Beside the lilies grew a Judas-tree, shedding thousands of ruddy leaves to the breeze. We jumped out and filled the carriage with flowers, assisted by an old beggar, who sprang up apparently out of the earth, and begged us to give him a coin "by the tears of the Madonna," in return for which he wished us all in paradise—a wish in which we sinners, not being tired of earth, profanely did not join.

Sixteen long miles, almost without shade, lie between Ostia and Rome, the very voyage the "goddess-born Æneas" undertook when committing himself and his companions to the Tiber. "He turned the prow of his boat towards Rome," and its Arcadian ruler, old Evander of the Aventine Hill.

After the first half of our journey we lost sight of the river, and entered on a lonely, desolate region, neither water nor land, sandy, barren, with no sea to be seen, but indicative of sea,—a repulsive, melancholy scene, rank weeds and tall flags its only verdure, where the sun fairly caught us, and did his best to roast us alive on the spot. Here are large tanks or ponds covered with white brine—salt-pits,—in the same place where they were formed B.C. 121 years, at the mouth of the Tiber, in the reign of Ancus Martius. In the midst of these stagnant marshes, highly suggestive of fever, a large machicolated tower appears, evidently mediæval, built by the warlike Julius della Rovere, Pope and warrior, to defend the coast over which war and rapine had swept for centuries. This old tower, standing out alone among the ugly salt-pits, and a few wretched houses grouped about it, is Ostia, a plague-stricken place, sombre and sad as if a curse rested on it. This, then, was the famous Ausonian shore, girt by the Tyrrhenian sea, where Æneas landed and the god Tiburnius ruled. "What's in a name?" is an exclamation often rising to the lips in scenes of classic memories. Ostia, as we see it, was rebuilt by Gregory XIV. a mile from

ancient Ostium, which had become a void and a ruin by reason of the Saracen invasions. The wretched place was filled with swarms of beggars, draped in filthy rags, telling tales of the malaria sure to hover over stagnant waters and a low sandy shore under the ardent sun, which now chastised us severely.

But beyond, to the left, lay shade and hope in the dark lines of the Laurentian forest, in whose depths Castel Fuzano lay. The road to it was such a track, an English ploughed field would have been a good exchange; none but Italian horses would have dragged us over such mounds and down into such depths of sand, through ruts of appalling depth. A moment more and we were enclosed within the grateful shade of solemn pine-wood. We breathed deep breaths of delight, and, safe under the huge trees, we bid defiance to the sun. No underwood or shrub broke the delicate turf or impeded our view of the gnarled trunks of the pine trees shooting up so bravely, and supporting the rich arcades of foliage, murmuring, as is the fashion of pine trees, specially near the sea, sad low whispers as the breeze swept over them. An aromatic perfume scented the air, the natural incense Flora flings around her altars. Yes, this pine-wood was beautiful! Not far from the entrance stands, in a spacious opening, a villa belonging to the princes of the Chigi family, descended, in common with the Marquis Chigi of Sienna, from Pope Alexander VII. It is said to stand on the site of Pliny's Laurentine villa, and is at once a residence and a fortress, flanked by turreted towers and loopholes, with a citadel or belvedere rising from the top. In seasons of profound peace these armed dwellings look absurd, but situated as is this villa, in a wood near the sea, exposed alike to the attacks of bandits or pirates (gentry by no means unfrequent in these latitudes), such precautions are absolutely necessary.

Long glades opened out in every direction, heavy with the shadow of the pines, whose spreading tops glistened blue under the ardent sun. Before the villa, on a grassy plain, stood an ancient altar, a fitting shrine to Faunus, or the nymphs and dryads who haunt these classic shades.

We turned into a lofty avenue of ilex, leading by a broad, straight way, paved with ancient lava blocks, towards the sea. Not a single shrub or tree of living green broke the peculiar colouring of these mystic woods, dark, solemn, and suggestive, the sea waves softly murmuring through the black branches which cut against the blue sky in sharp, hard lines. It

was a scene out of another world, a perfect solitude, save from the thick-coming memories of earlier centuries and other races, invoking an old poetic faith to people its recesses. The ground was thickly overrun with rosemary, as in the time of Pliny, its delicate blue blossoms bending the tender stalk—flowering daphne, pink and ruddy—the wild myrtle (Venus's plant), and other richly scented herbs and shrubs perfuming this temple of the sylvan gods, whose roof was the unclouded heaven, upheld by countless pillars of the yellow pine trunks, opening into aisles and naves, shrines and sanctuaries of unspeakable beauty. It has been said that there is a philosophy in the trunks of trees, and the strange contortions of the olive, gnarled and knotted by the growth of centuries, have been instanced as displaying every phase and development of human passion,—the grim, morose old man, in some tree bowed with age; the stalwart sapling, strong, fresh, and vigorous, amorously wooing the soft breezes; the growing wrinkles and coming anxieties of middle life, marked in the aspect of a still verdant tree, waving aloft its ample boughs of bluish green, loaded with black fruit. But for my part I see nothing so characteristic among the southern trees as the pine, formed as if to cast dark shadows around the portico of some lofty temple, or to guard the hallowed seclusion of a sacred shrine. Dante was sensible of these picturesque associations when he represents, in the "Inferno," the harpies as wailing among the Italian woods, and ever and anon revealing their horrid faces amid the leaves. To-day the wind sighed heavily, passing over the pine-tops, and recalled the poetic image. A mysterious fear crept over me. I would not have plucked one of the gnarled branches that overshadowed our path for worlds. I am sure blood would have flowed, and that I should have heard the melancholy wailing of some imprisoned spirit crying out as did, in the "Inferno," Piero delle vigne, "Why pluckest thou me?"

We turned into some of the narrow winding paths among the thickly tangled underwood of myrtle and fragrant laurel—gloomy bowers, fit abodes for the spirits of the unhappy ones dying of unrequited love, Phœnician Dido, guilty Phædra, luxurious Procris, and disconsolate Eriphyle. Bright wild flowers spangled the moist ground in this fragrant shade, the purple anemone sprung from Adonis's blood, waxy cistuses, and the yellow broom. We paused and listened for a sound, perchance a living vision of the early time when the faith of Pan peopled the woods with articulate deities; but the echoes, silent for so many centuries,

were still, and nothing broke the mid-day repose of nature but the cooing of the turtle-doves and the clear chirrup of the cicala.

Now we turned into a majestic avenue leading to a sandy belt of shore, when close below us appeared the glorious ocean, its azure waves curling on the yellow sand. Magnificent, past words to express or painting to pourtray, was that burst. It came to us like a newly created world, dancing, gleeful, glittering with golden light, where breathed a freer, purer air, delicious breezes from the sheeny deep, whose bluer waves put the blue heavens to shame. No rude wind broke the surface of the ocean; it gently palpitated with life, each throbbing wave fringing the tawny shore. To our left were the dark lines of the forest stretching away hundreds of miles towards Ardea.

We sat for a space under a shed left by the charcoal burners. It seemed to us old Neptune held his court to-day, and all nature combined to do him honour, as in the early times when the Dolphin (as heralds should be), radiant in gold and azure, bore his amorous message to Amphitrite, dwelling enshrouded in ocean's caves, where coral and pearl and sparkling shells strew the sand, and groves of many-tinted seaweeds waved around. On such a day as this one can see her emerging from the blue depths to meet her bridegroom, attended by troops of Tritons, making strange music with their shells, escorted by the faithful herald Dolphin, soon to be rewarded by a place among the stars. She bears in her hand the sceptre of the sea; she sits in a shell whiter than snow, impelled by purple sails swelled by zephyrs, the golden wheels of her shell-chariot ploughing the waves. See all the monsters of the deep come forth to gaze on Neptune's bride,—enormous whales, syrens, sea-nymphs crowned with lilies; Father Oceanus and his fair partner, Thetis, with her dripping locks; old Nereus and his fifty daughters, their faces veiled with azure hair; Æolus, his bags well fastened, silencing with threatening aspect the rebellious winds; Galatea, too, fairest among the daughters of the main; and Iris, shooting from the clouds, borne on expanded wings, a glory encircling her head, arrayed in the robes of the many-hued rainbow,—all coming to do homage to their queen. O Italy, dazzling daughter of the South, lying like a gorgeous flower on ocean's shore, what visions dost thou invoke by land and sea!

But the happiest dreams must end, and our classical rhapsodies were rudely interrupted by the discovery of the hour; and,

shame to say, spite of goddesses and the winds and the waves, we were hungry. So dismissing our Pegasus, whom we had ridden so far into dreamland, we started off, quite sobered and rational, on the rough track called a road, turning our back for ever on the Ausonian strand.

At Ostia we hoped to find some *osteria* where we could make a homely meal. It was long preparing, and a Barmecide feast when it came, save for our basket; but during its preparation we strolled about the dirty village, and recalled recollections connected with the place very antagonistic to the visionary worship we had so lately paid to the pagan gods.

Ostia is irrevocably connected with that prop and pillar of the mediæval Church, St. Augustine. Here, as he tells us in his "Confessions," he landed, on first arriving in Italy, to be instructed in the Christian faith, his mother, Monica, in his company. Again (after visiting Rome and Milan, where he was baptized by St. Ambrose) he found himself at Ostia with his little brother, but the affectionate parent was not permitted to accompany him further. On that desolate strand she died, her parting admonitions to the future saint being faithfully enshrined in his pages.

At Ostia, St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, the disciple of St. John, landed from the East, to be taken to Rome and massacred in the great Flavian amphitheatre. A fond legend tells us that Ignatius had seen the face of our Lord, he being the identical infant whom the Saviour embraced and set in the midst of His disciples when He said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." When he was commanded to sacrifice to the gods by the Emperor Trajan he refused, saying, "Your gods, O Emperor, are vicious mortals, and as such have died. Jove is buried in Candia, Æsculapius was shot with an arrow, Venus lies in Paphos, and Hercules buried himself alive. These, great Trajan, are your gods."

To Ostia Marius fled when overcome by Sylla, and hence took ship to Carthage, where "he sat among the ruins," as every painter and schoolboy can testify. Brave pageants, too, enlivened Ostia in the republican times, as when Paulus Æmilius, after conquering Macedon, brought there Perseus his royal prisoner. There the stout old Roman, who had driven all Greece before him, carried up his prisoner, sailing on the Tiber to Rome in a gorgeous galley, with piles of glittering spoil. Who likes may read the details in pleasant Livy.

Ostia was like Baie, Antium, and Capri, a suburban watering-place. The emperors specially loved to sail up and down the Tiber in royal magnificence, the very hills draped to do them honour. Old Claudius, the stupidest of hoodwinked husbands, built the port and amused himself idling here while Messalina dragged the imperial robes in the filth at Rome. Here her accusers came and imparted to him the astounding fact that in his absence she had publicly espoused another man.

Here also—but I have done; I feel I am again off on my Pegasus, on quite another tack, it is true, but surely one that will carry me as far as did ever the gods and goddesses of the Laurentian forest.

MORNING HYMN OF THE ABYSSINIAN CAPTIVES.

[BY EUPHEMIA E. G. BUSSELL.

O GOD ! our sleep is over,
Like a great torch the sun
Lights up the eastern heavens ;
Another night is done.

Day, with its heavy crosses,
Its cares, and anxious dreads,
Sunk hopes and broken pledges,
Is hanging o'er our heads.

Something to live through daily,
Some feeble ray obscured ;
Or plan or wish defeated—
Some pain to be endured.

This is our lot, Lord Jesus ;
O teach us by Thy word
To view with eyes unshrinking
The still suspended sword !

Last night we slept. Forgotten
Were e'en our bitterest tears
For dreams of home and kindred,
And scenes of other years.

And thus the morning found us
Smiling in slumber blest,
While all without was terror,
And all within was rest.

Some angel brought the solace,
Without which hand and brain
Would seem—so wearied were they—
As they could not work again.

And can it have been won for us
By prayer in that sweet land,
Where tender hearts are bleeding,—
A sad and fainting band ?

One¹ broke !—and some are breaking !
Will no one up and see
If this poor chain that binds us
Invincible can be ?

We stand dismayed, but hoping,
Fulfilling this our lot ;
Remembering, for our comfort,
God helps where man will not.

Then let us up and labour,
Albeit our hands are torn ;
Dreams are but visions of the night,
And this—why, this is morn !

¹ The mother of Consul Cameron died, it is said, of grief at her son's captivity.

THE WRITINGS OF THE LORD BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL.

BY A GRADUATE OF OXFORD.

IN the year 1854 there appeared a thin octavo volume, entitled "A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians." The differentia of this commentary, as compared with numerous others with which the library of theology abounds, was that it systematically applied to the sacred text the present principles of grammar and criticism. The editor of this edition was a country clergyman, who, without having taken any very remarkable honours at Cambridge, had obtained the very honourable distinction of being Fellow of St. John's. He had also obtained the "Hulsean Essay," and was on the publisher's list as the writer of a forthcoming work on a high mathematical subject. This grammatical commentary was, at first sight, remarkable for the extreme laboriousness with which it was obviously characterized. For years its author had devoted himself exclusively to the study of Biblical criticism. He had written it "alone and unassisted, with only a country clergyman's scanty supply of books, in a neighbourhood remote from large libraries and literary institutions." The work bore on every page traces of extreme care; traces also, it might be thought, of that meditative and devotional spirit which such studies, under such circumstances, would be peculiarly calculated to develop. It was, however, by no means clear to the ordinary student that the Rutlandshire clergyman had suffered any disadvantage from the inaccessibility of books. On the contrary, a very interesting part of each preface was the careful and tolerably exhaustive account of the literature of the Epistle, which would be of great service in guiding the studies of those who were entering upon these sacred pursuits. The new commentary was added to the list of books used by most theological students, and its successive portions were waited for with much pleasure and interest. This measure of success corresponded with the continued earnestness and studiousness of the commentator, who in each successive instalment raised still higher the standard of excellence, and imparted considerable improvement to a later edition.

It is remarkable that while one clergyman in the country was thus labouring on the language of the sacred book, there was another clergyman in the cloisters of Oxford who was similarly engaged, but whom a different method was leading to different results. It may be said generally that Dr. Ellicott's work was constructive, and Mr. Jowett's, on the other hand, might best be described as being destructive. Dr. Ellicott's object was to study carefully every change of expression, every turn of language, every variety of inflection, and so make grammar a powerful instrument of exegesis. Mr. Jowett's work would rather lead men to infer that there was no particular importance in the Pauline usage of tenses and particles. According to him, the apostle used a language with which, unhappily, the apostle himself was only imperfectly acquainted. The Oxford Professor of Greek scanned the Pauline language as he would look over the Greek prose of some inferior Balliol men. We are hardly surprised if, in the preface to the second edition of the first part of the commentary, Dr. Ellicott, in noticing the additional literature of the Epistle, observes that he has "been reluctantly forced into the opinion that our systems of interpretation are so radically different as to make a systematic reference to the works of this clever writer not so necessary as might have been the case if our views on momentous subjects had been more accordant and harmonious."

Something may now be said of what may be called the method of Dr. Ellicott. Speaking generally, as distinguished from the historical method, or logical method, or dogmatic method, his is the grammatical method. The first question that emerges is that of the inspiration of Scripture. Here his language is decisive and clear:—"Throughout this commentary the full inspiration of Scripture has been felt as one of those strong subjective convictions to which every hour of meditation adds fresh strength and assurance." He adds in a note, "I avoid using any party expressions. I would not wish, on the one hand, to class myself with such thinkers as Calovius, nor could I subscribe to the 'Formula Consensus Helvetici;' but I am far indeed from recognising that admixture of human imperfection and even error which the popular theosophy of the day now finds in the Holy Scriptures." To the vindication of the doctrines of the inspiration of Scripture Dr. Ellicott subsequently devoted great energy and pains. But with all his devout reverence for the text, he never knowingly evades a difficulty. Sometimes, indeed, he feels that the difficulties are insuperable; he records his

conviction that there are passages where the world's wisdom has not yet clearly seen into the depth of the deep things of God. Dr. Ellicott approached his work in a thoroughly Baconian spirit, with a mind fully made up on all fundamental points; he sought diligently for the sense which the words would yield, and did not attempt to fasten a preconceived meaning on the words. It has been the misfortune of theology that this orderly and scientific way of examining Scripture has, upon the whole, not been very greatly in repute among theologians. And the best divines have acknowledged this. Primitive bishops, according to Richard Cecil, "brought forward Scripture; we bring forward our statements. They directed all their observations to throw light on Scripture; we quote Scripture to throw light on our observations." "The theological student," says Archbishop Whately, "is often a student chiefly of some human system of divinity, fortified by reference to Scripture, introduced from time to time as there is occasion. He proceeds, often unconsciously, by setting himself to ascertain, not what is the information or instruction to be derived from a certain narrative or discourse of one of the sacred writers, but what aid can be derived from them towards establishing or refuting this or that point of dogmatic theology." Such a defect, mischievous in any student, would be absolutely fatal to a commentator. He, above all men, must view things in a "day light," and expel from his mind the *eidola* that may nestle there. "As God is my witness," writes Dr. Ellicott, "I have striven to state, in perfect candour and singleness of heart, all the details of interpretation with which I have come in contact. I have sought to support no particular party, I have desired to yield countenance to no peculiar views."

In reference to the annotation, Dr. Ellicott was able to save considerably in space by a process which would considerably abridge many a "variorum" commentary. "To quote an author merely to find fault with him is a process with which I have no sympathy." There is almost a touch of satire in such a remark as the following:—"I have in no case sought to construct those *catenæ* of names which it seems now the fashion of commentators to link together in assent or dissent; for wherever I have examined one in detail I have invariably found that the authors thus huddled together often introduced such countervailing statements as made their collective opinions anything but unanimous. This easy display of erudition and of error cannot be too much reprobated." In a note, Dr. Ellicott signalled out

Professor Eadie, of Glasgow, as an example in *malam partem*. Perhaps, however, it would be easy to find an equally signal instance nearer home. The text adopted was substantially that of Tischendorff. With a modesty that might advantageously be imitated by other editors, Dr. Ellicott declined to construct an original text, but he intelligently followed Tischendorff, not yielding a blind obedience, but departing from his ruling when it contradicted his own fixed views. Dr. Ellicott for a long time wavered between the text of Tischendorff and that of Lachmann; and it is well-nigh impossible that the reputation of Lachmann will ever, as a whole, be excelled by that of Tischendorff. But still, Tischendorff has a speciality as a palæographer which Lachmann does not possess. Moreover, it might be added that Lachmann was very far from upholding his own text with any degree of absoluteness. He subsequently, however, had to find fault with Tischendorff for quoting conspicuously ancient versions, of which he did not even possess a rudimentary knowledge. Might he not also have found fault with Tischendorff for that very unbecoming acerbity of temper with which he comments on the labours of brother editors? He added to each Epistle a special translation, evidencing the utmost caution in each departure from the Authorized Version, however trivial; and adding to the proof which must now be overwhelming to every candid mind, that a revision of the English translation is greatly needed, although the practical difficulties that are in the way will long defer the happy period of its accomplishment. We think the general objection might be brought against the first edition of the first part of the commentary, that the author, in his anxiety to occupy special ground, and not to obtrude upon provinces already occupied by worthy men, has confined himself within too narrow limits.

As time went on Dr. Ellicott appeared to be not insensible to such considerations. About a year ago he issued the second part of his Commentary, comprising the Epistle to the Galatians. He exhibited in this portion a diminishing confidence in some modern commentaries, and an increasing confidence in our old English divines. The preface is noticeable for the first efflorescence of that remarkable amplitude and beauty of style which abound so freely in his later compositions. How finely he characterizes the first chapter of this epistle!—"When we are permitted, as it were, to gaze upon the evolution of the archetypal dispensation of God, amidst those linked and blended clauses that, like the enwreathed smoke of some sweet-smelling sacrifice, mount and

mount upwards to the very heaven of heavens in that group of sentences of rarest harmony and more than mortal eloquence." A considerable measure of alteration was found in the next volume, which was taken up by the pastoral epistles. He was still less indebted than before to the labours of others. He considerably modified his use of technical terms in grammar. He increased his references to the great writers of the seventeenth century, and entreats his readers "not to regard them as the mere bibliographical embroidery of a dull page." Dr. Ellicott was also able to report an addition to the stock of positive attainment of Syriac and Gothic, and he strongly urges scholars to devote themselves to the study of these versions. In subsequent volumes he continued to give increased attention to the great ancient versions, and added to his former acquisitions a knowledge of the Coptic, Ethiopic, and the Armenian, an amount of erudition scarcely paralleled at the present day among commentators.

It is in the volume assigned to the pastoral epistles that we find most fully stated Dr. Ellicott's views, to which we have already alluded, on the subject of the revision of the Authorized Version. We will quote a passage as exhibiting the views which he has always consistently held, and to which he has given practical effect. "Let there be no false fear about a loving and filial revision of our present version. If done in the spirit and with the circumspection that marked the revision of that predecessor to which it owes its own origin and existence, no conscience, however tender, either will be or ought to be wounded. Nay, there seems intimation in their very preface that our last translators expected that others would do to them as they had done to those who had gone before them; and if they could now rise from their graves and aid us by their counsels, which side would they take? Would they stay our hands if they saw us seeking to perfect their work? Would they not rather join with us, even if it led sometimes to the removal or dereliction of the monuments of their own labour, in laying out yet more straightly the way of divine truth?" Dr. Ellicott subsequently gave practical effect to these opinions by becoming one of the five clergymen who have issued various instalments of a revised translation. It was in the course of this commentary that he broke ground in periodical literature by contributing to the "Cambridge Essays." The paper was on the Apocryphal Gospels, and the treatment, learned and critical, was also popular and in-

teresting. He did not, however, contribute any farther to the series, and after the publication of a few volumes, the series, both of the "Oxford Essays" and the "Cambridge Essays," came to an end. This is the more remarkable as the list of contributors comprised many of the best names in our current literature; and the publisher, Mr. John Parker, jun., whose lamented death broke up a most respectable and useful firm, was a man of rare energy and intelligence. The merit of each volume was at least fully equal to that of an ordinary number of the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Review*, and the extinction of the series appears to us to be one of the most unfavourable signs of the tendencies of modern literature, and the popular disinclination to serious thought and sustained attention.

The fourth part of the Commentary was occupied with the Epistles to the Philippians and Colossians and Philemon: the fifth part by the Epistles to the Thessalonians. Those portions exhibited a further tendency in the direction of exegesis. There was now a considerable difference in the scope and plan of the first published and last published portion of the Commentary. Six months after the publication of the commentary on the Thessalonians appeared the new edition of the first portion of the Commentary. In this edition the last part is brought fully up to the measure and standard of the first part. There was a great deal of entire rewriting and reconstruction. Subsequently second editions of the other portions were published, so as to bring the whole to the same general standard.

There was a time when Dr. Ellicott's reputation was mainly that of a grammarian. He would have been, according to Sidney Smith's view, a bishop with sound views on the Middle Voice. He himself speaks of some new edition as being most characterized by increased attention to the genitive case. Grammatical studies are generally thought to be dry and repellent, and a grammarian is thought to be tinged with the colour of his studies. But it all depends whether such a study is an end in itself or a means. If such studies are only a means, it may be observed that, generally speaking, the more toilsome and prolonged the means, the more fresh and beautiful are the results to which they are applied. We are not surprised that the grammarian should result in the orator, the Biblical critic into the theologian. Dr. Ellicott's great special reputation had gained him an audience for his more popular writings, and the popularity of these writings has directed a larger degree of attention to his

commentaries. Another lesson is derivable from these writings. They indicate, for all of us, the best order of study and action. It is from careful and systematic studies that we are best able, with weight and effect, to proceed to concern ourselves with matters of wider import.

The year after Dr. Ellicott preached the sermons on the "Destiny of the Creature," he preached the Hulsean Lectures for 1859, on the Life of our Lord Jesus Christ. We find here an allusion to the railway accident in which he had been in great danger. "May He pardon its many failings and defects; may He look with pity on efforts, many of which have been made while the shadow of His hand has rested darkly over him who strove to make them; and may He bless this partial firstfruits of a mercifully spared life by permitting it to minister, in its humble measure and degree, to His honour and glory; and to the truth as it is in His blessed Son." In a very remarkable manner theological literature has gathered around the life of our Lord; here is the chief brunt of the battle, because here is the ground on which all the substantial issues of the controversy are concentrated. If the attack has chiefly been directed here, so also have been the defences. And this is good also in this respect, that all growth in Christian knowledge must be based on evangelic truth, and this quickened attention to the divine life cannot but be productive of good effect. These Hulsean Lectures form an excellent introduction to the study of the literature of the Gospels. In no other work has their author attained to nobler flights of eloquence. In the copious annotations, also, there is a most serviceable amount of criticism and comment.

In the year 1860, the publication of the "Essays and Reviews" awoke a degree of popular attention and religious discussion which was almost without a parallel. The volume having lain in obscurity, partial or entire, for many months, burst at last with meteoric sensation upon the public. Many good men looked with infinite alarm upon the phenomena which were then exhibited. The general result, however, may be described as being, that while very few good men were shaken in their belief, the ordinary mass of irreligious people, who had hitherto never discussed them at all, now discussed them easily, and of course irreligiously. There came a snowstorm of pamphlets, or, to vary the image, an incessant guerilla warfare, before the heavy pieces were prepared for action. Several volumes of considerable merit were published, and one of them

was conspicuous far above others, the "Aids to Faith." The concluding essay in the volume, about a hundred pages in length, double the length of any other, was by Dr. Ellicott. This essay, together with some sermons, charge, and a few scattered papers, complete the list of his writings, so far as we are acquainted with them; and on these we shall probably offer some remarks on a future occasion. Dr. Stanley, in his celebrated paper in the *Edinburgh Review* on "Essays and Reviews," predicted that most of the essayists were destined for high promotion. But high promotion, contrary to his prediction, has been on the side of the writers of the "Aids," of whom all, with hardly an exception, have received high promotion, and half of them episcopal promotion. The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who had been editor, became Archbishop of York, and Dr. Ellicott became Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, having taken the deanery of Exeter in his way, during a few months.

It is not with a feeling of presumption that we have ventured to make these remarks on the works of such a writer. We have at least done so with a full sense of what is due from those who have studied a subject slightly to those who have done so deeply. It would be well indeed if critics would understand that to criticise is only a very small portion of their office. They may have, however, another task, more modest, and almost more useful. They may endeavour to interpret between the student few and the reading many, to interpret between a great writer and those to whom he would be unintelligible, to popularize principles and results which cannot be spread too widely, to give information obscured to those whom such information may allure on to study for themselves. Within such humble limits we may hope we have embarked upon an attempt not altogether unprofitable to some of the readers of this Magazine.

GLIMPSES OF ASYLUM LIFE.

BY THE REV. H. HAWKINS.

FACING a beautiful range of the South Downs stands one of our large county asylums. Its southern aspect is surpassingly rich and varied. In the immediate foreground are the trim Italian terraces and gardens, partly private, partly appropriated as exercise grounds for the inmates of the establishment.

And what a lovely landscape is spread before their eyes as they sit or walk in the well-kept grounds! The view would be worthy of a royal palace. Beyond the nearer precincts of the building is the well-wooded, park-like farm. A quaint old farmhouse, with the date 1666 on its southern wall, is partly seen at a short distance in a hollow. In the fields and gardens, patients, with their attendants, are at work.

Here and there the spire or tower of a country church adds beauty to the scenery. Now and then the line of white vapour shows the course of the distant train. Further off are the softly undulating South-down hills, presenting endless varieties of beauty. They delight the eye under almost every change of season and of weather, sometimes appearing nearer to the eye—ominous, then, of bad weather,—sometimes more remote; sometimes standing clear and bright in the sunshine, or overshadowed by the passing cloud, or partly shrouded by mist, or at times in winter capped or covered with snow.

Surely the charm and loveliness of the surrounding scenery must, in many instances, imperceptibly soothe and tranquillize the afflicted mind, and contribute, more even than direct remedies, towards restoring its peace and healthful balance. The very air which “nimble and sweetly recommends itself unto the gentle senses” can hardly fail to prove health-restoring.

A glimpse at some features of asylum life may interest some readers. At an early hour the household is astir. The “toilette” of all the patients is carefully superintended. Cleanliness and neatness are scrupulously enforced, but grotesque or whimsical arrangements of dress (in which some patients, if left to themselves, would be apt to indulge) are discouraged. It is said to be

a wise maxim in the management of the insane, to treat them, as far as practicable, as if they were of sound mind. At the breakfast hour the male and female patients assemble in two handsome halls, not unlike college halls, without the high table and the grave portraits of founders and benefactors. Here they take their various meals, seated, in batches, at what may be termed mess-tables. Each patient takes his or her own place. An attendant says grace; various attendants watchfully provide for the wants of those under their respective charge. There is no confusion or disorder—the greatest method and regularity prevail. The chapel service follows breakfast. The ringing of a clear-toned bell summons the worshippers. They cross the small space between the main building and the chapel, and take their places in the holy building. It possesses great beauty. The campanile is a conspicuous object. Internally, the arches of the aisles are sustained on slender graceful double shafts (wreathed or otherwise decorated at Christmas-tide). The light, coming through opaque glass, is subdued. The open seats are kept beautifully clean and polished. The gas standards are of costly workmanship, and the prayer-desk, which also serves as a pulpit, is a handsome structure of carved stone and marble. Not many years has the sacred building been in use, yet already it contains memorials of the departed who in life were worshippers within its walls, and now, we trust, await the resurrection of the just. A brass mural tablet, with simple inscription, commemorates a brother; a handsome brass lectern, a sister, “fallen asleep in Jesus.” The sanctuary, though small, is reverently ordered, and on certain occasions the holy table is bright with fresh flowers. The daily morning service consists of a selection from the Church’s Order for Morning Prayer, or of the Litany. Many voices devoutly and audibly join in the responses. On Sundays greater numbers attend; and at the monthly celebration of the Holy Communion there is a small but reverent band of communicants.

The week-day service over, the regular duties of the day fairly begin. First comes the medical inspection. Besides the general oversight, any case requiring special treatment is brought under the experienced eye of the physician. The working parties are then “told off” to their various scenes of labour. The greater number of men capable of work are occupied on the farm or in the gardens. The shops of the carpenter, tailor, shoemaker, hat and basket maker, &c., receive their respective

contingents. Some of the shops have surplus stock for sale—door-mats, cocoa-nut matting, plain and fancy baskets, &c. Of the female patients many remain in the wards at needlework. These wards, with their dainty white curtains, flowers, birds, handsome prints, and furniture, are models of taste and neatness. Indeed, after the coarse and rough treatment of the insane in past years, a reaction has set in, with a tendency, perhaps, towards over-indulgence and ultra-refinement in their management. Other female patients find employment in the laundry, kitchen, needle-room, &c. Many, alas! merely vegetate day after day in vacancy of mind!

At mid-day the large dining-halls are again filled. Then work is resumed. So in asylum life, as in the outer world, man goeth forth to his work and to his labour until the evening. Supper is served in the halls, brilliant with gaslight, in the winter months. At an early hour the patients retire to rest, watched, and, if need be, ministered to, even during the silent hours of the night.

The daily routine is relieved by indulgences of various kinds. The weekly visiting day of the friends of patients is by many anxiously looked forward to. In the forenoon of that day may be noticed country folk or town people, singly or in small parties wending their way to the asylum. They seldom go empty-handed. A basket or paper bag, containing some gift for their friend, is a usual accompaniment of visitors. The interviews take place in a large room in which the smock-frock and the homely dress of country people, and the holiday coat and smart dress of the visitors from the towns, may be seen as the various parties sit or stand in groups conversing with parent or child, husband or wife, brother, sister, or friend, as the case may be. At a fixed hour the room is cleared, the visitors depart, the patients return to their quarters. During the greater portion of the year classes are held for the improvement in writing and reading of a few selected patients. The more advanced scholars transcribe pieces of prose or poetry. A portion of the allotted time is devoted to reading aloud from some book or interesting serial.

During the winter months frequent dances, known as "balls," take place. These are a source of great amusement to many of the patients. Numbers look on as spectators only. The mechanical manner in which some of the dancers take part in the evening's recreations is noticeable. They are interested, but it seems in the way of business rather than of pleasure.

On special occasions the entertainment is of a more festive character. The hall is decorated with flowers or evergreens; refreshments are handed round, and the amusements are kept up a little longer. Sometimes a concert, with characters in costume, is given, or a "reading" from popular writers. Even more interesting, perhaps, are the occasional missionary meetings. Many pleasing reminiscences are cherished by the writer of such gatherings in past years. The honoured names of Wolff, Tozer, Mountain, Higgins of Cuddapah, writer of the "Delhi Mission," rise to remembrance. Not a few have been the acts of self-denial made in the cause of missions by the patients and others of the asylum.

In the summer outdoor amusements, of course, prevail. On the lawns the sharp tap of the inevitable croquet mallet is to be heard in the fine evenings. On leisure afternoons a cricket match is often played. Sometimes a tea-party for the female patients is held *al fresco* on some suitable spot on the beautiful grounds; or a long country ramble beyond the boundaries is enjoyed by selected patients, who may be seen returning with handfuls of spring or summer flowers.

But the best appreciated outdoor treat consists in the picnic held now and then during the summer months. It is a long day's pleasure.

"Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
And break the live-long summer day
With banquet"—

not "in the distant woods," which would afford opportunities of escape, but on a wide stretching common, which inspires something of the sense of freedom and of liberty. Soon after chapel, the commissariat cart is brought round and loaded with ample provisions for the day's campaign. Not trifling is the consumption of bread, cheese, meat, and beer, by that monster picnic party, with appetites sharpened by exercise and by bracing country air, partaking of qualities of the "sea-board and the down."

Sometimes preceded by a brass band, the patients, in two detachments, start betimes for their *fête champêtre*,—by orchards, corn-fields, heaths, on to an extended moor, admirably suited for such a gathering. Arrived at their destination, the holiday-makers give themselves up to the *abandon* of the day. Wickets are pitched; the football is kicked about; a dance is got up, or "kiss-in-the-ring" is voted for. Presently a very sub-

stantial dinner is served. Then amusements are resumed. Many of the women prefer to pass the day seated on the grass, some in vacancy of mind, others, poor things, thinking about home and dear ones there; others with thoughts disordered, "like sweet bells jangled" out of tune.

Towards early evening a camp-fire is lighted, gipsy fashion, and tea prepared; at length, with the lengthening shadows, the whole party, a little wearied, but all the better for the day's excursion, return to the asylum. Thus, in healthful work, relieved by occasional but not too frequent recreation, asylum life passes away. Many, by the blessing of God on the remedies adopted, become, after a longer or shorter course of treatment, convalescent, and return to the outer world. The restoration of some proves permanent. Their faces are seen no more in the wards. Others suffer relapse, and return as patients. Many old and feeble, or chronic cases, remain, carefully tended and watched over, till their appointed hour comes, and their bodies, if not claimed by their friends, are laid to rest in the beautiful cemetery until the morning of the Resurrection.

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WORDS OF LIFE AND OF LOVE.

BY THE EDITOR.

IV.

R E S T.

"O CAST thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." What a strange and striking contrast these words of exceeding peace present to the ordinary life of most of us in these restless days! For what epithet more truly describes the special character of this our own age than this one word, "restless"? Men of business—how they toil, and plan, and scheme, and rise up early, and late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness! Men of pleasure—how they strain after some new spasm of delight, some fresh frivolity to answer the deep cry that will come up from even their shallow hearts, Who will show us any good? Men of religion—how eager are they, too, for some ritual novelty, some startling excitement, either in doctrine or in worship! And even when this is not the case, how is the whole Church far too ready practically to accept as true the idea, that unless we are in a perpetual bustle, we are not at work. Surely the old motto has still some meaning in it, that "prayer is work,"—ay, meditation is work, and study is work, and self-examination is work. So that it is most wholesome for us at times to be recalled from these perpetual activities, which are little short of a chronic religious excitement, and to have our minds calmed and sobered by the weighty words of that blessed Book which tells us that amid all the outer duties of our calling, "in quietness and confidence" our real strength is to be found. The promise of the Old Testament for burdened souls, wearied with the daily warfare of their life, was, "He shall sustain thee." The blessed assurance of the New, spoken by the lips of the Healer himself, is, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

They tell us of the grand old martyr, Thomas Bilney, that before the clear light of God's truth dawned upon him, he fell into great distress of mind, and applied to the priests for comfort and relief. They bade him in penances, and mortifications, and purchase of pardons, find the rest for which he longed. And in his own quaint, simple way he says, that after having spent his all on these ignorant physicians, and growing nothing better, but rather

the worse, he met with a copy of the New Testament. It was surely not by a mere chance, as men say, that his eye first fell on those "comfortable words" of St. Paul, "This is a true saying, and worthy of all men to be received, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." He received with unquestioning faith and earnest joy the good news from God that this verse contains, and he found rest unto his soul.

And rest and sustaining strength are just what we need; for we may be quite sure, whatever our lot in life, or however great our seeming prosperity, we shall and must have our burden of trial and of sorrow. It is part of God's merciful discipline with us, through which, in the severity even of His love, He prepares us for that place at His own right hand, where there is for ever the fulness of joy.

I need hardly speak now, and here, of that burden of sin that must be felt by us all before we know the joy of forgiveness and the sweet sense of pardoning love. Enough for us to know, that when that burden weighs most heavily upon us, and when the evil and ingratitude of our hard hearts press sorely on our soul, the voice of the great Absolver himself may speak peace to the heart, and the words of St. John may fill us with adoring praise,—“The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

But there is the burden of trial in our daily life, under which we need, in a special sense, the promise of the Lord, “He shall sustain thee.” When our hopes are disappointed, and our plans turn out only failures; when the little things of every day's story go wrong with us; or when we ourselves are laid aside by personal affliction, so hard to bear after long years of health, and it may be continual employment, or when we stand with wet faces and sobbing souls by the open grave of those most dear who have been taken from us, then surely such a promise comes like a benediction from the skies, and in the day of adversity we really do “consider” what gave us little or no thought at all in the time of our prosperity and joy.

We must remember, however, that there is no assurance given us that the trial or sorrow shall be taken away. “He shall sustain thee;” and is not this all we really want? Think of St. Paul's bitter affliction, his thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan sent to buffet him. How earnestly in the thrice repeated petition, following the example of his divine Master in the garden of Gethsemane, he besought the Lord that it might depart

from him! Was that prayer answered in the way that he expected? The thorn in the flesh still remained, but there was granted to him such a superadded gift of grace, sufficient for all his deepest need, that from the very midst of his trial he could burst forth with the words of high thanksgiving, "I rather glory in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

But we must evermore cast our burden on the Lord. How this brings before us the reality of prayer and the personal care and love of the Lord himself for every separate member of His mystical body! Thy burden—thine own burden,—that which weighs down thy secret soul, that of which thou canst not speak to even thy dearest friend; that sorrow, all the deeper for being so deep down in the inner chamber of thine own heart,—bring it to Him; lay the whole story of thy life before Him; unfold thy wants and weakness and longing—yea, thy whole heart before His cross; look up and hear His own voice tell thee of His everlasting love and His all-sustaining grace. Cry out before Him,—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;"

and you shall find rest—rest in Jesus. He will teach you the mystery of His dealing with His own. He will alter for you the character of all affliction by teaching you in very deed that "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." What before you only formally accepted as true, you shall believe now from your own inner experience. And if it be true that through "much tribulation we must enter the kingdom," like good old Toplady, you will be able to say,—

"Sweet affliction,
That brings Jesus to my soul."

What thoughts can help us more, if we seek to enter truly into their blessed meaning, for this sacred season of Lent on which we have just entered? He, our dear Lord and Master, was tempted in all points like as we are, though without sin, that He might be able to sympathize with and succour them that are tempted. He became the man of sorrows to give endless joy unto His people. He bore the cross that we might wear the crown. He went down into the grave that we might be partakers of His resurrection, and know the gladness of that everlasting Easter morning when the "day shall indeed break, and the shadows flee away;" therefore, O sorrowing and afflicted soul, "cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Hallowing of our Common Life. Sermons on the consecration of the duties of our daily life to God's service. Preached mainly at St. Gabriel's Mission Church, Bromley, Middlesex. By WILLIAM BAIRD, M.A., Vicar of Dymock. London: J. & C. Mozley, 6, Paternoster Row.

FOR some years Mr. Baird was one of the ablest and most laborious of the clergy labouring in that great heathendom—the East of London. His work amongst the poor was eminently successful, and the services at the mission church were perfect patterns of what mission services ought to be. The sermons, or rather addresses, in this little volume go very far to explain the secret of Mr. Baird's deserved popularity amongst the very poor. They are earnest, hearty, homely addresses, dealing with common life, and its temptations, trials, and duties. They are very short—any one of them might have been easily spoken in a quarter of an hour,—and therefore they are readily to be remembered. Mr. Baird is a faithful, loving-hearted clergyman, and the parish of Dymock may well rejoice in having him as their vicar, while we are certain that the poor of East London cannot fail to lament his loss.

Short Sermons. By G. F. PRESCOTT, M.A., Incumbent of St. Michael and All Angels, Paddington. London: J. & C. Mozley, Paternoster Row.

THE title of this volume is a very good specimen of its contents—short, straightforward, and thoroughly to the purpose. No words are wasted, no circumlocution is indulged in, and a spade is very properly called a spade, and not an instrument for carrying on the divers processes of husbandry. And further, Mr. Prescott is a loyal son of the Church of England. Take, for example, the following paragraph on the Holy Communion:—

“ But in what sense are the body and blood of Christ really present? Our senses tell us that even after the Prayer of Consecration the bread is still bread, the wine still wine. And when the Lord said, ‘This is My body, this is My blood,’ His actual flesh was still living and unbroken, so that He could not have used the words in a literal sense. Therefore the real presence of Christ at the Lord's Supper is a spiritual one, invisible to the senses. Hence, none but the faithful can be partakers of Him, none but those who are enabled by the grace of God to feel

His real presence, and to take Him into their souls; to feed upon Him in their hearts by faith with thanksgiving.

"Here let us stop, and seek no further. Curious and inquisitive prying will possibly do harm. There are deep things in divine truth which men cannotathom. It is wiser to leave them alone. A boy, boldly venturing to cross a mountain without a guide, soon finds himself wrapped in a mist, and lost in bewilderment. We run a risk of involving ourselves in inextricable mazes if we try to supplement the teaching of Revelation. It is better to believe and worship.

"Doctrinal controversies very frequently circle round the various aspects of the sacraments, because there is so much that is deep in them appealing, as they essentially do, to man's faith. And it is quite conceivable that different minds should entertain, without offence, different opinions in regard to points which so utterly transcend explanation. At all events, it is not charity to narrow the limits of truth beyond the boundaries marked down in Holy Scripture; and it seems safest, on the whole, to take the simple words of the Lord without either adding to or diminishing from them. Let the communicant take the sacred food as really the body and blood of Jesus Christ, a veritable source of strength and refreshment to the soul; and then, how it is so will be of little consequence;—enough to enjoy true communion with Him, and substantial strength through His cross."—(Page 56.)

These sermons are well worth reading, and it would be difficult to give them higher praise.

The Life to which we are Called. Seven plain, practical Sermons, preached at St Paul's, Knightsbridge, in 1866-7. By the Rev L. Tuttiett, Perpetual Curate of Lea Marston. London: W. Gardner & Co., Paternoster Row.

MR TUTTIETT is one of those earnest, faithful clergymen, neither Puritan nor Ritualist, who is quietly doing the Church's work in the Church's way. With a devoutness not unfrequently reminding us of the good George Herbert, and a power that testifies to his practical insight into the trials and difficulties of these days, he utters wise and weighty words of counsel and of warning, and we are glad to know that such plain messages of truth have been given to the fashionable congregation at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

One of the ablest sermons in this little volume, which we heartily recommend to our readers, is on the "Dangers of Feverishness." Well does Mr. Tuttiett observe,—

"Mark, again, that feverish craving after new excitements of external worship and ceremonial developments, which our fathers rejected as unwholesome, which our spiritual rulers generally forbid as inexpedient, and which the majority of our brethren of the Anglican communion regard with aversion and alarm. O brethren, well may we bow ourselves down to-day before the presence of the divine Healer, and pray that at His word the fever may wholly leave us, that we may henceforth serve Him with 'a quiet mind.'"—P. 25.

Lays of a Heart. By GERVASE ROBINSON. London : Houlston & Wright.

THIS little volume gives evidence of considerable poetic power. The pieces are, however, very unequal, but they furnish abundant hope that at some future time we shall meet the writer again, and be able to speak of him in less qualified terms. The poem headed "Entered In" is a fair specimen of the book :—

" ENTERED IN.

" DEAD but a moment ! and my Daughter's kiss
Yet living on my cheek ;
Dead but a moment ! and the Heavens of bliss
Upon my vision break ;

" Dead but a moment ! and the saintly walls
Agleam with jewelled gates ;
The tone of music as from inner halls ;
YON FACE which foremost waits !

" Smiling as when at death we stood to part
In the far-faded past ;
Dear One, how changed thou art, how new thou art,
Since I beheld thee last !

" I saw thee then ; thou hadst thy shroud about thee ;
Adieu to me and breath.
And after came the desolate years without thee,
And last my own poor death.

" And now it seems as yesterday the whole,
The bliss, the pang, the tears ;
And I have touched thee once again where roll
The shadows of no years.

" How fresh thou art, dear One ! how strong and new !
How pure and holy now !
The incorruptible within, the dew
Of youth upon thy brow !

" And what a land is this ! what bowers ! what hills !
And what a river floweth !
What bands who follow Him through golden stills
Whitherso'er He goeth !

" Lead me to Him the first, whose love and grace
Made that rude earth seem sweet ;
Lead me to Him that I may see His face,
That I may kiss His feet."

the Churchman's Shilling Magazine & FAMILY TREASURY.



A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN BLYTHE.

CHAPTER III.

CHANGES.

THAT Sunday was an eventful day in my life. Sundry changes followed rapidly. The first result was that Mrs. Squires came over to the manor during the following week to pay Margery a visit, and shortly after Margery went over to Deanswood one day, when my uncle was away for a day, and remained to drink tea with Mrs. Squires. Then considerable communication was kept up between the two houses, and, at last, to my unbounded astonishment, when I entered the kitchen one day, I found a stranger established there, and seeming very much at home. I instantly sought Margery, who I found in her own little sitting-room.

"Who is that in the kitchen, Margery?" I asked.

"That's the new housemaid, Miss Katie."

"Whose new housemaid?"

"Ours."

"Is she going to stay here?"

"Yes, of course she is."

"But why has she come?"

"Because I told your uncle, Miss Katie, that I was just getting too old to do all the work myself; so she's to do the housework, and attend to you, and look after your clothes, and master, while I attend to the kitchen."

"Oh, Margery, will she do my hair?"

"Yes, of course she will."

I think that announcement, a few weeks since, would have sent me off to the woods for the whole day; but that short time had worked a change. I had been back to Deanswood several times, and had quite got over my dread of Mrs. Squires, who was very kind to me; and I had come across several other strangers, so I was beginning to be a little hardened.

That night Alice, the new servant, began her attendance on me, and I very soon began to find that hairdressing under her nimble fingers was a very different thing to what it had been in Margery's hands. She did not pull my hair half so much, or hurt my head with the brush. I think the mere presence of the girl in the house did me good too. She and I and the puppy were all young, and I really began to have some idea of what a game of play was like.

I well remember, too, one day going suddenly up to my room, I found her, Margery, and Mrs. Squires busily occupied in a complete examination of my wardrobe,—a somewhat scanty one, it must be admitted; and shortly after sundry additions were made to the same, accompanied by an admonition from Margery to be sure and say nothing to my uncle about it.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Because—because——" said Margery, hesitating, "he doesn't like to be bothered about those sort of things."

"But oh, Margery," I said, "it is so kind of him to give me those beautiful frocks and things. Mayn't I thank him?"

"No, Miss Katie; you just say nothing about it," replied Margery, in a peremptory tone.

"But who chose the things for me? Didn't uncle?"

"Bless the child, I should think not. Alice and her aunt did."

"Who is her aunt?"

"Oh, I forgot you didn't know. Why Mrs. Squires."

"Mrs. Squires Alice's aunt!" I repeated.

"Yes to be sure. I got her through Mrs. Squires; but you needn't say anything about that either, Miss Katie."

Accustomed always to obey I did so now without any hesitation, and wore my new frocks in silent admiration, and thought



"I well remember, too, one day going suddenly up to my room, I found her, Margery, and Mrs. Squires busily occupied in a complete examination of my wardrobe."— *Page 112.*

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my hair looked much nicer under Alice's care than it had ever done under Margery's.

All this time I had been resolutely silent as to General Fairfax's questions about my lessons ; but I had heard nothing more on the subject, and rather wondered why he had not spoken to my uncle as he had promised he would do. I thought a good deal more about my lessons, too, than I had ever done before. I was beginning to have a faint glimmering consciousness of ignorance,—the first result of contact with a highly cultivated mind. Full well now do I understand the course General Fairfax was pursuing with me. He did not again revert to my lessons, but as the first step towards establishing a better state of things for me, he strove to excite in me a desire for information. I had not the least idea that he was teaching me. I thought he only told me stories during our rambles together, or during my visits to Deanswood ; but yet those stories somehow always excited a desire in my mind to know something more. Then he would talk to me sometimes about music and drawing, and tell me about different places he had visited in his travels over nearly the whole world, until he effected his purpose,—that of making me really anxious for some more efficient instructor than Margery. Since I had been so much with him I had begun to feel that she was not quite the emporium of wisdom I had hitherto considered her. At last I confided my ideas to him.

"I do wish I had some one to teach me who knows more than Margery. She can't tell me about all kinds of things I want to know about."

"Would you try to learn, Katie, if you had some one to teach you ?" he asked.

"Indeed I would," I exclaimed.

"You would find it rather dry work at first," he said ; "not all play like talking to me. It would seem as dry as reading those books to Margery which you dislike so much."

"Oh, but I shouldn't care about that. I shouldn't mind it being dry when I knew I should learn to understand it all afterwards. I don't want to grow up ignorant."

He smiled a pleased smile.

"I have been more successful than I knew," he said. "If I arrange for you to be taught, Katie, will you try and learn as fast as you can ?"

"Oh, indeed I will."

"Very well, my child, you must remember that, because I can-

not tell how long it may be in my power to help you. Do you think you could make up your mind to go to school?"

"Go to school," I repeated, doubtfully.

My notions of school were confined to some vague ideas gathered from occasionally seeing the children of the parish school turn out in the afternoon.

"I don't mean that you should go to school here," General Fairfax continued, "but go away to live with a number of other little girls in the house with a lady who would teach you all you ought to know."

"What! go away from you, and uncle, and Margery? Oh! General Fairfax."

"Not altogether, Katie. You would come home at Christmas and in the summer. I should like you to go very much," he added, finding I did not speak.

It was a terrible proposition. I could not bear the idea; but yet General Fairfax wished it. I think he must have seen the conflict in my face, for, after a moment, he said,—

"You shall not give me an answer now, Katie. You can think about it a little and then tell me whether you think, if I could arrange it, you could make up your mind to go."

It was needless for him to tell me to think about it. I could think of nothing else, and was thoroughly miserable. I wanted very much to learn, and I knew I ought to do what he wished; but still it was so dreadful to think of going away among strangers. At last, however, I made up my mind, and one day I said to him, with a sort of desperate determination, though the words seemed as if they would choke me,—

"I will go to school if you wish it."

"That's a good child," he replied; "and you won't find it half so dreadful as you think. You will feel it a little just at first; but afterwards you will be quite happy there."

Profoundly though I revered him, I had considerable doubts on that point.

"If I go to school, will you come and see me sometimes?" I asked.

"Certainly I will; but we have not quite settled it all yet, Katie. I must talk to your uncle about it and hear what he says."

"Do you think he won't like me to go?"

"I hope he will not object; but I am not quite sure."

I fear I did not say "Amen" to that hope. I had made the heroic sacrifice required by duty; but like many, older and wiser

than I was, I had no objection to gain the credit without paying the price.

"When will you ask him about it?" I said.

"The first time I have a good opportunity."

I hoped the opportunity would come soon, for I did not like suspense; and when, a few days after, I saw General Fairfax and my uncle walking slowly up and down the lawn, or, rather, the rough, ill-kept piece of grass that should have been a lawn, in deep and earnest conversation, I felt instinctively that the fatal hour was come. I sat down behind a shrub at a little distance, and watched them with a beating heart, trying to conjecture from their gestures what turn the conversation was taking. I thought General Fairfax seemed as if he was urging something to which my uncle would not consent. I am certain that a feeling very like hope began to spring up within me. At last they turned towards the house. To reach it they had to pass close to where I was sitting, and as they did so, I heard my uncle say, in answer to some remark of General Fairfax's,—

"No, Fairfax, I will not have it. I am quite resolved on that. Anything here that you choose to arrange I will make no objection about, but I will not——"

I could not hear any more, but a little while after I saw General Fairfax come out of the house again, and I darted off through the bushes and down to the gate, and there I waited for him. He soon appeared, looking very grave—almost displeased I thought, but he smiled when he saw me.

"You have been talking to uncle about my going to school haven't you?" I asked.

"Yes; but how did you know it?"

"Because I saw you on the lawn as I was coming in. What does he say?"

"He is very decided that he will not allow it."

There was a momentary silence. I hardly knew how much I had dreaded the idea of school until that moment. At last General Fairfax said,—

"I am very sorry, but I don't think you are, Katie."

"I can't be sorry not to go away from you and uncle; but I will try if you wish it."

"Nay, my child, don't try to be sorry about anything for me," he said. "Sorrow will come soon enough without trying for it."

"But am I to have no one to teach me then?" I asked.

"No, I don't think it will be quite so bad as that. I hope I

shall be able to arrange something for you, though it may not be exactly what I could have wished."

Several times that evening I saw my uncle looking at me with a face expressive of more interest than he had ever bestowed upon me before; and after dinner, instead of reading, as was his usual custom, he sat for a long time plunged in a deep reverie. At last he looked up and said,—

"Katie, are you very much disappointed that I will not let you go to school?"

"I don't care to go to school," I said, "but I want to learn."

"You needn't care about learning," he replied. "You've got something that's much more valuable to a woman than any amount of learning."

"What have I got?" I asked, in astonishment, rapidly running over in my mind my worldly possessions—no difficult task either, as they were pretty nearly comprised in my dog, my Prayer-book, and my fairy tales.

"Never mind now," he said, with a laugh; "you'll find out fast enough one of these days. But do you know why I won't let you go to school?"

"No."

"Because I couldn't bear you to go away from me. I should be so lonely without you."

"Oh, uncle! do you really care so much about my being with you?"

"Indeed I do, Katie. I'm an old man, and not given to much talking, and perhaps I don't seem to notice you much, but I couldn't bear you to go away."

"Then I'm sure I don't want to go. I didn't know you cared so much for me," I exclaimed, scrambling on to his knee, and bestowing a shower of kisses upon him.

From that day forward my uncle noticed me a great deal more than he had ever done before, and really seemed as if he was interested in my proceedings, for while I was profoundly grateful, and reproached myself not a little for having, when considering the terrible school project, grieved more over the thought of parting from General Fairfax than from him. But when I told General Fairfax about that conversation, and asked him what my uncle meant about my having something worth more than learning, his brow contracted, and his face darkened as I had never seen it darken, and he drew me to him almost involuntarily as if he would shield me from some great danger.

"There are a great many things worth more than learning, Katie," he said. "People may be very learned and yet very wicked, and then they won't be happy; or they may have very bad health and be always in pain, and then their learning is not much use to them."

"Was that what uncle meant?"

"It is the meaning his words would seem to bear, my child; but you know I can't see into his thoughts."

"But then what made you look so angry when I told you?" I asked.

"Did I look angry?"

"Yes. I never saw you look so angry before."

"You are an acute little damsel," he replied. "Perhaps it was a twinge of the gout made me frown. Do you know what the gout is?"

"No," I replied.

General Fairfax entered into a minute explanation of the same, which fairly drew off my attention; but as he wished me good-night when it was time for me to go, a troubled look came over his face again, and he said, as he kissed me,—

"May God watch over you, my child."

A few days after he came over to the manor, and after a long interview with my uncle, he sent for me and told me that some one was coming to teach me.

"Who?" I asked.

"A lady."

"Will she come and live here?"

"No. She will come over by the coach three times a week, and will stay with you from ten till two, and then she will give you lessons to learn and prepare for her when she comes again."

"What will she teach me?"

"Everything you ought to learn; and you must be very good, Katie, and remember your promise to me that you will try to learn as much as you can, even if you find it rather dull work at first."

"I will indeed," I said; "but when is the lady coming?"

"Next week."

"And what's her name?"

"Mrs. Marsh. She is a widow, and she will be very kind to you; so you must be very good, and not give her a great deal of trouble."

The prospect seemed rather alarming now it was drawing so

close ; and I began to have some doubts whether, if I had been called upon to act up to my word with respect to going to school, I should not have broken down when it came to the fatal moment.

Mrs. Marsh appeared the following week, and I closely surveyed her, and instantly pronounced in her favour. She looked very kind and good humoured, and did not seem so shocked at my ignorance as I feared she would be. She told me if I only tried I should learn so much faster than when I was younger, that I should soon make up for lost time ; and encouraged by this, and by the newly awakened interest my uncle showed in my improvement—almost as much as by my wish to please General Fairfax—I set to work with a will.

CHAPTER IV.

THE FIRST GRIEF.

THE next three years passed away without any changes save the natural change, to a child, of three years at that age. They seemed to pass very quickly too, much more so than years had done before to me. Mrs. Marsh came regularly, and I made considerable progress—as much, I think, as was possible under the circumstances. She was not a woman of any great ability ; but she was energetic and persevering, and did her best. Still, though there was regular teaching, education there was very little. How could education in its broader sense be carried on amid such a life as that which I have described ? I did a certain amount of practising and drawing in the day, and devoted the prescribed time pretty regularly to French and history, and other studies ; but there was no vestige of mental training. I believe, in all that time, I really gained more from association with General Fairfax than I did from all Mrs. Marsh's patient endeavours.

But, at any rate, during that time the evils of my life were negative—alas ! that a change should so soon have come, and positive evil been substituted for the simple absence of good.

I was very close to fourteen, when two circumstances happened which, though they seemed trifling at the time, materially tended to colour my future life.

General Fairfax had bought a pony for me, and used to make me ride with him very often. I delighted in those rides ; they

were my chief enjoyment. One day, as we were returning leisurely from a longer one than usual, he suddenly said,—

“Katie, do you think two years a very long time?”

“Oh no, not now,” I said. “I used to think a year was very very long; but the time passes much more quickly now.”

“Do you think that if you had a trial that lasted two years they would seem much longer?”

“I don’t know,” I said, rather doubtfully. This was rather an alarming view of the subject. “I only hope,” I added, “I shall never have one that will last so long.”

“I fear one is coming for you, my child,” he replied, “which will seem rather a hard one to you at first.”

“Oh, General Fairfax!” I exclaimed, “what is it?” I felt horribly frightened, though I did not know what at. Too ignorant of trouble to have my fears pointed in any way.

“I am going away for two years very soon,” he answered, quietly.

I made no reply. I could not. I only bent my head to hide my tears. I doubt whether, through all the dark chapter of my after life, words ever fell with such a weight on my ears as did that one short sentence. It was, in very deed and truth, my first trouble. I had never even cried, as a child, over a dead pet, simply because I had never had one to cry over,—Spot, my retriever, and my only live possession, being still in the enjoyment of robust health.

General Fairfax very wisely said not a word. He left me to cry quietly over his announcement for a time, until he saw that I had succeeded in checking my tears, which I did before very long. Then he said,—

“I was afraid this would be a great trouble to you, my child, so I said nothing about it until I was quite certain. But you must not be too much cast down. Your uncle has promised me that Mrs. Marsh shall stay with you till I come back, and you must try and get on very fast, that I may find you very much improved when I return. You will be quite a young lady when I come back, positively.”

“Where are you going?” I asked, in a trembling voice.

“To India.”

“What makes you go there?”

His face grew rather sad as he answered, “Some one out there who I promised to befriend has got into trouble, and I must go out to see about it.”

"How soon are you going?"

"In about a fortnight."

I had hard work to choke back my sobs then, but I did succeed. It was well though that my pony could look to his own footing, for the tears would keep coming up so incessantly that my eyes were constantly so blinded I could hardly see his head.

General Fairfax was far too wise to bestow much commiseration on my distress. He affected not to notice it, but talked quietly to me about his voyage, and told me from what places he should write to me, and where I was to write to him; and, finally, bearing in mind the fact which people are so apt, under such circumstances, to forget—that I was but a child, he entered into a glowing description of things he intended to bring home from India for me. Oh, how strange it seems to write all this of him now.

I had a little recovered from the first shock of my grief by the time we reached home; but my heart was very heavy, and that night, for the first time in my life, I cried myself to sleep. It seemed so much harder to bear my grief when I was all alone at night in the dark. My lessons the next day were a sad failure; but though Mrs. Marsh said nothing, I think she knew what was the matter, for she let me off with very little.

How fast the fortnight slipped away. If only the two years would have gone anything like so fast, how short they would have seemed. The last of everything came. We had had our last ride, and I had listened with an aching heart to General Fairfax's last admonitions to me, to be very good until he came home again, and to let him find me very much improved; and then came the parting. I clung to him, sobbing convulsively. At last, after one or two ineffectual attempts to unclasp my arms from his neck, he gently lifted me up and carried me up-stairs himself, then laying me on my bed, and bestowing a long parting kiss upon me, he resolutely released himself from my hold, and left me—to utter desolation it seemed to me.

How dreary the next few days were. Everything seemed changed and darkened by the cloud which had come over my sun. My uncle was very kind to me, and at last gently upbraided me, and told me he should be jealous if I grieved so very much over General Fairfax's departure. The first thing that tended to console me was the arrival of a letter from General Fairfax, from London. I had never received a letter in my life, and the sensation of getting something from him, from a distance,

which was yet as entirely meant for me as if he had spoken to me the words he wrote, was as new as it was delightful. He told me, too, to write directly, and that he should get the letter before he started. That letter, and my answer, first brought me the consciousness that there was a balm even for long absence.

I think I began to grow rather discontented with my life after General Fairfax was gone. From the time he had first come to Deanswood there had been some little variety in it, slight though it was. My visits there, and rides with him, had been quite as exciting to me as picnics and children's parties could have been to other children; perhaps even more so. But now, the old dreary monotony settled down again on the manor, and monotony at fourteen was a different thing from what it had been at ten. I began to feel listless and discontented, sometimes with a vague longing for something, I did not know what,—at least for some change. I used to spend hours dreaming beside the stream in the glen, wondering why my life seemed so much more dull than it had done before, and why my uncle chose to lead such a secluded life; and wishing, inexpressible, that something would happen, I did not much care what, so that it was unexpected. It was so dreary to be able to foretell, each day, exactly what would happen that day, and the next, and on for weeks together; until, at last, I think I grew into a habit of looking out for something unexpected to happen, and of speculating upon what it could possibly be, and so grew more discontented as my life flowed on in its even, unbroken course, without incident of any kind.

Mrs. Marsh detected the change in me, and at last questioned me as to what was the matter.

"Nothing is the matter with me," I said.

"My dear Katie, I am sure there is. You are not well, or something is the matter. You are so dull, and don't seem as if you could rouse yourself to attend to your lessons."

"No, there is really nothing the matter, only it is so dreadfully dull now General Fairfax is gone. I have nothing to do."

"Just as much as you had before, my dear child. Besides, remember, you were to get on very fast with your studies, and you certainly will not do that, unless you can rouse yourself to a little more energy than you show at present."

"I can't help it," I exclaimed. "I cannot be always at lessons, and I have nothing else to do, and so I get stupid and dull. It's very well for you, Mrs. Marsh, but you don't live here, without ever going away, or you would find you would

grow dull and stupid too. Why, just think, I have never been more than eight miles from this house in my life, at least since I was brought here as a baby, and I am past fourteen."

"It is very lonely, certainly," she said, "but you won't make the loneliness less, by being discontented. You must try and make yourself happy, and wait for some change. Your whole life will not be spent here."

Mrs. Marsh said no more at the time, but a few days after, she asked me, one morning,—

"Katie, would you like to come and stay with me for a little, at my lodgings in——"

"Like it!" I exclaimed. "I should think I should."

"You must remember I lead a very quiet life," she replied; "but you would see what a country town is like, and I dare say it would amuse you."

"I am sure it would, and it is very kind of you to ask me."

"Then I will speak to your uncle about it the next time I come."

That was a short-lived dream of happiness. Mrs. Marsh spoke to my uncle on the subject the next time she came, as she had promised, and met with a courteous, but most decided refusal. My uncle said he by no means intended that I should spend my whole life at the manor, but that at present he did not wish I should leave him. I simply sat down and cried bitterly when Mrs. Marsh told me. It seemed so hard to have had my hopes raised, and then crushed again so suddenly."

"I am quite sorry I told you about it," she said. "It was really stupid of me not to speak to your uncle first. But, my dear Katie, you must not take it so to heart, perhaps your uncle will let you come some other time."

But I was not to be consoled, and after Mrs. Marsh was gone I went and sat in the glen, and cried nearly all the afternoon, feeling very bitter, too, against my uncle.

That very evening he brought up the subject, by saying,—

"Katie, I am afraid you are very much disappointed that I cannot let you go to Mrs. Marsh's."

"I wanted to go very much," I said, in a quivering voice.

"I am very sorry to disappoint you, my dear," he replied; "but I cannot allow it."

"It is so dull here," I exclaimed. "Why do we never go anywhere, or have any one come and see us? I should not care so much if it wasn't so dull here."

My uncle looked both surprised and startled at this, and he said,—

“Why, you never used to complain of it!”

“No, but then I am growing older, and know more now.”

“How old are you?” he asked.

“I am a good bit past fourteen!”

“Are you really so much? True; true; I had forgotten.”—
He sat silent for a little, evidently thinking deeply, and then he said—

“I am really sorry, my child, that I can give you so little amusement, but the fact is, I have not the means. I cannot now tell you all about it, but I lost, through an accident, nearly all my property, more than twenty years ago; and that is what has obliged me to lead such a retired life. In fact, Katie, I had so little left, that when you were thrown upon my hands, I really hardly knew how to meet the expense of bringing you up, trifling as the addition was.”

“Oh, uncle,” I exclaimed, “have you brought me up entirely at your own expense?”

“Yes, my dear, entirely.”

I was very much conscience-stricken at this information. I had never thought of it before, and now all the bitter things I had been thinking about my uncle rose up to condemn me.

“I am very sorry I said anything about it,” I said. “I didn’t know anything about it.”

“No, I know you didn’t, my dear. I know you are not ungrateful; but I don’t wish you to think that I am depriving you of the pleasures and amusements it is natural you should wish for at your age without good reason. Nor will it always continue so. A change may come any day; must come before many years are over, and then I shall be able to place you in a very different position. I had quite forgotten though,” he added thoughtfully, “how old you were. How fast time flies. Don’t say anything about the reasons I have given you to Mrs. Marsh,” he added. “I would rather she did not know what I have said.”

My feelings on the subject of my disappointment were much changed by that short conversation. I began to feel a most romantic amount of gratitude towards my uncle, for having given me a home, and brought me up, under the circumstances he had described; and to think how very hard it must be for him to have been compelled, by the loss of his property, to lead

such a life for so many years. The knowledge that our life was what it was from a necessity, which must be more trying to him than to me, materially altered my view of it, and I began to meditate on the possibility that I might do more to make him happy than I had ever done before. I had certainly been very selfish. I had never thought of doing anything except amuse myself.

I could not, however, help still feeling my disappointment a good deal. The next day was one of those upon which Mrs. Marsh did not come, and it was very wet, so I could not go out. My thoughts once turned towards the subject of the dulness of my life would keep there, and I leaned against the window frame of the small room which was my schoolroom, contemplating the pouring rain, in a rather dreary frame of mind. My uncle was busy writing, so I knew he would not care to be disturbed, and I had nothing to do. Nothing, at least, that I cared to do. I felt in no mood for music or drawing. Suddenly an idea presented itself, that I might find some amusement in exploring the unused rooms up-stairs. Numbers of them were half full of all kinds of lumber, and I thought I might find some occupation in turning over their contents. Up-stairs I went accordingly, and wandered from room to room, dragging out and examining most inconceivable heaps of rubbish; and turning over the contents of old chests and boxes of all kinds. I found little enough, however, for a long time, to interest me; there was little besides the remnants of old furniture; but, at last, in a dark corner of one room, I espied a very large old fashioned chest. It somehow excited my curiosity, but to get at it was a work of time, for innumerable boxes and packages of all kinds were piled upon the top, and some of them were rather heavy. At last, however, I succeeded in moving them all, and by that time I had worked myself up into the belief that the chest must contain something very wonderful. I thought, before I tried to open it, I would drag it nearer the window, and I seized a handle to try. I might as well have tried to move the house bodily. I could not make the least impression upon it. I then proceeded to the task of opening it where it stood. This was a work of some difficulty. There was no lock, but the lid seemed as if it had got firmly jammed down. After many efforts I succeeded in raising it, and then—to my no small disappointment too—its tremendous weight was accounted for; it was quite full of books. This was terribly uninteresting. I did not care about books. The age of

the fairy tales was past, and almost the only others I had ever had were the instructive books provided for me by Mrs. Marsh, and, although I liked reading some of them well enough, I was by no means enthusiastic on the subject. However, I took out one of the volumes, and opening it at random, began to read. It was not much past two o'clock when I sat down on the floor with that book in my lap; and the next thing I knew was, that I sprang to my feet as if I had been shot at hearing the dinner bell, and that was half-past six. For a moment I could not remember where I was, or, I suspect, very distinctly, who I was; and then I threw the book back into the chest, closed the lid, and darted off to my own room. I hastily removed the very evident traces of my afternoon's hunt among the lumber, and ran down to the dining-room. My uncle was waiting for me, in great surprise. I had never, in my life, been late for dinner before.

"My dear Katie," he said, "what have you been doing?" "Why, child," he added, as I advanced to the table, "what is the matter."

"Nothing," I answered, trying to look unconscious of a fact, of which nevertheless I was fully aware, that my cheeks were burning, and my eyes a great deal brighter than they were wont to be.

"Then what has given you such a tremendous colour?" he asked.

"Only getting ready for dinner in such a hurry," I answered. "I was reading, and had not the least idea it was so late, so the bell quite startled me."

My uncle looked at me hard for a moment, but he did not say anything more, and we sat down to dinner. He had given up his old habit of reading while he dined for some time, and of late had talked a good deal to me: and true to my determination to devote myself more to his amusement, I tried to talk, but it was uncommonly hard work that evening, and I was very glad when bed-time came, and I could be alone again.

I felt utterly confused and bewildered by the crowd of new sensations and feelings which had begun to dawn within me. I suppose most children glide by degrees, and almost unconsciously, from childhood into girlhood; but I had stepped across the invisible boundary in a moment, and never, I believe, was the boundary passed under circumstances more fatal for such a disposition as mine. That old chest was full of old-fashioned

novels and romances, in both prose and poetry, with some of comparatively modern date. The volume I had taken out, and the greater part of which I had read during those few hours, was the last of one of the most extravagant romances I have ever come across; full of the most wild and romantic adventures, and of the most impassioned love scenes,—to say nothing worse. I had read through the wildest and most impassioned scenes of the whole, and no words could tell the effect they had taken on me. I was a child no longer, though girlhood was but in its infancy as yet. I could no more have slept when I went up to my room than I could have flown. I only waited till all was quiet, and then I crept off to the chest again, and opening it, proceeded to examine the books more carefully. With a beating heart I read title after title, and just glanced into them, wondering whether they were all as enchanting as what I had read. I soon collected all the volumes of the one I had been reading, and then carefully closing the chest, I carried them off to my own room, and sat down to read through from the beginning; an occupation from which I never moved until my candle suddenly expired in the socket, and I had to get to bed, as best I could, in the dark, to dream—ah, how different my dreams were that night from what they had ever been before.

To this day I have not the least idea how that old chest came to be filled as it was; but I imagine, that at some former time, before my uncle retired to his solitary life at the manor, its contents had probably been removed from the library, to make room for more valuable books, and had been entirely forgotten.

SERMON-METERS.

BY THE REV. H. VON DER HEYDE COWELL, B.A.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has caused an eighteen-minute pulpit-glass to be set up in the Savoy Chapel, and thus has marked the limit to which her royal patience may be tried by the preacher.

Of course the idea of having a pulpit-glass was suggested by the customs of the past. We are familiar with the old hour glass in Wilkie's picture of "John Knox preaching before the Lords of the Congregation in St. Andrews," and in the frontispiece to the "Bishop's Bible," Archbishop Parker is represented with such a sermon-meter by his side. But, while we cannot credit Her Majesty with originality of conception as to the form of this preacher's monitor, she certainly has varied the length of the lapse of the sand, limiting it, as she has done, to eighteen minutes. The old pulpit-glass was usually an hour-glass; and when the sand ran for only half this time it was usual for the preacher to turn it up again and invite his hearers, silently at least, as one divine is said to have done audibly, to take another glass with him.

Both Herbert and Hooker prescribe an hour as the most fitting period for the duration of a discourse, while Cranmer cautioned Latimer "not to stand in the pulpit longer than an hour and a half." And any one who has a library well stored with volumes of sermons may satisfy himself that Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, South, and other great preachers of the past, were wont to make even longer demands, at times, on the attention of their hearers; not to mention the still more prolix productions of the great Puritan preachers.

Now the substitution of the eighteen-minute glass for the hour-glass is indicative of the general desire of our day for the curtailment of sermons. Is this clamour for short sermons reasonable and wise? We shall be able to answer the question better by and by, when we have considered some of the reasons that have led to the cry for brevity.

We live in a fast age, and the preacher ought to feel, to some extent, the force of the current that is bearing life onward at so

much more rapid a rate than of old. Men now accomplish in hours journeys that took our grandfathers days. Business is much more brisk. Correspondence is much more curt. Note-paper does service for the longer letter-paper, and men have ceased to send treatises to their relations and friends to make their missives massive enough to be worth the postage. Again we require our literature to be served out to us in monthly portions because we have no time to pore over ponderous tomes. Sermons must, of course, be accommodated to this general haste. Preachers should breathe the spirit of the age in which they live if they wish to influence their age. Each particular period has its special acquirement. Our times claim brevity.

And with this demand for short sermons it must be allowed that there is less necessity for length now than of old, when the divine was the one instructor of his audience. The press has encroached on the pulpit, and we may begin our sermons with the supposition that our congregation, unless it be a rustic one or composed of the lower classes, is acquainted with the leading principles of our holy religion. It is certainly very trying when the preacher acts otherwise and persists in supposing our minds a *tabula rasa*. There is a temptation to say, when so situated, what a American judge said to a barrister who had been talking against time for three lengthy days, "Mr. Such-a-one! there are some things one should be supposed to know."

Moreover, it must be admitted that many sermons might be condensed with advantage. Sometimes inexperience, sometimes overwork, makes a clergyman wordy. The tyro sprinkles the pages of his manuscript plentifully with flowery epithets, and the more experienced extemporizer rambles round to a point because he has not had time to clear the nearest way for his eloquence. It would be well if some one would be to such what Phocion was to Demosthenes, "the pruner of periods." It is desirable that some wise counsellor should exhort the one to more terseness of expression, the other to more careful preparation. And then there are many preachers who habitually weary because of some acquired vice of method or style, even when the general substance of the sermon is most excellent. A woman said of John Howe, that "he was so long laying the cloth, that she always despaired of the dinner," by which she meant that the introductions to his discourses were so lengthy that she wearied before she reached the central subject. And very many who do not repay one afterwards, as Howe did,

inflict on their hearers a similarly teasing exordium. Others, who are careful at the commencement to awaken interest, disappoint it afterwards. Some do so by the stereotype framework of their discourses. M. Mullois, one of the chaplains to the Emperor of the French, says, "Those teachers are tiresome beyond endurance who always treat their hearers to three things worthy of their attention." Such sermons are always too long. Many do so, by introducing new topics incidental to the subject in hand, instead of keeping the attention by fixing it on one idea, and turning this to the audience at different points, that its several phases and connections may be seen, as was done so successfully by that great preacher, Dr. Chalmers. And some who have sustained the interest of their hearers, while they have been elucidating their subject, let it flag at length, where it is important that it should be most lively—in the application. It is not to be wondered at that congregations should complain of having to listen on to sermons that end long before they conclude.

But are these reasons, which partially justify the clamour for short sermons, its only causes? No; more questionable influences have helped to raise it. The cry "short sermons" is often only the cry "no sermons" spoken more softly, with more timidity or deference to custom in the tone. We frequently see in articles and hear in conversation attacks on sermons as spoiling the services of the Church. We are asked why men cannot be allowed to worship God in peace in their parish churches, without having to pay the penalty of listening to a lecture which irritates the mind previously calmed by the sublime sentences of the Liturgy. Now, I would not say one word to exalt the homily unduly. With too much approval do the words of George Herbert, "praying's the end of preaching," recur to my mind to allow of my placing exhortation above adoration. But from what we know of some who adopt the kind of language to which I have alluded it cannot but be feared that many of them praise more than they practise prayer, and care more for the accompaniments than for the soul of worship. But whether this be so or not, is not this depreciation of sermons wrong? Does it follow, because praying is of more importance than preaching, that preaching is of no importance at all? Is not a stirring sermon often needed in order to stimulate men to worship? Are our churches so crowded in the week by eager worshippers, is the Holy Communion so honoured by thronging participants, that no exhortations are necessary? Is the meaning of the Bible in every part

perfectly understood? Is the suggestiveness of God's word exhausted? Surely, if preaching were but a human institution, we see sufficient necessity for it in the indifference and ignorance of most of those "who profess and call themselves Christians." But are we not taught by Holy Scripture that the sermons of those who are commissioned by Christ as His ambassadors are more than addresses from man to man? Has not our Lord said, "He that heareth you heareth me; and he that despiseth you despiseth me"? Are not the clergy the mouthpiece of God to man as well as the spokesmen of the people when they appear before God? Yes; and Baxter rightly exclaimed, in a sermon that took an hour and a half in delivery, "When you see the things that now you hear of, then you would do anything. Oh, then, might you have these days again! Sermons would not be too plain or too long."

What if the sermon be sometimes dull. The saintly Herbert teaches us:—

"The worst speaks something good. If all want sense,
God takes a text and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains."

And what if its length induces slumber. Christopher North puts into the mouth of the Shepherd of his "Noctes" these words: "I seriously think that mair than ae half o' them that's sleepin enter into the spirit o' the sermon. You see they a' hear the text, and the introductory remarks, and the heads, and, fa'in asleep in a serious and solemn mood, they carry the sense alang wi' them; neither can they be said no to hear an accompanying soun,' so that it wadna be just fair to assert that they lose the sermon they dinna listen to; for thochts, and ideas, and feelings, keep floatin down alang the stream o' silent thocht, and when they awaken at the 'Amen,' their minds, if no greatly instructed, hae been tranquilleezed."

But many may think that they are denied such satisfaction. They would count themselves happy could they say with a certain rustic, of whom Southey tells us, "I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church o' Sundays, and sets me down and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothing. It is indeed a blessed day." Listen they cannot, and to sleep they are ashamed, so they declare, with the author of "The Doctor,"—"No collocation of words, however emphatic and beautiful—no other

sentences whatsoever, although rounded or pointed for effect with the most consummate skill, have ever given me so much delight as those dear phrases which are employed in winding up a sermon, when it is brought to its long-wished-for close." In some cases, as I have shown, there is some justification for this feeling, but even in such cases many, with less fastidious tastes, may be profiting, and should we not be contented to endure for their sakes, and because of the sanctity of the commission which the preacher holds, what would not otherwise be intolerable?

But must it not be admitted, on the part of hearers, that they have not had of late a sufficiently high opinion of the importance of the pulpit? On reflection, are there not considerations that make the outcry against the length of sermons appear hardly fair. What subject can be adequately treated in eighteen minutes? If sermons are to be the means of educating the people in the root principles of religion, and of explaining to them the depth of divine revelation, surely as much time may be allowed to the exponent of the vital truths of Christianity as to an essayist in treating an ordinary topic. Yet men who will listen contentedly to a lecture on a secular subject, of an hour and an half or two hours in length, and who will give their minds to a paper on any point of passing interest in a review that takes an hour or more to read, tire of a sermon of half an hour's length. Must we not fear when this is the case that the subject lacks the interest it should have? Is the fault always with the preacher?

While I would heartily echo the language of Luther, and say, "I would not have preachers torment their hearers and detain them with long and tedious preaching," I would also ask for them a fair hearing. If they be in earnest, and show simplicity of aim and a reasonable amount of study in their sermons, should not their message be received respectfully, although they be not exactly eloquent, and should they not be listened to without manifested irritability, a reference to watches—those most objectionable of "Sermon Meters," and the constant vapouring that is so fashionable, though they should exceed the eighteen minutes of royal appointment or the twenty of popular prejudice?

PROSE IDYLLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE."

II.—AN EASTER IDYLL.

EASTER! the gladdest time, surely, in all the year. For Christmas is, as it were, the beginning only, but this the consummation. After Christmas there is a time of sorrowfulness and penance to be undergone; and the brief light of the Epiphany soon begins to shade down into the gloom—precious gloom, but still gloom—of Lent. There were Christmas bells and Christmas anthems, but the earth gave no sign at these. She contributed, indeed, a few handfuls of white Christmas roses, in their dark leaves, for the Nativity. Otherwise she remained locked in silence, bound by frosts, bare, or shrouded with the sparkling snow. But note the effect of Easter upon the earth that refused to be comforted until it came! Sorrowful Earth! desponding Earth! too full of the dead, too sealed with death and decay thyself (turn up the most smiling sod, and you shall see how underneath her grass, and corn, and flowers, the writhing worms swarm);—sad Earth! too full, I say, of the fruits of the curse to be able to afford many feasts;—this feast alone calls up from thee one universal, unmeasured laugh and song of gladness! The Easter tide is thy sole festival; for in it thou seest the removal of the curse, the springing to life of thy innumerable dead! Yes; Easter is the only Festival in which the earth, that was cursed for our sake, unbends to rejoice with us. The whole creation, groaning and travailing together in pain, accepts the Feast of the Resurrection as the one feast and holyday peculiarly its own. In a solemn pageant of glad signs and pregnant types, it bursts forth into one rapt, prophetic strain. From the cradle to the grave earth still wore her mourning. At the Resurrection, at last, she adorns herself, and breaks forth into singing.

And for man, for the Christian, baptized as yet into Christ's death, and only hereafter to be made partaker of His resurrection; for man, what feelings should it bring,—this sweet rehearsal of that great rising from the dead? Feelings and thoughts, surely, pre-eminently glad and joyful. And what

earnest heart but must own its share in this Easter joy ? Just after Lent it comes ; out of the valley of that shadow we pass into what seems the skirts of the glory which shall be revealed. Or, Lent is like a tunnel into which we pass from light (the cutting was deepening and casting a shadow as we neared 'the sombre entrance'), and at the end of which we perceive a speck of light, ever widening and increasing as we approach it. Is not, then, the sunshine grateful when we burst out into it at last from the dusk ?

We may love Lent ; I say we *shall* love Lent, if we rightly use it ; for it, as it were, forces that retreat from the world, that self-denial which the carnal heart refuses, from which it shrinks, and which it would never, perhaps, if left to itself, really settle down to. Yet it is in this retreat, this discipline, that the spiritual life thrives. They who have wisely and in measure tried it, will at once testify to the truth of what I say. Our Lord Himself says, that the higher powers in His kingdom are not attained but by prayer and fasting ; that there is evil which baffles the raw, undisciplined faith, and succumbs only to that which is thus exercised and drilled. And this He said just after the Transfiguration, when, in sublime symbol, the Law and the Prophets had resigned their authority to the Founder of the Gospel dispensation. Yet how the over-spiritualists (meeting, as extremes will meet, the sensualists) deny the need of discipline to the body, and so indeed miss much spiritual power and growth. (I wish that Archdeacon Evans' book, "The Ministry of the Body," were more known and read. It would open a new field of thought to many a mind.) Let us, however, have and use, and so love, our vigils and our Lents ; ay, throughout the year let Churchmen at least give up feasting and merry-making on the one day in the week in which the Church, in wise care, would urge retirement from indulgence and business, and would have an increase of grave thought and sad self-examination, and solemn exercises ; let our Fridays, and our vigils, and our Lents be observed, and then what a more spiritual, less careless and slovenly turn our religion would take ; also with what high and legitimate joy should we enter upon our holydays and our Easters ! Besides, did we keep a little Lent every week, how easily should we realize our now lightly-regarded privilege of having each week a recurring Easter-day.

Lent, then, is indescribably useful, as those alone who use it know ; it has also a sweet, serious happiness, and even those whose worldly and undisciplined hearts shrank from its approach,

do, when once the plunge is made, love the grateful coldness which they dreaded to enter, but which they almost regret to leave. But Easter; this is the time of absolute gladness. Upon the exceeding dark of Good Friday dawns first the tender twilight of Easter Eve. There steals over the highly-wrought feelings a relief, a rest, a tranquil hush. It is all over now, the watching and the fasting, the sorrow and the anguish, the three long hours upon the bitter Cross. It is the Sabbath. It is the Seventh day, the day of rest, preceding the Eighth day, the day of glory. So the night falls upon us watching by the Sepulchre, quiet-hearted, because now the Man of sorrows has ceased from His labours and is at rest.

It was perhaps an incongruity; but I remember a practice at the little church of my first curacy that used to strike my heart with strange power. After all the minor chants and hymns of Lent; after the specially solemn music of the day of the Passion, at the end of the evening service on Good Friday, the choir always remained to practice. And with what a pathos upon the heart, strung to an almost unnatural pitch by the spectacle and the thoughts of the day, came the startlingly glad sound of the Easter anthem!

"CHRIST is risen from the dead :
And become the firstfruits of them that slept."

It seemed profanation for a moment; but then the truth was realized that in verity the sufferings that we had watched were over now, and that the joy of Easter was even at the door. So I listened, while the anthem rose so glad out of the sadness, sudden and sweet as the first thrush's song in late November; I listened just outside the concentrated glow of the lit tapers in the chancel, just in the mellow skirts of that light, which behind me shaded off into mystery and void darkness; I listened until half-peace and half-exultation contended in my heart, and the tears came near to my eyes. Just now,—

"Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour."

Then,—

" 'It is finished!' hear Him cry,
Learn of Jesus Christ to die."

And straightway, with something of the wonder-striking of that first, "Let there be light!" the strain,—

"Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Alleluia!"

And again,—

"ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!
"The strife is o'er, the battle done;
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!"

"The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!"

But this was like the sun, on a January morning, just flooding the horizon for a minute, and then entering into a bank of cloud above, leaving however a tender glow in the sky; we went home to rest and to prepare—not spices for the Dead, but flowers to strew before the Conqueror.

Ah! but I must not linger in Lent too long for an Easter idyll. Yet I shall speak to my readers when only two-thirds of Lent are gone; and April, the month in which this number appears, is more than one-third Lent, so the early leaves may be sober out of which the bright flower rises. And shall we not think, as the Lents come round, laying a grave hand upon our shoulder as we were again pressing forward too eagerly with the world's merry-makers; shall we not think, I say—as the Lent makes for each that will "a temporary hermitage amid the world's business and pleasure,"—of those who kept last Lent with us, but who shall keep Lent never again? For the Bridegroom is with them, and how shall they fast any more? He shall never leave them: already He visits them in Paradise; soon He shall abide with them in Heaven. Of thee I am thinking, thou blithe and joyous heart,—how gravely and sadly thou didst observe the Lents which were so contrary to thy nature, and how joyously always brake forth the sunlight of thy spirit when the Easter bells rang out! But ere last Lent had ended, lo! the summons had gone forth, and thou hadst passed to a Land in which already there are no Lents, and in which the happy spirits await in exulting confidence the dawn of that great and long and everlasting Easter Day. And one more since then, one who most mourned thee, her pastor—one how dear to my heart! she faded all the autumn time, and left sorrow behind her on the eve of the Epiphany. What a Manifestation for her! She used to mourn her careful Martha-life; but household cares, and ever-succeeding anxieties, and

busy thought of children,—these cumber her no more, and hers is now the Mary-life, the better part, which shall never be taken from her, sitting at the Saviour's feet. Enough! We have most of us surrendered to God's keeping some choice treasures since last Lent. How sweet to pause for a moment as Lent's shadows hushes our sky, and reflect that all this is over for them: no dark, no twilight ever again,—instead, the serene glow of blessedness, soon to break into the ravishing light of glory.

But the Forty days' Fast is over. The quiet Easter Eve died in the night. We fell asleep watching, as it were, by the Sepulchre, and we wake, and it is Easter Day. "Christ is risen from the dead;"—this thought comes across the prepared heart with that sudden gush of joy brought by good news, which sleep had banished, but which is suddenly remembered in the morning. "We could not love thee, Lent, so much, loved we not Easter more." The heart's natural condition is one of joyfulness; however it may accept sorrow as better and more educating, and more bracing for this short while of preparation. We love Lent, not for itself but for its effects; not as an end but as a means. We love Easter finally and for itself.

And while we are dressing the glad bells are ringing forth, ecstatic, not inebriate with joy, as some would have it, but with the equal, deep, measured, subdued, yet over-running cadence of angelic rejoicing. They tell one another (tower answering steeple), like the Christians of old time, the delicious Easter news, "Christ is risen." And evidently the spring-touched earth believes the glad tidings. I care not whether it be so really, but to the sympathetic heart there is a sudden and wondrous change over fields, copses, hedges, lanes, gardens, when Easter has risen upon them. Yesterday it was Winter: to-day it is Spring. I deny not that we had some tender days during and even before Lent. I remember me that the frail honeysuckle masses in the wood were tipped with twin-green wings so long as six weeks ago; that the blond Hazel ringlets drooped all about the furrowed twigs; that the Elder shoots showed in a mild gleam of sunshine a suggestion of green all through the purple hedge: I do not forget that in a smile of sunlight the naked copse in the valley showed lilac and fair against the brown plough-lands: nay, I own that in my parish rounds I did notice how the palm willows first swelled into buds of silver floss, and then dressed themselves all over with those yellow dusty balls which were wanted for Palm Sunday. I even allow that here and there a golden dandelion, and here and there a

silver daisy, lit the strip of grass by the road-side. But who, notwithstanding, cannot see the sudden electric change when once Easter has come. You call me fanciful. You tell me it is chiefly the effect of that spirit—

“ Which all around makes all things bright
With its own magic smile.”

But whether it be thus or no, I am conscious, I protest, of a great and sudden change. I go out in the early Easter morning, while the air is still vibrating with the joy of the bells: the atmosphere is mild and prophetic of Summer (far sweeter really than Summer, but it seems necessary to us here always to place perfection in the future): the first spring birds are back with us, and are loud among the maze of just fledging syringas and acacias and weigelas. There is now that uncertain, delicious tinge over all; new emerald lines mark the length of the garden beds; there are sudden primrose clumps and daffodil clusters, and anemone patches, of white-eyed scarlet or purple or pink. And passing down through the garden into the lane at the bottom, lo! the long fallen logs by the wayside show some fair emerald fledging,—pathetic in its impotence to the heart that is at one with trees and flowers and herbage. But it shall be Easter to-day, even—yea, principally—for the dead. It is to-day, now the holy shadow has passed and the holy sunlight has come; it is to-day as though we had stepped out of the outside wilderness world into that first garden again, all is so new and fresh and glad. The larks have gone up like rockets, and are raining their silver flakes of sound upon the earth; the robin spills a contented trill here and there; the nightingale is expected hourly. Oh, there is no time like Easter-time! no day like Easter day!

I have a word or two to say about Easter decorations. I do not think it necessary in this day to defend the custom of dressing the Church at Easter. Upon the whole, the world does unconsciously move on, and those who, thirty years ago, thought flowers and the Cross unbecoming to a “Protestant Church,” have learned to perceive that it would be damaging to our cause to surrender either of these to be the sole possession of Rome. And Christian Druids (as I may rallyingly call those who decorate only at Christmas-time) have widely, if not universally, awakened to the common-sense perception that Christmas is not the *only*, nor even the greatest Christian festival, and that flowers and leaves, if Protestant at Christmas, cannot well be Popish at Easter.

and Whitsuntide. Indeed, I have tried to show that of all the glad days, that of Easter is peculiarly the earth's festival. And what sternest Puritan, were he Cromwell's self, can prevail to lay a grim inhibition on the earth's Easter joy; or to stay its crowding offerings of primrose sheets, and violet banks, and anemone stars; of new larch fringes, and bursting hawthorn buds, and young hazel leaves, and fresh soft leaf-tufts of the rose? The earth *will* have her Easter decorations; why then are we to keep a blank and barren feast?

No, surely the question now-a-days is not so much, "Shall we dress our churches at Easter?" as "*How* shall we dress them?" And it is on this point that I seem to myself to have a few words to say.

For in most of the accounts of Easter decorations, and in most churches that I have personally inspected, there is one feature to which I cannot but demur. That I shall dispute what thus appears to be a very general custom, would perhaps at first sight make against my opinion. I will, however, state it, and then each can judge for himself.

My objection is to the use of evergreens and dried flowers in the *Easter* decoration of churches. It seems to me that they entirely spoil the symbolism of the work. This, I repeat, is the Feast of the RESURRECTION. There should not be in the Church one flower that had not risen from the death of Winter. The green, so far as can be, should be all risen green. The commentary of God's works, beautifully and suitably introduced into His house, should be kept in harmony with the text of God's word,—

"CHRIST IS RISEN FROM THE DEAD!"

That is the Easter text. And with it comes an exulting rush of thought, telling us how Death is defeated, the Grave vanquished. It tells of our share in this victory, and of how even earth, which shared in the curse, shall share in its removal, and old things pass away, and all things become new. And how sweetly the risen flowers echo the tidings! They have burst the fetters of the death of Winter; they have escaped, in an innumerable resurrection, from the prison-house of the grave. All through the later year Death was busy with them, Death was their seeming lord, and they fell in quick succession under his breath, and were laid each in the sepulchre, and the frost rolled a stone, as it were, and set a seal upon it, to keep them in. But the morning of Easter has dawned, and behold, they have

risen ! Where the dead seed or bulb was laid, the smile of an angel seems to greet you now. The napkin of snow is rolled away, the armed guards of the keen frost and the sharp wind have recoiled dismayed. It is a silent *tableau vivant*, as it were, of the resurrection. No doubt this is only a type, but a type how lovely ! no doubt they were, apart from Revelation, but hints, and gave at best wistful hopes. But Revelation has stamped them with the authority of prophecies. Decaying seeds, dull bulbs, uncomely fibres,—these were placed in the ground in the wet and sorrowful days ; and through a long Winter they gave no sign. But now behold the glorious body, the resurrection-body, of the spiritual, angelic flowers ! In truth here is an earnest on the whole face of the transfigured earth, of how exquisite a possibility there remains for us ; of how the old and the worn and the weak may be left behind, and behold, all things shall become new !

Well, I think that the introduction of last year's growth, and especially of the mummy bodies of dried dead flowers, spoils this teaching ; and spoils it, too, in the Church, where it should culminate. No doubt some of last year's greens still abide in nature, but the Church should present nature in its most spiritual and ideal form. If, without, there be in the prophecy some uncertainty of diction, some elements of confusion, yet within these walls it should find interpretation and clear utterance. The evergreens and everlasting flowers had their beautiful teaching, their word of reassurance, their thought of a joy that can abide amid a Winter that strips summer boughs ; they had this fitness at the Christmas-time, telling, amid universal desolation, of a deathless hope and beauty. They had a sympathy with our gladness when all else had but a blank face to meet it. But now we want another lesson, a new sympathy. And we would direct upon our people with all its eloquence, with its full concentrated power, the Resurrection-Sermon of the Flowers.

Some, assenting to the theory of this, will question its practicability. Where are the flowers to come from at this early season of the year ? Let me answer this objection.

If the church be in the town, the people are to be invited to offer from their greenhouses and conservatories ; even from their window-plants. Might not some hyacinths be grown, an azalea or camelia be kept, on purpose for the feast ? Then, in London, many who have not flowers at home might spare a trifle to bring some bright tribute from Covent Garden, and if many helped a

little, much might be attained. Indeed, I think that, just as in almsgiving, what we want is something from many, not everything from few.

In the case of the country I cannot do better than relate my own experience.

On Easter Eve, then, all the school children are set to work,—rather (for thus I put it to them) permitted to assist in a work which has God's glory for its end. Some obtain contributions from the gardens about; most scour the woods and copses. Quantities of moss are thus brought in; heaps of primroses; baskets of wood-anemones. And be it here remarked, scarcely any flower looks so well as the primrose in masses on the dark oak.

Then we begin to work. The elder girls are set to tie up innumerable bunches of flowers, if chiefly primroses so much the better. Each bunch has a wisp of moss tied in with the stems; all are placed for the night in trays or washing-tubs, in about two inches of water. Next morning a short time suffices for the placing of these, which are to be the ground-plan of the whole. All along the aisles, and at any intersections of seat-lines, small holes have been drilled in the top of the benches, just where the poppy-heads would have come. Into these holes pegs have been stuck. Upon these pegs the bright primrose bunches are fixed. Behold, then, the church already mapped out in flowers. Then along the front of the seats, and for borders round the reading desk and pulpit, you place bands made as follows:—A strip of list (retaining water) is taken, on this is sewed alternate bunches of moss and primroses, with three leaves of these (one long and two shorter) making a vandyke fringe downward underneath; the moss is wetted; a few tacks secure the whole. There may be great variety in these wreaths; I give one instance.

For the reredos, if you have already commandments, &c., above the altar, you stretch over a light frame unbleached calico, admirable as a ground, being of the tint of stone. You divide this into a triptych with moss above the altar; there will be two larger side-pieces; on these you nail a lattice-work of black tape, at every intersection of which you pin a bunch of primroses in wet moss, on a star, or rather cross, of primrose leaves; only taking care to keep the lattice-work bold. For the centre you have a large primrose cross; this is made of perforated zinc, covered with flannel, and then with moss, well wetted. Then you bed masses of primroses in

the moss, leaving only the narrow moss border, or sewing moss or lichen as a flat background for the cross. The cross can be enclosed in a vesica of violets. A few camelias, &c., if obtainable, are placed in vases on the communion-table, and stand out well against the moss. Bunches of, say, a couple of white camelias, some bright cinerarias and pink azaleas are fastened at intervals, just above the standards, with thin wire, upon the altar rails. The two side compartments of the triptych may have parallel slanting bands of bright flowers and new leaves and moss.

Windows may have borders of moss and flowers in pots, though there is nothing prettier than masses of primrose roots with their leaves and flowers.

For the Font you have (best) a zinc shallow tray made for the top, with moss, and ferns, and flowers,—of course all *white*. Or you have ready a wreath of wood-anemones with plenty of wet moss, with which, quickly as they fade otherwise, they will last well. Then a wreath of rarer flowers (best, the pheasant's-eye narcissus) to crown the top of the cover will be desirable. The little white cruciform garden flower (I do not know its name), so early and so abundant, will take the place of the anemones if Easter falls early. In the Font, which is filled to the brim, floats a cross of white violets and fern.

And all these flowers, if the moss be kept moist with a syringe, will keep well over the octave.

If you have not seen a church thus dressed, I promise you a surprise. The church is planned out with risen flowers gleaming from the dark oak. And in silent chorus an Easter Anthem greets the people even as they enter; and the preacher has little need to speak, only to point to these eloquent heralds, every one earnestly and persuasively announcing the glad tidings of the Resurrection.

For Whitsuntide the same plan may be adopted. (Of course you never dress the church for *private* rejoicings, such as a marriage, only for the church festivals.) But though at Whitsuntide there are many more flowers, bluebells, &c., you must not expect that any will look so well as that Easter smile of primroses.

FROM SUNDAY TO SUNDAY.

BY W. CHATTERTON DIX.

I.—PALM SUNDAY.

BLESSED is He that cometh ! I greet Thee, Master dear,
I cast myself before Thee, for the strife is drawing near ;
And Thou wilt own the servant who hides himself in Thee,
From the tyranny and tempest, and the woe that is to be.

Blessed is He that cometh ! 'Tis Thou dost answer make ;
Blessed the faithful servant who the Master's Cross will take ;
Who casts his sins before Me, that I may purge away
The stains of My redeemed one, with Love's consuming ray.

Hosannah in the highest ! the City of Peace is moved,
The heart goes forth in trembling to welcome her Beloved,
And as if she scarcely knew Him, asks, doubting, " Who is this ?"
But the Son of David seeks her with the eye that cannot miss.

O wondrous soul-procession that meets the Christ to-day !
But who of these will follow in the steep and rugged way ?
In the path of sorrows comfort, to Calvary ascend,
And wait throughout the Passion, and watch until the end ?

The men who cry Hosannah, and lift the strain on high,
Shall they thrust nail and spear in, shall they shout Crucify ?
O soul, look well within thee, lest thou the Lord betray,
Lest the King of Zion seek thee, and find thee turned away.

II.—THURSDAY IN HOLY WEEK.

The extremest anguish of the Passion nears,
The guest-chamber is ready, and the hour is come,
When awful words break on the Apostles' ears,
Words hard to understand, of mysteries the sum.

For Jesus gives His Body and His Blood,
Himself the spotless Victim, as Himself the Priest;
O Manna blest, O precious, cleansing Flood,
On this last night bestowed in Eucharistic Feast.

Thrice blessed Rite, wherein the Crucified
Is evermore set forth to loving, faithful hearts;
Gift, in whose strength the strong in faith abide,
Peace, in whose wondrous power the Christian soul departs.

III.—GOOD FRIDAY.

Faith looks with steadfast gaze
To one, one only point, the Cross of Christ;
Brightly it burns, though cloud or haze
Shroud for awhile the Sign unpriced.

With reverent, folded hands,
With eye to that one Centre always true,
Through storm and sunshine still she stands,
Blest if she have but that in view.

For love of Him who died,
Love's Victim, on Thy breast, O Royal Tree,
Nothing is sweet to her beside,
Nothing is hers, O Cross, save Thee!

IV.—EASTER EVEN.

Stars softly shine upon the tomb of God,
The silent hours glide past;
When will the morning spread her wings abroad,
The Sabbath be o'erpast?

Chill night-air passing kiss the shivering trees,
Then die, as if afraid
To stir that quiet, e'en with gentlest breeze,
Where the dead Christ is laid.

The slumberous watch their faithless vigils keep,
While angels hover near,
Trembling to gaze upon that awful sleep,
The rest from nail and spear.

How lately borne the scoffing and the shame !
 How yawned the Wounds Divine !
 O Death, which gives the grave a fair, new name,
 Wounds, which are health to mine !

O precious Sleep, which, in its silent strength
 Masters the powers of night !
 O Resurrection, which shall bring at length
 Immortal Life to Light !

V.—EASTER-DAY.

Sepulchred and wave-washed dead,
 Sleepers where no mortal tread
 Breaks the silence of your rest,
 Deep in gorge, on mountain's crest ;
 There is news for you to-day,
 Christ the King hath been your way,
 In His beauty past compare,
 Lord of life and Victor fair :
 He whose garment is the Light,
 He whose strong right Hand of might
 Shattered hell and burst its bars,
 Glorious in His wounds and scars :
 Fresh from conflict with the foe,
 Red in His apparel's glow,
 Fresh from conquest won alone,
 Won for ever for His own.
 Through the city's gloom He went,
 Where the living are content,
 For the greed of gain, to sell
 Bodies He redeemed so well :
 Through the yards of nameless graves,
 He who the forgotten saves.

Through the long cathedral aisle,
 Where the fitful sunbeams smile,
 As they seem in sport to pass
 Through the many-tinted glass :
 And He marked the sleepers there,
 Priest and noble, young and fair,
 And the babe, whose mother's breast
 But a moment gave it rest.

Through the village churchyard, too,
While the graves were bright with dew,
Where the snowdrop hangs her head,
Primroses their fragrance shed,
And the birds their matins wake
Soon as day begins to break.

Over many a corpse-sown flood,
Over plains once red with blood,
Through the haunts where guilt holds breath
Passed the Lord of Life and Death,
With His banners all unfurled,
Come with healing for the world,
He, the Victor in the strife,
Resurrection and the Life !

Yes, my King, the dead upraise Thee,
They gone down to silence praise Thee,
And the living service pay,
Quick and dead at one to-day,
Called the Paschal Feast to share :
O that we all keep it There,
Where nor death nor night is known,
Round about Thy Glory-Throne.

THE DIALECTS OF YORKSHIRE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS JACKSON, M.A.,

PREBENDARY OF ST. PAUL'S, AND RECTOR OF STOKE NEWINGTON.

JAMES MONTGOMERY of Sheffield commences his Lectures on Poetry with the following quotation from Sir Philip Sidney:—
 “When the right virtuous E. W. and I were at the Emperor’s court together, we gave ourselves to learn horsemanship of Gio. Pietro Pugliano—one that, with great commendation, had the place of an esquire in his stable; and he, according to the fertility of the Italian wit, did not only afford us the demonstration of his practice, but sought to enrich our minds with the contemplation therein, which he thought was most precious. But with none, I remember, mine ears were at any time more loaden, than when (angered with our slow payment, or moved with our learner-like admiration) he exercised his speech in praise of his faculty. He said—‘Soldiers were the noblest of mankind, and horsemen were the noblest soldiers.’ He said, ‘They were the masters of war and the ornaments of peace, speedy goers and strong abiders, triumphers both in camps and courts; nay, to so unbelieved a point he proceeded, as that no earthly thing bred so much wonder to a prince as to be a good horseman; skill in government was but *pedanteria* in comparison. Then would he add certain praises, by telling what a peerless beast the horse was; the only serviceable courtier without flattery; the beast of most beauty, faithfulness, courage, and such more, that, if I had not been a piece of a logician before I came to him, I think he would have persuaded me to have wished myself a horse. But thus much, with his no few words, he drove into me, that self-love is better than any gilding to make that seem gorgeous wherein ourselves are parties.”

These words not inaptly express my sentiments, and perhaps my besetting temptation, in rising to address you upon our ancient Yorkshire dialect. A delightful task to one who loves every reminiscence of the land of his forefathers; but one, the difficulty of which grows with every attempt to complete it.

For it cannot be denied that from various causes many of the most striking peculiarities of old Yorkshire speech have passed or are passing away. William Hazlitt somewhere ventures upon the startling assertion that words are the only things which last for ever. This assertion cannot be true, for many old Yorkshire words, common a hundred years ago, many quaint terms of expression, have become extinct in spots where they were once as familiar as wolves about Filey, or beavers in the watershed of the Hull. Two hundred years ago there was a race of gentry, yeomanry, and peasantry, who rarely wandered beyond the nearest market town. Their vocabulary was limited, and their literature confined to the Bible, the Prayer-book, a few contemporary romances, and possibly a manual of farriery. The following description, by Grose the antiquary, of a Yorkshire squire and his wife, in the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth century, is so much to the point that I cannot resist the temptation of quoting it:—

“Another character, now worn out and gone, was the little, independent gentleman of £300 per annum, who commonly appeared in a plain drab or plush coat, large silver buttons, a jockey cap, and rarely without boots. His travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and session-time, or to attend an election. Once a week he commonly dined at the next market-town with the attorneys and justices. This man went to church regularly, read the weekly journal, settled the parochial disputes between the parish officers at the vestry, and afterwards adjourned to the neighbouring ale-house, where he usually got drunk for the good of his country. He never played at cards but at Christmas, when a family pack was produced from the mantelpiece. He was commonly followed by a couple of greyhounds and a pointer, and announced his arrival at a neighbour's house by smacking his whip, or giving the view-halloo. His drink was generally ale, except at Christmas, the Fifth of November, or some other gala days, when he would make a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg. A journey to London was, by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies, and undertaken with scarcely less precaution and preparation.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster striped with timber, not unaptly called calamanco work, or of red brick, large casemented bow windows, a porch with seats in it, and

over it a study; the eaves of the house well inhabited by swallows, and the court set round with hollyhocks. Near the gate was a horse-block for the convenience of mounting.

The hall was furnished with flitches of bacon, and the mantelpiece with guns and fishing-rods of various dimensions, accompanied by the broadsword, partizan, or dagger, borne by his ancestors in the civil wars. The vacant spaces were occupied by stags' horns. Against the wall were posted King Charles's Golden Rules, Vincent Wing's almanack, and a portrait of the Duke of Marlborough; in his window lay Baker's Chronicle, Foxe's Book of Martyrs, Glanvil on Apparitions, Quincey's Dispensatory, the Complete Justice, and a book on farriery.

In the corner, by the fireside, stood a large wooden two-armed chair, with a cushion, and within the chimney-corner were a couple of seats. Here, at Christmas, he entertained his servants assembled round a glowing fire, made of the roots of trees and other great logs, and told and heard the traditionary tales of the village respecting ghosts and witches, till fear made them afraid to move. In the meantime the jorum of ale was in continual circulation.

The best parlour, which was never opened but on particular occasions, was furnished with Turk-worked chairs, and hung round with portraits of his ancestors; the men in the character of shepherds, with their crooks, dressed in full suits and huge full-bottomed perukes; others in complete armour or buff coats, playing on the bass viol or lute. The females, likewise, as shepherdesses, with the lamb and crook, all habited in high heads and flowing robes.

Alas! these men and these houses are no more; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country and become the humble dependants on great men; to solicit a place or commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion in the meantime is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farmhouse; till after a few years the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else to some nabob, contractor, or limb of the law.

When I was a young man, there existed in the families of most unmarried men, or widowers of the rank of gentlemen, residents in the country, a certain antiquated female, either maiden or widow, commonly an aunt or cousin. Her dress I have now before me: it consisted of a stiff starched cap and

hood, a little hoop, a rich silk damask gown with large flowers. She leant on an ivory-headed crutch cane, and was followed by a fat phthisicky dog of the pug kind, who commonly reposed on a cushion, and enjoyed the privilege of snarling at the servants, occasionally biting their heels with impunity.

By the side of this good old lady jingled a bunch of keys, securing in different closets and corner cupboards all sorts of cordial waters, cherry and raspberry brandy, washes for the complexion, Daffy's elixir, a rich seed cake, a number of pots of currant jelly and raspberry jam, with a range of gallipots and phials containing salves, electuaries, juleps and purges, for the use of the poor neighbours. The daily business of this good lady was to scold the maids, collect eggs, feed the turkeys, and assist at all lyings-in that happened within the parish. Alas! this being is no more seen; and the race is, like that of her pug dog and the black rat, totally extinct."

Such people were the true depositories of old Yorkshire speech and folk-lore. Seated in a chimney corner, before a healthy fire of mountain pine, they told stories and traditions of ancient adventure, or poured forth lessons of homely wisdom to their children and their children's children. Now the same spirit of enterprise which brought the sea-kings to the Humber, has rekindled in the bosom of their descendants. Yorkshiremen are merchants at Vancouver's Island; count their Australian flocks by myriads; wash for gold on the Sacramento, and plough the huge plains of Natal. I have seen a tear twinkle in the eye of a Sydney dissenter when "T' OUDE MINSTER" was alluded to.

Other concurrent causes may be mentioned as accounting for the gradual decay of broad Yorkshire. There is the extension and growth of popular literature; there is the enlargement of technical school instruction among all classes of the people; there is the immigration of the peasantry and working classes from other counties, caused by the continually growing facilities of locomotion, the exigencies of the labour market, by trades unions and strikes. So that the slang of the cockney, and even the wit and humour of the American backwoodsman, vary, if they do not pollute, the rich and racy Doric of our mother tongue.

It may be remarked that, to a careful observer who tries to go beyond the surface of the subject, and to study it in its depth and its breadth, there are three varieties of Yorkshire dialect. The first belongs to Craven, that part of the West Riding which

borders on Lancashire. Craven abounds in wild and extensive fells and moors, and the inhabitants retain their ancient modes of speech in greater purity and distinctness than elsewhere. A second variety belongs to the East Riding. It contains many Flemish, Norwegian, Danish, and even Icelandic words, scarcely altered, which may be due more or less to the Scandinavian invasion. The third belongs to the North Riding, and touches upon the dialect of the south of Scotland. We observe in the names of places denoting the presence and habitation of man, many of Scandinavian and of Frisian origin; as Ham, Bye, Field or Fell, Thwaite, Wich; many of pure Saxon, as Ton, Forth, and Worth, and not a few combinations common to all Teutonic tribes, as Thorp, Bridge, Ea, Bury (denoting a borough or burgh), Mouth, Burn, and Dale. Some of the rivers, however, retain appellations given to them by an earlier race. In those corners of the county which touch upon Lincolnshire, the two dialects seem insensibly to mingle with each other; but there is a broad difference between the dialect of North Lincolnshire and that of the East Riding. Thus if you are at Barton-upon-Humber, and speak of a *hoose* and a *toon* (instead of *house* and *town*), you are at once found out to be a stranger to the county. But if you cross over from Barton to Ferriby or Brough, you discover that *hoose* and *toon* are the vernacular, and you are recognised as a *naytive*.

But what are we to understand by the term "Yorkshire dialect?" The word dialect is sometimes employed to denote a language when spoken of in contradistinction to some other language, which it resembles in its broad features, though differing in detail. I think we may fairly argue that the ancient language of Yorkshire falls under this definition. It may be said to answer to the Dorian dialect of the Greek language in the breadth and harshness of its vowel sounds. It is an ancient outgrowth of Anglo-Saxon speech parallel to that which has enlarged and expanded in the capital city and south of England, and from Queen Elizabeth's time has vindicated to itself the title of the English language. It is undoubtedly provincial, because York is not the capital of England; but it is a vulgar mistake to consider the speech of ancient Yorkshiremen as corruptions of language, for such they clearly were not. The words, the phrases, the pronunciations, which characterise our great county, the epitome of England itself, are genuine flowers and fruits of the old Teutonic tree; and moreover, those shapes and forms of

speech which are now by common consent accepted as the lawful expression of literature, art, and politics, which have cast off some old forms yet retained in Yorkshire, and have taken others up by a sort of process of absorption, might under different circumstances have adopted, retained, and cast off such usages of language in totally different proportions. Suppose that York had been the capital of England instead of London. Suppose that the manufacture of iron, that wizard power, which seems to compel the rapid growth of wealth and population, had, during the middle ages, been developed in Yorkshire instead of Sussex, and the coal of the West Riding as largely used in manufactures as the forests of Brighton and Lewes, the Queen's speech might have been delivered with the Dorian breadth of a dalesman. "AH IS" might have been the pure expression of the first person singular present tense of the English verb to be, and Lindley Murray, our once popular American Yorkshire grammarian, might have taught the boys and girls of his generation the following additional inflections of the same verb:—"AH WULL, THOO WULL, HE WULL," and so forth.

A writer of the thirteenth century, quoted in Markham's England (Edward II.), reproaches the people of Northumberland and Yorkshire for having a language unaccountably rough and uncouth. "They use strange *wlaffyng*, *chythring*, *harrying*, *garryng*, and *grysbytyng*; all the langages of the Northumbres and specyally at Yorke is so sharpeslyttyng, *frotynge*, and *unshape*."

Wlaffyng = indistinct. *Chythring* = chattering. *Harrying* = snarling.

Garryng = snarling (*gurring*, Scotch).

Grysbytyng = gnashing with your teeth. *Slyttyng* = piercing.

Frotynge = rubbing (*frotter*, French), hence grating or harsh.

While words of a Danish origin are common in the East Riding, several of apparent Latin derivation are used on the borders of Lancashire. Thus there is *stoup*, a post, derived from *stupa*. *Maul*, a twohanded hammer, from *malleus*. To *coddle*, or to parboil, from *coquo*, or *coctulo*. *Hames*, part of the harness of a cart-horse, from *hamus*. A bad lad in the West Riding was called a *Turpin*. Was this from Richard Turpin, of York notoriety, or from the Latin *turpis*? *Furmenty*, or *frumity*, an appetizing mess of corn, milk, honey, and currants, or other sweetening material, is from *frumentum*, corn. *Arrant*, a spider, from *aranea*. The practice of throwing handfuls of wheat on the bride at a

West Riding wedding has clearly a Roman origin. Is *tent*, to hold, or take care of, to tend, from *teneo*? A Yorkshire nurse says, "TENT that bairn!" To *colloque*, that is, to converse, comes plainly from *colloquor*, and many others of a similar kind.

It has sometimes been supposed that the Romans did not all leave the country after their five hundred years' military occupation of it; that some, moved by love of home, by local associations, by the perils of travel, and like considerations, remained behind; but that this remainder, when they found their central stations liable to the incursions of the Pictish and Welsh barbarians, retired to the remote uplands, those of Manchester (Mancunium) and the neighbourhood hiding in the wilds of North Lancashire. Hence the many faces with Italian and Greek outlines that are still to be found among the peasantry of the county, from the beauty of which may have been derived the common phrase of the "Lancashire witches." It is not a fair answer to this conjecture to say that the old Gothic has many Latin forms and words, which again may have sprung from the Æolian idiom. Both may have had their share in producing the Latinisms of primitive Yorkshire.

We have already remarked that the dialect of Yorkshire is not a corruption of any known language. It is not the scoria from the furnace of language, but, as Dr. Richard Winter Hamilton, the eloquent nonconformist minister of Leeds, well said, some of the first, though perhaps grotesque, shapes of the fused ore. It is a pure and independent local outgrowth from ancient Anglo-Dano-Saxon forms. The precise varieties of speech used by the powerful bodies which invaded England between the fifth and the ninth centuries can only be distinguished after patient research. And, indeed, many of these distinctions rest upon hypothesis; that is, they are presumed by the grammarian to have existed, because certain phrases or inflections seem to require them as their foundation or complement. Such words and forms of pronunciation may all be placed under the common name of SAXON, a vague word confusedly applied to all Englishmen who lived between 445 and 1066, and to their language. The word Saxon is said to have been so called from *sax*, *saex*, or *saks*, a sort of knife or sword which the Saxons always carried about with them. From contemporary illuminations preserved in the British Museum, we learn that these saxes were not for the most part long and straight, as is commonly supposed, but short and curved, like a Turkish scimitar. The exact period at which

the Saxons began to trickle over to this country is not known; but it is certain that long before the famous migration under the leadership of Hengist and Horsa, various Teutonic tribes had formed little settlements on the Yorkshire coast. In the fifth century they colonized the length and the breadth of the county, crowding over in dragon-prowed, canoe-like boats from the mouths of the Elbe, the Eider, and the Rhine; from Holland, Zealand, Westphalia, Saxony proper, and even countries further to the north and east of the European continent. There were the old Saxons from Holstein and Schleswig, and the Angles from the shores of the Baltic. The latter were numerous in the county, and were followed by the wild Danish sea-kings, some of whom were unconverted and unprincipled savages, like the pirates of early Greece, robbing and being robbed without praise or blame, capturing women, burning homesteads, plundering churches; but others of a milder type, who became true colonists, founding towns and cultivating the country. The latter enriched the vocabulary of our forefathers with many brave old words, and left behind them in the blood of their children that spirit of dogged enterprise and defiant self-reliance which still characterises a Yorkshireman. It may be fairly presumed that the language spoken by the descendants of these various tribes in the eleventh and twelfth centuries was, both as to its vocabulary and pronunciation, much the same as may be now heard in every village in the broad valley of the Ouse.

For ages there has been such an intermingling of Saxon, Dane, and Norman in the country, that it is impossible now to affirm that one place is inhabited by any one of these races more than another. It was not so at the beginning. When the Anglo-Saxons settled in a plain, they added the termination *ton*, that is, *town*, to the distinguishing name of any central group of houses, or village. The termination is found in Holderness, in the vale of Pickering, and in Cleveland. Take, for example, the Yorkshire towns, Northallerton, Patrington, Pocklington, Peniston, Skipton, Weighton. Where *ham* frequently occurs in Yorkshire, that is, the *heim* of South Germany and the *um* of Friesland, in other words, *home*, *village*; there are few places terminating in *ton*. The termination *ley* generally proves the village to be of Saxon foundation: *e. g.*, Barnsley, Bingley, Helmsley, Otley, Pateley, Ripley, Stokesley.

Field, like the Norwegian *feld*, and originally meaning a wooded mountain, seems to imply a cleared space in the midst of a

forest. Thus we have Sheffield, Wakefield, and Huddersfield. The spots originally colonized by the Danes are far more easily recognised by the termination *by*, which marks a Danish dwelling-place. The great mass of the Danish settlements, indicated by this syllable, is, as Dr. Latham has remarked, chiefly collected in the drainage of the Humber and Trent. Along these rivers often flashed their long barks, crowded with ruddy-haired men, and glittering as to their sides with gilded shields. Teesdale is full of *bys*. The limit of the navigation of a river, its junction with another river, its fall into the sea, were much affected by the Danes; hence Whitby, Selby, and Ferriby. But we fail to find a single *by* in Holderness, the old Saxon kingdom of Deira, until we arrive at the bank of the Humber. While there are these traces of Danish settlement in the common use of *by*, the names of many hills, valleys, rivers, and churches, point to a Norwegian origin. Thus the higher mountains in the north west of Yorkshire are called *fells*, the valleys are *dales*, the streams are *becks*, the waterfalls *forces*, and the churches *kirks*.

It would be foreign to our present purpose to enter at length into the history of the conversion of the Saxon inhabitants of the country to the Christian religion. But it is unquestionable that the efforts of the missionary bishops, who, from their centres at York and Ripon, turned our heathen ancestors from darkness to light, had a vast effect upon the language of the people. Yet the English names of the days of the week, still recalling the idols worshipped in old Yorkshire, may serve to show us how inveterately that heathenism was identified with social and domestic life. It is said, that when Gregory the Great sent the first missionaries to England, he wished that such shrines as that at Gudmundingham, near Market Weighton, in the East Riding, should not be razed to the foundations, but consecrated, and applied to the worship of the Lord; and that the new converts should be spared the pain of giving up any rite, the retaining of which was not inconsistent with Christian faith and duty. It is possibly to this policy that we owe the existence of many Yorkshire phrases and customs, which seem to point to some old and extinct heathenism. The establishment of the conventual system was almost coeval with the introduction of the gospel. Within a hundred years after the arrival of St. Augustine, the inhabitants of the county had substantially adopted the Christian faith. The period of the death of Egbert, Archbishop of York (A.D. 766), witnessed the complete success of monastic

institutions. That era was adorned by men of the highest character for learning and wisdom. Not only the canon, but the civil law of Rome was extensively taught. Schools were established in the chief centres of population. If the corporal punishments were brutal, and if children who were supposed too young to be birched were pricked in the heels with an instrument of discipline something like the knife of a cobbler, yet Latin was taught with more or less success. Libraries were collected, and a constant communication was kept up with the learned of France, Germany, and Italy. The science of the intellectual Saracen from Cordova was not altogether unknown. With such improvements in education, we may fairly presume that numbers of new words would be incorporated into the language. These would be chiefly derived from the Latin, and would prepare the way for the better understanding of the Norman-French spoken in the houses of the nobility, as the county began to recover first from the horrors of the Danish summer incursions, and afterwards from the far deeper desolation and misery which followed that terrible catastrophe to Yorkshire, the Norman conquest. The vocabulary of the people would also be enlarged by the methods of instruction unavoidable before the invention of printing, when lessons were chiefly oral, and the exercise of the memory was the great instrument of mental discipline.

Before attempting any formal analysis of the dialect, I may state that if any inquirer wishes to probe the subject to the bottom, he must study the domestic manners of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers, and trace the gradual development among them of the sweet affections and morals of private life.¹ It will be found that the family institutions, the vices and virtues, the sports and pastimes, the marriage contracts and ceremonies, the discipline of childhood, the superstitions of the people, the rites of burial, all have left their impress upon our old vernacular. Take for instance, the old Yorkshire word to *hopple*, to tether, to fasten by the legs. This has its origin in another common Yorkshire word, *hop*, which springs from *hoppan*, the Saxon for *hop*. Hence *hopping* meant tottering, going unsteadily like a drunken man. Hence *hobble* was a state of doubt and uncertainty, a difficulty, a scrape, in which a man moved uncertainly. Now the only notion of dancing among the Anglo-Saxons was

¹ An interesting volume devoted to the history of the Anglo-Saxon home, has been published by Mr. John Thrupp, which will amply repay perusal.

expressed by the word *tumbian*, to tumble, and for a dance, *hlyp*, a leap. A dancer was *tumbere*, a tumbler. *Hoppere* and *hoppistere* are male and female jumpers. So in an ancient translation of the gospels, we are told that the daughter of Herodias *tumbled* before Herod. She is thus represented on the western door of Rouen Cathedral. One of the popular amusements of our forefathers was a jumping and hopping match, and if we may trust to old illuminations, the hopper held up his right foot in his right hand, and hopped about on his left to the music of a harp or a pipe.

Take another instance; Tacitus informs us that the Germans in their primeval forests devoted day and night to deep drinking, which they deemed a disgrace to no man. This habit of constant intoxication the Saxons brought with them to England. "Excessive drinking," says Malmesbury, speaking of the race, "was one of the common vices of all ranks of the people, in which they spent whole days and nights without interruption." The Danes were, if possible, still more desperate drunkards. Their heathen ceremonies were systematically concluded with tippling. They then filled and emptied a stoup in honour of Odin, the lord of victory and war; a second to Friga, the patroness of love; a third to Braga, the tutelar deity of eloquence (whence the word BRAG), and so on, till they sank insensible beneath the table. When converted to Christianity they substituted the names of the saints for those of their idols, but still they drank. Kings and nobles on their journeys stopped to drink at every man's house, and indulged until they were incapable of taking care of themselves. In the eighth century, Egbert, Archbishop of York, made praiseworthy efforts to diminish this universal intemperance. Pegs or pins were placed in the tankards on occasions where each man was to drink his own share of the liquor and no more. The pegs were fixed at equal distances. Some of these tankards are still in existence; each of them contains about two quarts. On each side is a row of seven or eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom; the space between these pins holding about half a pint. Now out of this custom spring several Yorkshire phrases. To *peg away* is to eat and drink swiftly and voraciously, as when a person is fainting from hunger and thirst. Hence the word comes to signify the performing of any kind of task with alacrity and perseverance. It was so employed by Abraham Lincoln, the celebrated president of the United States, when

he said of his political friends, that they would keep a *pegging away* until success finally crowned their efforts. Hence comes the saying, when one man has lowered another in the estimation of his neighbours, that he has *taken him down a peg*. This seems to be a more probable derivation of the phrase than that which makes it come from *cribbage*, the old game at cards, marked by pegs, in which the dealer makes a third hand for himself by cribbing, or taking his opponent down a peg.

Out of many we select only one further illustration. In the Saxon-Norman era everybody was whipped in turn, from the greatest Plantagenet monarch down to the humblest peasant child. The rod was used not only as a punishment, but as a healthy exercise, a therapeutic, a help to the memory, and a religious ordinance. Peter de Damiani, the Cardinal Bishop of Ostia, was one of the principal patrons of this terrible discipline. He states that Dominicus, a monk, gave himself 300,000 strokes in less than a week. To accomplish this feat he armed both his hands with rods, and the cardinal informs us that when the beating was done the holy man looked like the herbs which an apothecary has crushed in a mortar for a ptisan. Bishops whipped themselves almost to death. Young gentlewomen of two or three-and-twenty were liable to be castigated with a birch rod for technical blunders in the study of language. The punishment was inflicted by their schoolmasters as well as by their parents. Every child was roughly awakened early in the morning, and severely whipped on the festival of the massacre of the holy innocents, "that they might recollect and somewhat appreciate," says an old writer, "the persecution, exile, and want that were felt at the birth of Christ." When it was desirable to obtain legal testimony of any ceremony, it was customary to have it witnessed by children, who were then and there flogged with unusual severity, and afterwards handsomely rewarded for their pains; as may be seen recorded in ancient parish books and accounts of beating the bounds. There was a common notion among nurses that little children did not thrive, or digest their food easily, or sleep quietly, unless they had the healthy stimulus of the rod. These customs were handed down in all their severity till a comparatively recent period. Sir Thomas More being warned that his marriageable daughters required chastisement, and that he was neglecting his parental duties, whipped them with peacocks' feathers for fear that he should hurt them. Lady Jane Grey informed Roger Ascham that

she could not do more than allude to the cruelties of her parents from a sense of self-respect and the dutiful love she felt towards them. Accordingly, in Yorkshire we find a great number of words more or less allied to the Saxon *swingelan*, to beat, or metaphorically expressive of beating. There is to *swinge*, to flog. So a boy at school often got his hide tanned, and was thrashed like wheat with a flail. So also to lick, from the Gothic *laegga*, to strike. A master threatened an idle apprentice with a good *leathering*, from leather, the material of a thong. The phrase, "a good leathering," may possibly be derived from the feast of Lupercal. It had been observed in Italy before the building of Rome. It fell on the 15th of February. The skins of the sacrificed animals were cut up into thongs, with which the young men, after having beaten themselves, used to scamper merrily through the streets of the capital, and to whip all the women they met. Ladies even of high rank thought it lucky to receive a blow. In the grammar schools of the last century a Yorkshire boy who underwent a mild birching was said to be *swished*. To peg, was to thump another with sharp knuckles, which somewhat resemble pegs. Neavilling or nevilling has the same signification, *i. e.*, a good pummelling with the *neaves*, or fists. In Eskdale to *raddle* is to beat with a stick. "Raddle his bones for him!" *Clampers* are claws or fangs, and fingers with their nails: "If Ah had mah clampers on him he should feel the weight of mah neaves!" A *kelk* is a thump; a *neaf-kelk* a blow with a fist. There is again to *skelp*, to kick or strike with violence, from *skelfa*, Icelandic for a stroke. There is to *slap*, to strike with the flat of the hand, or with any flat surface. *Smack* is a kindred word, and is allied to *smite*. In the word *spank*, to smite with the open hand, the sound echoes the sense, and as in the dialect of Sussex, *spanking* means large, rapid, stout, and nimble, qualities all combined in one subject, to spank, means to smite swiftly and strongly. To pay is to beat; "Ah'll pay him out," akin to the French *punir*, whence punish and punishment, as though the power to inflict it was a Norman prerogative, from the Latin *pœna*, and the Greek *ποινη*, originally payment in exchange; as when a man who could not pay a pecuniary mulct, was whipped within an inch of his life. At the same time it must not be forgotten that *παιω* means to smite with the fist. To mump, in the vale of the Esk, is to strike another with the clenched fist on the face, especially on the mouth. One man threatens another thus: "Thoo'll goa yam wi' a mumped mouth, thoo wull!"

Hence the mumps, a swelling of the cheeks. To *snaup*, is when one man checks another by giving him a sudden blow, perhaps derived from the old Belgian word *snappen*. Near Whitby this word is spelled *naup*, and means a blow with a cudgel or knobstick. To *whack*, or to *thwack*, is to beat with violence, to strike with something blunt and heavy, from the Saxon. Shakspeare says, "We'll thwack him hence with distaffs." *Whaling* and *welting* are used in Craven to mean beating, perhaps from *weal*, a Saxon word, meaning the mark left by a stripe. In the same part of the county to *whang* is to whip, probably from *thwang*, Saxon for a thong. So to whop, whoppit, and whopping, as "Ah'll give you a precious good whopping!" "He went home to his mother, and she gave him his whoppings," from *wheop*, the Anglo-Saxon word for a whip. To lace a dress is to give it an outer trimming, so to lace or trim a child, is to whip him. "Ah'll lace thee jacket well, thoo rascal! Ah'll warm thee!"

It is scarcely necessary to state that primitive and Saxon words abound. The common Yorkshire phrase, "It was all along of him," is from the Saxon, "*gelang*," an impulse or cause. "Holloa" called after a person, is from *Heal du*, Holloa, you! Brass is money, because in Anglo-Saxon times the chief material of the current coin, just as *æs* in Latin meant all money indiscriminately, silver and gold, though at first that made of copper or brass. "What is that laacle lad *after*?" Ah doubt he's *after* some mischief," says an anxious Yorkshire mother, using the primitive signification of the Saxon *aefter*, that is, *for* or *close to*, a thing, something like the *μετα* of the Greek language. *Gizened* means *to have trembled*, from the Saxon *giscian*, to sob violently. We inquire concerning a man in his noviciate, how does he *after*, how does he shape, how does he *frame*? The last word is from the Anglo-Saxon, *framan*, to succeed.

It was the custom of the Danes in their piratical excursions, stretching even as far as the coasts of France and Spain, to seize upon the most beautiful young women, and carry them by force to their ships. Those with flaxen and golden hair they retained as wives for themselves, wedding them with rude festivities, in which tippling, and fighting, and covering the ladies with filth and dirt, formed no inconsiderable share. The dark-haired they sold for slaves, as children of the devil, and destined to everlasting perdition. May not this fact help to account for the prevalence of light hair in Yorkshire families, and for many rough village customs, proverbs, and turns of expression suitable

to the orgies they illustrated? The Yorkshire words, directly or indirectly, traceable from a Danish source, are numerous and interesting. The following may be taken as specimens, but they must by no means be regarded as exhausting the stock. Thus, the gre-hound was so called because he was used to hunt the *gre*, or badger. The phrase *true lovers'-knot* is nothing more than the Danish *trulofa*, plight of troth. We say *frail*, of a female whose reputation for chastity has been compromised; perhaps from the Norman-French *fragile*, but possibly from the Danish *frilla*, the word used for a lady who, often with the full acquiescence of the wife, was added to the domestic circle by the husband. In the midst of the fight, the battle shout of Knut and his paladins, was *ouet, ouet*. Did this expression, originating in the habit of defending their standard and central posts with barricades, waggons, and closed shields, give rise to the phrase, OUT ON YOU, GET OUT, use by old Yorkshiremen in token of defiance?

We use *bing*, to mean a bin for corn from the Danish *bing*, a heap. An old Yorkshireman used to put on his *clees*, from the Danish *cleed*, to clothe. When anything was *wrinkled*, it was called *crinkle-krankle*, from the Danish *kronkelen* to twist. When Hugh Peters, the parliamentarian, preached before the House of Commons at Westminster, he told his hearers that Moses did not lead the tribes of Israel to the land of promise by a direct course, but *krinkledum cum krankledum*, drawing a crooked line with his fingers on the cushion of the pulpit. The Danes use the word *flytter*, meaning to migrate, to move from one place to another; hence, we say *moonlight flitting*, when we speak of the surreptitious departure of a family without discharging its just debts. Our children, however *kedge* they may be, that is, *active*, from the Danish *kaud*, would rather tumble into a *groof* of *slub*, that is, a hollow full of thick mire, from the Danish *slubra* and *groof*, than encounter a *cleg*, that is, a gad-fly or horse-fly, from the Danish *klaeg*. "He sticks like a cleg" is said of a bothering client, an importunate and teasing adherent. Hence we say *clegging* of a herd of cattle rushing together across a field, their tails reared high in the air, and overthrowing all before them, with big, thundering force, and wild terror, lest they should be bitten by a *cleg*. In winter we yearn for plenty of *ildin* or *eldin*, fuel, from the Danish *ild*. In the East Riding this word is joined to fire, as *fire-eldin*, applied to fir cones and other wood fuel. Reverting to the word *groof*, a hollow, we say that a man is perfectly *grufted*

with dirt, when we mean that the hollows of his skin are filled with it, so that it cannot easily be extracted, but the man requires a good scrubbing. Hence we used to say *graff*, for a ditch or moat, and *grave* to this day means the excavation in the ground in which the remains of the dead are deposited. Clarendon uses the word *graff*, in the passage, "Though the fortifications were not regular, yet the ground was good, and the *graff* broad and deep." We *gar* a man to go with us, that is, force him, from the Danish *gior*. We hope that a man's *harns* may not be *addled*, when we mean that his intellect may not be disordered; the former word being derived from the Danish *hierne*, the latter from *adel*, the Saxon for a disease. Dr. Johnson thinks that the "latter word may be from *idel*, idle, barren, unfruitful, originally applied to eggs, and such as produce nothing, but grow rotten under the hen, and thence transferred to the brain." But at Whitby to addle is to earn; as, "They live from day to day on what they *addle*." We catch not a mole, but a *moudewarp*, from the Danish *moldwarp*. The mole in Eskdale is said to *yed*, when he tracks under ground. The word *mould* has also a Swedish or Danish origin, meaning originally the concretion on the top or outside of things kept motionless and damp. Hence, says Lord Bacon, there is a special affinity between plants, mould, and putrefaction; for all putrefaction, if it dissolve not in arefaction, will in the end, issue into plants. The word *mould*, applied to earth, signified originally the black soil on the surface of the ground, which is chiefly composed of disintegrated vegetable matter. This mould the little subsoil ploughman turns up and exposes to the air and sun, that is, he *warps* it. He throws it or turns it over, changing its direction. What Yorkshire boy, at some time or another, has not had a thump from another boy's *neaf*, that is, his fist, from the Danish *naeve*. Shakspeare uses the word *neaf*,—"Give me thy *neaf*, Mr. Mustardseed." The phrase *neaves* is applied contemptuously in the East Riding to dirty hands, as "wash thee *neaves* thoo mucky fellow." The devil used to be called Old Nick, and Old Scrat, from the words *Nicken* and *Scratta*, Danish names for Satan. When a thing was emptied, it was said to be *toomed*, from the Danish *toomer*. A goad is a *prod*, as when a man not over tender to animals says to another driving a bull, "He'll never get along, unless thoo gives him a good dig with t' *prod*," from *brod*, Danish for an awl. A *yule-clog* is well-known to be the Christmas-log, from the Danish *jule-dag*. The festival of *yule* among the sea-kings (a term applied by our

Danish forefathers to any persons claiming royal descent, or engaged in the honourable occupation of harrying their neighbours), was far more ancient than the introduction of Christianity, and coincident with the winter solstice. It was adopted by the founders of the Christian Church, on the principle recommended by Pope Gregory the Great of giving a Christian turn to all ceremonies not positively licentious, or destructive to human life. There are two roots which dispute the parentage of the word *yule*: namely, *ol*, *oil*, ale, computation, feast, and *hiol*, a wheel. From the former, perhaps, Christmas was called by our northern ancestors *yule*, or *the feast*, by way of pre-eminence. The word *ale*, in composition, means nothing more than a feast or merry-making, *Leet-ale*, *Lamb-ale*, *Whitsun-ale*, *Bride-ale*, &c.

RIVAUXX ABBEY.

"For thou that didst appear so fair
 To fond Imagination,
 Dost rival in the light of day
 Her delicate creation.
 Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
 A softness still and holy,
 The grace of forest charms decayed,
 And pastoral melancholy."

Wordsworth, "Yarrow Visited."

THE summer is now beginning to gladden all hearts, and most persons feel within them the influence that it produces in some way or other. To many it brings a hope of renewed health, to others of renewed pleasure, and some feel body and mind so invigorated by change of air and scene, that one of the greatest delights of summer is the opportunity that its long days give of rambling through wood and dale, forgetting alike care and little ailments in the fresh air and bright sunshine. Amongst the many pleasant excursions it has been my happiness to make, none has left a more delightful remembrance than a visit to the abbeys of Yorkshire, for they are well worth seeing; to persons fond of sketching, the interest of them is very great, and to the lover of olden days they bring back most vividly scenes which he would fain think are fairer than some England now delights to worship. Railways and manufactures are in their own way good, but few can think they have added to the beauty of the lovely Yorkshire valleys.

If you converse much with persons who have visited the Yorkshire abbeys, you will find Fountains and Bolton most highly appreciated. I have seen the greater number—indeed, almost all, and to my mind Rivaulx stands unrivalled. Whether it is the situation, or the lovely day on which I visited it, or the difficulty in reaching it, I cannot tell; but with me Rivaulx has no rival.

Perhaps a short account of a visit paid to Rivaulx Abbey some little time back may have an interest for some persons, and induce others to visit it themselves, and judge of its beauties.

We had been staying at Filey Bay, and made up our minds to go from thence to Rivaulx. Once before we had tried to carry out our wish of going there from Whitby, but the difficulty then had been to go and return in one day, our time being limited. To see it pleasantly, and make a sketch of the abbey, required more time than could be spared, so that, like another Yarrow, it "remained unvisited" on that occasion. But on leaving Filey we had made up our minds we would see Rivaulx, not counting the cost of a day; so we arranged to go to Helmsley and sleep there, as being the nearest point.

There is something very pleasant in carrying out a plan attended with little difficulties, and we set off from Filey in good spirits and full of hope. Our destination was first to *New Malton*, which the guide-book says, in curious contradiction, is a place of "great antiquity;" however, of that fact we could not judge, our time being entirely taken up in seeking for the right train to Thirsk, from which place we were to go to Gilling, and thence by some unknown means to Helmsley. It being Monday, there were trains going in all directions; and it appeared to us that all the world was bent on making excursions. We tried to get some information at Malton as to our chance of getting a conveyance at Gilling to Helmsley but failed in doing so; but soon after we were seated in the train our difficulties seemed to vanish, for we entered into conversation with a gentleman who was going to Helmsley, and he told us he had written for a conveyance to meet him at Gilling, and he very courteously offered to share it with us, if it would accommodate us all; for, he added, "you will find nothing at Gilling station; nor will the owner of the little inn there lend his horse, the road being so very bad from Gilling to Helmsley, that it ruined all the horses." About eight miles from Malton you pass Slingsby Castle, but it is not worth stopping to see unless you have plenty of time, the present castle being unfinished; but the ivy which surrounds it gives it a picturesque appearance as you see it in passing. The castle and estate belong to the Earl of Carlisle.

The next station was Gilling, and I must say I looked out with some interest to see what sort of conveyance was waiting there. Alas! it was only a small dog-cart, with just room enough for the driver and our new friend. We therefore arranged to wait at Gilling until a carriage of some sort should be sent to convey us to Helmsley. The boy who drove the dog-cart was very magnificent in his promises as to what his master could

send in the way of carriages; but he thought we [had better leave our choice of vehicles to the owner, only stipulating that it should have four wheels. We had two hours to wait at Gilling before our carriage could possibly come; and very pleasantly did we spend it, for we found by sending in our cards at the castle permission would be given us to see the rooms, even though the family were at home, and their kindness extended so far as to allow us to see some pictures in the room in which they were sitting. The approach to the castle is through a long shady avenue, very agreeable on a hot day. Part of the castle is old and circular, and the dining-room, which is in the time of Queen Elizabeth, is very curious; the armorial trees of the families of the different wapentakes are painted in the upper panels of the wainscot, and looked so fresh, I could hardly believe they were of the date assigned to them. There was a beautiful bay-window in the dining-room with the Fairfax arms in it, but some of the painted glass had been removed to give a better view, which indeed was so lovely that it might be allowed as an excuse. Amongst other things to be admired was the house-keeper herself, so neat and plainly dressed, and so respectful, making one pay her double honour in this age of pretence and smartness. The village of Gilling is very pretty, with neat stone houses, and flowers trained against them—which always give a feeling of refinement. We were told the owners of the cottages only paid ten shillings a year for them, and coals were given as a Christmas dole. The parish church is just opposite the entrance to the castle, and adds very much to the beauty of the village. As we left the castle our carriage appeared. The driver, who was also the owner, called it a two-horse phaeton; we were inclined to call it a break or van: however, it had the four wheels we had stipulated for, so we could not complain.

The day was lovely, and I shall never forget the extreme beauty of the view, it was like a panorama on a grand scale. We could see nearly as far as Whitby, and the colours of the hills were so fine, making them stand out clear and well defined. Instead of going to Helmsley direct we drove to Rivaulx Abbey through Duncombe Park, the residence of Lord Feversham, and a most enjoyable drive it was, thanks to the kindness of the noble owner. The trees are very fine, and the hares and rabbits run about as if they enjoyed the beauties of the place. The house is in the same style as Blenheim, very handsome, and built from a design of Sir John Vanburgh. There were good pictures, we

heard, in the house, but we had not time to see them—though we much wished to do so as well as seeing the grounds, which, we heard, were very tastefully laid out. But you should choose the longest day in the year for your visit if you want to see everything worth seeing on your way to the abbey. Our driver was a good-natured, communicative man, and pointed out the various objects of interest with great pleasure. He told us particularly to notice the swallows, which, instead of being birds, as we thought, are places where the Rye disappears. After you leave the park the road is very bad, and most thankful was I that we had the two-horse phaeton with its four wheels. There was one very steep hill which made my heart beat very quickly going down it. Ældred, Abbot of Rivaulx, speaks of the situation “as a place to make the soul shudder, a vast wilderness.” Blackmore was the old name, happily changed to Rivaulx from the little stream, the Rye, that ran through the valley. The country people now call it *Rivas* Abbey, so that you lose its original meaning. It was in Ældred’s time a place hard to find, in a very deep dale, and it is the same now. Our first view of the abbey was from the bridge, where we stopped to get a peep of it. There is another way of reaching it, across a field and coming down from the terrace at the top; but our guide, wishing us to see it from the best point of view, drove us round. I can scarcely find words in which to speak of its beauty; the situation is so fine, under a beautifully wooded hill, and there it stands, with its lovely arches of the purest early English, almost like a thing of magic. I have never seen anything before or since I admired so much. It is a something to gaze and wonder at, but not to talk of on the spot. It has a powerful effect on the beholder, partly from its situation, and from the stillness and peace around it. I have seen Yorkshire’s most beautiful abbeys and views, but none of them ever impressed me in the same way as sweet St. Mary of Rivaulx.

Rivaulx was a monastery built in the twelfth century by a colony of Cistercian monks from Citeaux, in Burgundy. There were many more monasteries of the same order founded in England at the same time; “indeed, it was the only redeeming feature of Stephen’s miserable reign.” Waverley, near Farnham, in Sussex, was the first of them founded in England, in 1128; it was a law that all Cistercian abbeys should be dedicated to the Virgin Mary. They were mostly in sequestered valleys, but never in towns. The founder’s will prescribed that “all things

necessary for use—such as water, a mill, a garden and bake-house—should, if possible, be contained within the monastery, and that divers arts should be exercised there.” Wood and water were essential to the very life of the monks, and at first they would have had little else; but how often have I heard thoughtless people say, whilst gazing at such scenes as Rivaulx, “The monks knew how to choose; they took the best situation they could find.” But if they would in thought carry their minds back, it might occur to them that the scene was not always so lovely. Shelter to houseless men was a necessity, and therefore a valley surrounded by trees was naturally sought for; but the beauty and fertility were the result of their own industry, and much cutting down of trees and draining marshy ground must have taken place before the corn-field and garden could have existed, or the wilderness be turned into an Eden.

But to return to Rivaulx Abbey, Black’s Guide-book will give the name of the founder, and the manner with which he endowed it. He says, “Sir Walter L’Espee, having lost his son, gave his lands to the abbey [Ældred says he had no children], and in his old age became a monk of Rivaulx, and was buried in the chapterhouse.” But for once I did not care for these details, but sat peacefully down on a tomb, whilst my companion was sketching, undisturbed by guide or visitors, and soon lost myself in thought of what the abbey must have been in former days, when the busy stir of human life and wants was around it. But all things come to an end, and I felt, as the chill of evening came on, that I must keep the horses no longer waiting; so I took leave of Rivaulx, only wishing from my heart that I might see that fair spot of earth once more.

As I left the abbey a troop of children, with their clergyman and teachers, came in, and their childish voices and eager movements soon brought me down to earth again. I journeyed back to Helmsley in my large carriage all alone, my companion waiting to finish his sketch. The view is very fine as you ascend, the steep hill being well wooded, and giving a magnificent sight of part of Cleveland and Rosebury Topping, and you may, as you gaze, refresh your memory by the thought of the battle of the Standard, which took place in this vicinity. There are always a great many sheep fairs in the neighbourhood, and we had continually to wait whilst the shepherd separated the sheep that were to go different ways.

Some little way before you reach Helmsley you see the fine

remains of the keep of the castle, but as it was getting cold I soon began to think that the fire at the inn would be more comfortable than the finest view. We took up our abode at a very comfortable inn, looking, as all the town seemed to do, on the market-place. In the morning we had just time to see a little of Helmsley Castle and the fine parish church; there were some curious old houses worth seeing, and good fishing is to be had in the neighbourhood, which may tempt some to whom beautiful scenery is a matter of indifference; and one good-natured dame told us that it was a desperate place for apricots. Whilst staying at the inn at Helmsley we had an amusing visitor from time to time in the person of a large dog, but I was distressed to find he did not bear a good character, having a bad habit of hunting on his own account. To cure this evil he had a large piece of wood in the shape of a cross fastened round his neck, which, when he ran, knocked against his feet, and considerably spoiled his enjoyment. The dog belonged to Lord Feversham, and each of his tenants had to board one of these fine animals; our landlord, however, seemed to make the dog very welcome, and spoke most highly of Lord Feversham's liberality to his tenants in giving them plenty of game. I would fain hope that long ere this the poor dog has become wiser, and ceased to carry about its own punishment.

I would, with great truthfulness, recommend Helmsley as a pleasant resting-place for a few days, and from thence to Rivaux; by the nearest way it is only two miles, and Byland Abbey is not far off; but we, with only a short holiday, could not spare three days for every charming abbey in Yorkshire. So the next morning after our arrival we returned to Gilling in our two-horse phaeton, and took leave of that most lovely part of Yorkshire.

“THE VEXED QUESTION.”

CAN I MARRY ON £300 A YEAR?

BY HUNTLEY SMYTH.

CHAPTER IV.

MRS. WARD CONTINUES.

WELL, as I said before, we arrived in due course at our home, No. 3, Maybury Terrace, and found awaiting us in the dining-room what we used to term at home a “severe tea,” which implies coffee, tea, and muffins, with substantials. It was charmingly laid out; and on the centre of the table stood a vase of flowers, freshly gathered, perfuming the whole room. It seemed neat, cozy, and thoroughly comfortable. A sort of home look and feeling pervaded all, and there was a brightness on everything, from the tea-kettle singing and hissing on the hob, to the gloss on Dorothy’s apron, who stood smiling and curtseying at the door to welcome her new mistress. She and Bessie, a neat looking lassie, are to represent our staff of domestics at Maybury Terrace.

“You must try and manage with those two,” said Sidney to me. “You will miss your own maid, I fear, but that is a luxury we cannot possibly afford to keep on three hundred a year.”

“I shall bring myself to it in time, I dare say,” said I, laughing, “considering it was but a very minute portion of the article I ever possessed. Parker was supposed to attend mamma, Lilla, and myself; my share of her services was of the smallest. But how nice and snug all looks.”

“I am glad you are pleased, ma’am,” put in Dorothy. “Mrs. Ward gave such peticklar charges to have everything redd up and look as nice as I could make it agen you come.” Then, seeing we had all we wanted, she withdrew.

“I think you will like Dorothy,” said my husband. “She has been trained by my mother into her own ways, and is a thoroughly good servant. The other damsel, Bessie, is merely here for your approbation, and is quite a new arrival.”

We were very hungry after the journey, and did full justice

to the repast before us. We had a long talk over our future plans, ways, and means. Sidney gave me an account of some of our parishioners. A Mrs. Porter, who is to patronise me extensively; she is the grandee (he said swell) of the neighbourhood. Next a Miss Barker, whom he is sure I shall like—such a good creature, of great and real use in the parish; she is an old maid, and knows it. Then there are two Miss Pipkins in that same predicament—but who won't know it,—and terribly "gushing." He told me of his poor, his good, his bad, and his "mediums," describing them so graphically that I knew them all. As soon as I am perfectly "*installé*," and all my household tidily arranged, he is to take me to visit most of them. I shall like going amongst the poor—somehow I always get on with them; the other visits will be rather a bore. Of course I shall be stared at and commented upon, but I suppose it is the right thing to do, and Sidney says they will expect it. I may just add here that I liked Miss Barker from the first; I found her ladylike and well informed, very practical, and quite doing the duties of a deaconess in the parish; she is respected and liked by all classes, and is as warmly welcomed in the most miserable attic as in Mrs. Porter's drawing-room, my present greatest extremes.

After some little further conversation, about matters that there is no necessity for giving anybody the particulars of, the servants were called in, part of a chapter and a short prayer were read by my husband, and the household of the Reverend Sidney Ward retired for the night.

Next morning, Sidney having gone out, I went over my house with Dorothy, to inspect it and its resources fully. The exterior was hopelessly ugly, built after the fashion of most of the cheap terraces about London, so I need not describe it. The look-out was simply painful; half street, half road, and on monotonous rows of similar structures. The more necessity, therefore, for making the interior as pretty and tasteful as possible, and to this end I resolved to devote all my energies. With my maidens' help, I set to work first to arrange the disposition of the drawing-room furniture, which had merely been unpacked and laid in before our arrival. It was plain, and of the simplest description, but with the aid of pretty chintz, white muslin, and baskets of flowers, we soon transmogrified the whole place. The house had a north aspect, consequently the lobby window, and that of a small recess dignified by the title of back drawing-room, were due south. In each of these I

placed a *jardinière*, filling it with plants, and covering up all the flower-pots with moss. I hung up some pretty drawings, in both oil and water-colours, done by Lilla and myself—we both drew tolerably well. I then unpacked and arranged my bridal presents, which consisted of all the multitudinous articles certain to be bestowed on a newly married party—handsomely bound books and antimacassars; boxes of every shape, in ivory, tortoise-shell, and rosewood; sofa pillows, fire-screens, fender and foot-stools; photograph books of course; china and plate (our two mothers gave the latter, setting us up comfortably in spoons and forks); cornucopiæ for holding flowers; china vases and glass candlesticks. There, I think I have enumerated them; however, when all things were put into their allotted places, my little room looked in my eyes a perfect *bijou*, with its pretty moss carpet in shades of green, the dainty chintz curtains and coverings—in fact, the effect of the *tout ensemble* was very gratifying.

I stood some little time admiring, and thinking what an air of refinement I had succeeded in giving our small mansion, when, straight up from the lower regions, across the hall, and audaciously ascending even into the room where I stood, came the odour, not of otto of roses or mignonette, but a most unmistakably unpleasant mixture of boiled mutton and vegetable water. Oh! I exclaimed, this cannot be endured; this horror must be put an end to. If my mother or Lilla were to come now!

On going down I found the offence occasioned by the fumes from the servants' dinner. I consulted Dorothy on what was best to be done to prevent its recurrence, and the result of our deliberations was a plan which I strongly recommend to persons of refined tastes and noses compelled by limited means to live in small houses, where the kitchen cannot be far off—and servants in the general way must dine early, whatever you may do,—we put up a thick curtain of some woollen stuff, the very thickest I could procure, in the hall, opposite the street door, which shut out altogether the entrance to the kitchen; so this very trying circumstance did not occur again. Is there any thing more disagreeable than a visitor coming in, on a hot summer day particularly, and having his, her, or their olfactory nerves assailed by that most specially disagreeable odour caused by a decoction of vegetable matter?

All arrangements were at length completed, and we, that is the house and I, were looking very peaceable and nice when Sidney came in at six for dinner. He was amazed, and said he

thought nothing short of magic could have effected such a transformation in so short a time—of course dutifully admired everything. His praise quite rewarded me for all; and though really nearly fatigued to death, I brightened up and forgot it as we went into dinner.

"Sidney," said I to him that evening, "I wish you would tell me exactly how much we can afford to lay out in housekeeping. Would it not be a good plan to set aside a certain sum for our daily wants, that we may never go beyond what we ought to spend?"

"I was thinking so, love," he said. "It would be wise."

"Then let us go over all our resources and necessary expenses, and see what we can afford for them."

I had been lying on the sofa, feeling a little bit done up from my hard day's work; Sidney was sitting on a low stool by my side. We were both enjoying a thorough rest, and had not even, I think, interchanged a word for the last hour; but when the gas was lighted (for we possessed that luxury in our establishment), I brightened up with it, quite ready to begin again.

"Are you not too weary to-night; don't you think you have done enough for one day, little wife?"

"This will not tire me in the least. While lying here I have been thinking over your mother's words to me at Melstone, and the good counsel she gave. I feel I should like to start by acting upon it, so just draw over that small table, get a pencil and paper, and we will make it all out."

"Here are your requirements. Now, how shall I begin?"

"Just put down what we possess—all our resources, in fact."

"That is very easily done, I am sorry to say. They won't take long in expressing. Here, I shall begin.

From my church	.	.	.	£250	0	0
Interest of my wife's fortune	.			80	0	0
<hr/>						
Total	.	.	.	£330	0	0

Now out of this sum I must deduct at least from thirty-five to forty pounds for fees, subscriptions, private charities, &c."

"We will head the column of expenditure with forty pounds for all those. Put it down."

"Then I shall commence:—

Subscriptions	£40	0	0
House rent	40	0	0
Taxes—about	8	0	0
Servants' wages	18	0	0

“Now I shall put down for—

Daily wants £104 0 0

“That will be but two pounds a week. Can you do with it, Katie?”

“It seems very little; but I suppose I must try. I shall talk it over with Dorothy. What about dress, Sidney?”

“You must fix that sum yourself, dear. You can see the balance will not admit of anything great.”

I hesitated, this matter requiring much serious consideration. My mother allowed Lilla and myself sixty pounds a year each to dress on. Under her directions we just managed with it. But now that I shall not want these fine ball dresses—chaplets of flowers, &c.,—and that I may calculate on a considerable reduction in that immensely expensive item, pale kid gloves, surely half the sum ought to do amply. “Can I have thirty pounds?” was the result of my cogitation.

“We will put down that sum for each,” said Sidney. “Now what is there besides?”

“There is washing, coal, and wine. Am I expected to meet these out of my £104?”

“Washing you must certainly undertake; coal you must be helped in; wine, which I do not expect will be a very expensive item in our household, I will see after out of the surplus. But cannot the washing be done at home? up to this Dorothy has always managed mine.”

“I think it partly can, by giving out the heavy things; Dorothy said to-day she would undertake the rest. This will lessen the expense greatly. Now add up altogether.”

“Here it is, as briefly as we can:—

Charities, house, and taxes . . .	£88	0	0
House expenditure . . .	104	0	0
Dress and servants' wages . . .	78	0	0
Total . . .	£270	0	0

“Now, Kate darling, we must manage to keep within this as well as we can. Observe, there will be but sixty pounds surplus for extra expenses. Should illness come, or any unforeseen emergency requiring money, we have but this to meet all contingencies, and we should put by something, be it ever so trifling, each year.”

“Don't fear me, Sidney; I shall manage very well, and intend always to put by something from my allowance. I fully expect

to do this. There, you laugh at me! I wish you would not look so doubtful and quizzical when I speak of saving."

"I do not doubt your willingness, Katie, to do everything possible; I only fear that your experiences in that line are not great, and your knowledge of housekeeping to be about the average of poor little Dora Copperfield's—'oysters' to wit; however, my expectations not being great, there is the less room for disappointment in not having secured a managing wife. I must only put up with the loss, and make the best of the one I have got."

"It is a great shame that; I cannot really submit to such ill-treatment, such impertinent doubting of my powers, sir. I beg to inform you I have purchased a most imposing looking cookery-book, which I intend studying profoundly. I have collected receipts of every description; even on our travels the amount of information I acquired is great. You will have to retract those unwarranted aspersions, and will yet see me come out transcendently amongst the women of England."

"Well," said Sidney, laughing, "let the future take care of itself; for the present you are looking tired and pale. I shall ring for the servants and send you to bed."

CHAPTER V.

MY SHORTCOMINGS.

"HOLD up my goings in Thy paths, that my footsteps slip not."

A few mornings ago this was the verse for the day in my little text-book. How carelessly I read it over, thinking in my vain presumption my feet were too firmly fixed to "slip." I had placed myself unconsciously on a pedestal, and fancied descent impossible. Alas! already it was crumbling and tottering beneath me, though I knew it not. As I intend this paper to be a faithful chronicle of all my doings and misdoings, I will write down this my "folly" just as I committed it, the cause and effect, and its after consequences, creating much worry, trouble, and—and—bother.

Our life went on for some time peacefully and happily. Dorothy and I managed our affairs with respect to expenditure most satisfactorily. I found we could quite procure all we required for "daily wants" out of the sum allowed by Sidney to

meet them, and always managed to put by a trifle each week. That sum was, I confess, infinitesimally small; still it was something gained, and was put by for what I call my coal fund. Dorothy proved an excellent cook, quite cunning in the art of *réchauffé*ing (to coin a word). Sidney and I both agree that neither the greenest of parsley nor the whitest of napkins can make cold mutton look anything but a dreary affair. However, our good cook's pies, hashes, and rissoles were quite appetizing, and once enabled us to serve the remains of a leg of mutton for three successive days without eliciting a murmur or a reproach from my husband.

I at first devoted only two hours each morning to house-keeping; afterwards read, drew, and looked to the health of my plants. I found Bessie had quite time enough to do all the plain work necessary. In the afternoons Sidney and I went out, sometimes for a quiet walk, sometimes to make a call on a parishioner. Short as has been his time among them, he is already personally acquainted with most of his congregation. He thinks when a clergyman is summoned to attend the sick or a dying bed, he ought to go as a friend and not as a stranger.

Our evenings were very happy. Sidney is passionately fond of music,—possesses a good tenor. Lilla, who is quite a proficient, frequently spends a day with us. I do not like to praise myself, but it is the general opinion that I can play tolerably; so our efforts, we flattered ourselves, were above mediocrity.

But I must go on about my misdeeds. I think I mentioned before my intense love for flowers. If I did not, I intended it. It has a great deal to do with my delinquencies, and the consequent suffering I underwent.

I also made mention of a lobby window with a south aspect. New to this window was appended a small balcony. What an improvement it would be, I thought, to put up a conservatory there,—of course of the very minutest description; and as, on my marriage, one of my aunts had presented me with fifty pounds to buy some ornament, and of this sum I had a small portion left, I purposed devoting it to meet the expense, which the architect assured me would not exceed ten pounds. Sidney did not object; the money was presented to me to be expended for some ornamental purpose, and this was as good as any other.

It looked very pretty when completed. I soon collected among my friends plants to fill it. My kind mother-in-law sent up, with a large hamper of preserves she had made for us

at Melstone, a nice collection of hardy rooted plants, such as would bear transplanting. The morning it arrived Sidney told me he intended going to a meeting at some distance off, and thought perhaps I would like to accompany him. Any other day it was just the thing I should have liked ; but this identical morning, intending to devote it to some important household arrangements, I declined.

I fancied he looked disappointed, and I had a most uncomfortable misgiving I was not doing the right thing. Was I not just doing what Mrs. Ward had so seriously warned me against, making an idol of my house, and letting it come between me and my husband ? However, I let him go without me, and with a half remorseful feeling set to work to unpack my hamper, of whose contents I have already spoken, and was soon busily immersed in arranging the preserves in cupboards, putting by vegetables in cool places, potting and repotting plants. In the midst of it all came a loud knock at the hall door. "What a nuisance !" I exclaimed, "to be interrupted by tiresome visitors with so much to do. It will be too bad if I have refused going out with Sidney merely to entertain stupid people, and listen for hours to gossip I do not take the least interest in." (N. B.—I fear the mistress of Maybury Terrace, No. 3, was not in a very amiable mood that morning.)

When Bessie came down-stairs to the little front kitchen—the scene of my operations—and announced that Miss Vesey was in the drawing-room, I sprang up with delight, forgetting preserves, pickles, and flowers, telling Dorothy to "see to them, and put them all up in the best way she could." What matter about them ? Dear Guss ! we had not met since my marriage. In an incredibly short space of time I was up-stairs in the drawing-room, and locked in her arms. It was "Darling Kate !" "Dearest Guss !" "How well you are looking !" "And you, dear !" for some time.

Of course I had to show her all over my house, which she duly admired ; was charmed with the conservatory, agreed with me that it was a necessity—impossible to have "gone on" without. She praised and lauded everything, confessing she never expected to have found anything half so pretty and elegant in a ménage on "three hundred a year."

She had but just returned from Brighton, she told me, where she and her mother had been staying for some months. "By the way, mamma is coming to see you, and has desired me to say

so, when she can find a day that is neither too hot nor too cold, and when the wind blows neither from east, west, north, nor south. I tried to persuade her to let me drive her over to-day; however, the bare idea of the thing upset her nerves quite, Benson having pronounced the wind in a dangerous quarter. But Kate," she added, "I have been hearing all sorts of bad things about you."

"Have you, indeed? What have I done?"

"Everything you ought not to have done. Given up old friends; renounced in the most heartless manner the companions of your youth; deserted the haunts of your childhood."

"Dear! When? How?"

"By returning few visits, declining all invitations."

"The visits I intend to return when Sidney can spare a few days to accompany me. The invitations it was quite impossible I could accept, for many reasons."

"Well, perhaps not some of them. But what do you say to this? Lady Malvern told me yesterday that she had asked you some short time since to a quiet dinner party,—just the sort of penitential affair that I suppose a parson's wife without hesitation might appear at. You declined this, as well as many previous invitations from her."

"Sidney was engaged that day. There was a special service, and he was to preach in the evening. I should have liked to have gone there, Lady Malvern has always been so particularly kind to Lilla and myself."

"I assure you she seemed quite hurt about it. And worse still, you have sent her an apology for her croquet party on the twenty-fourth. Surely you might go there without any infringement of the Thirty-nine Articles."

"But, Augusta dear, I could not go alone, and Sidney could not possibly spare the day."

"Oh, if that be all it is easily settled. Lady Malvern has deputed me to say you must rescind your refusal. And besides, Lilla and I want you to chaperone us. (How important I felt.) Mamma is dyspeptic, and can't go, and says I must not go except you will take me. You know she has always believed in you to an immense extent. What your mother says I dare say this note will convey. It is from Lilla."

I opened and read,—

"Dearest Katie,—You must manage to come to Lady Malvern's with us on Thursday. Augusta and I altogether depend on

your chaperonage. I have set my heart on going, and will be bitterly disappointed if you refuse. Mamma desires me to say she considers it very unwise of you, this persistence in avoiding all your old friends. In Lady Malvern's case, she thinks it is a great mistake. Her friendship, so kindly proved on many occasions, may be of great value to you and yours, and ought not to be lightly shaken off. So, like a dear old darling, come.

LILLA.

"P.S.—We are to go in aunt's carriage."

What could I do or say against such odds as this? I knew I should not enjoy myself one bit without Sidney—did not care in the least for the affair—but I did not like to seem ill-natured or indifferent to the girls. I consented.

"Now," said Augusta, "that point being satisfactorily arranged, what will you wear?"

I had entirely forgotten that part of the business. "I fear I have nothing that would do," I replied: "nothing fresh enough for a fête in the middle of August."

"Come and let us inspect your wardrobe; we may find something."

We did so, but in vain. Dress after dress was discarded. Some were too dark, some too heavy, and so on with the whole catalogue. One muslin I thought might have answered, if well made up; but that idea Augusta disclaimed at once, saying it would never do to make my first appearance after my marriage in London "in a washed thing."

"We have no time to lose," she exclaimed, "We must set off at once, and get a dress. I'll drive you to a Miss Dent in Bond Street. She is not at all expensive, and has very good style, as I know your thoughts are great upon the subject of economy just now."

I allowed myself to be persuaded, and leaving word for Sidney that I had gone out with my cousin, we set off on our expedition. Miss Dent had nothing that would suit; but undertook to have all made and sent home by Thursday morning, if she received the materials that afternoon. We went to a neighbouring shop, and purchased a pretty mauve silk for seven guineas. Ribbons, lace, and gloves soon brought this to nine: however, it could not be helped. If I go out I must be dressed like other people, or it would of course reflect on Sidney. We left our parcel at Miss Dent's, and ordered a bonnet from her. "She

could not tell just then how much it would be, but promised to make it as reasonable as she possibly could ;”—just what these people always say.

On my way home I recollected for the first time that I had directed the architect to send in his bill for my small conservatory, which I had intended defraying out of this very money—now all gone for other matters. There would be Miss Dent’s bill, too. The thing was altogether a worry. Even my allowance was partly forestalled; but I tried to dismiss it from my mind, and greeted Sidney with a smile when he came to hand me out of the carriage.

“Sidney,” said I, that evening, “I am going to a party at Lady Malvern’s on the twenty-fourth. Mamma, my aunt, cousins, and all our mutual friends say I have acted foolishly and improperly in declining visits and refusing invitations, so I am going to atone for all past delinquencies by making my appearance at Malvern House.” I told him of Augusta’s visit, and all she said; of Lilla’s note and all it expressed; and my mother’s decided opinion on my very reprehensible conduct, ending by, “How will you like it, Sidney? If you would only say you do not wish it it would be a relief. I do not think I want to go.”

“I shall not say anything of the kind,” he replied. “Lady Malvern is an old and kind friend, and your cousin says she would be hurt by your repeated refusals. Your mother and sister wish you to go. I have no fears of my Katie’s ever becoming too great a votary of fashion, or being led by an odd visit of the kind into extravagance or dissipation.”

I do so much wish I had told him then about the dress, but I could not bear to fall an iota in his estimation, and let the opportunity pass by. So to hide a small fault I committed a greater, and concealed it, and thereby laid up for myself a store of troubles and annoyances. I hear Sidney’s step in the hall, and so shut my book for this morning, and must put off the relation of Lady Malvern’s croquet party to another day.

WORD GOSSIP.

BY THE REV. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A.

IV.—ON ENGLISH WORDS FAULTILY FORMED.

LIKE very many other things in this world, we must take our language as we get it. A word once really fixed in our speech and literature, if it fulfil the requisite conditions for permanence, that is, if it be necessary and expressive, may well defy the best endeavours purists may direct against its use, if falsely interpreted, or against its very existence, if ill-constructed. It must not, therefore, be supposed that the present paper, while noting some instances of such words occurring in our language, aims at anything further than to draw the attention of the reader to peculiarities in the use and structure of words in the language, which may prove interesting to some who have used such words throughout their lifetime without reflecting on their proper force and origin.

And by words faultily formed, I do not at present mean words formed by perversion of those ordinary and established laws which careful observers have discovered and noted as regulating, for the most part on inflexible principles, the passage of words from one language to another, and from other languages to our own; but rather such words as have been adopted from other languages by oral instead of written tradition, and which in such transmission have either lost a part of their native form, or had agglomerated to themselves part of some other words commonly combined with them in their native use. Before giving *bonâ fide* instances of such words, which are to be found in all our dictionaries, and are so fixed in use as to be for ever incapable of alteration and correction, I venture, as showing how such errors originate, to cite a couple, which I have noted in my own neighbourhood, as being more or less on the way to acceptance by the uneducated, and the first of which may in fact be called an accepted dialectic expression in West Surrey.

A few years ago a young man who had been to sea returned home to that neighbourhood to see his friends. He had been steward on board a West India packet, and his letters led his parents to sup-

pose he had laid by a considerable sum of money. He arrived about ten o'clock at night, in a destitute condition, stating that in our very quiet neighbourhood, and within a furlong of its busiest part, he had been stopped by two men, who robbed him of all his savings and a gold watch. After this adventure he had hurried home more than a mile further, without making any one acquainted with his loss. The tale met with no more credit than it deserved; he had doubtless, as too many sailors do, fallen into bad hands on his way home, and run through all he had. I noticed that the villagers, in talking over the matter, nearly all used one special expression as to his conduct; it was this: "Very strange, sir, that he shouldn't 'a made any sort of *noration*," meaning any sort of outcry, in a place where he could not fail of being heard.

Now the word *oration*, being very rare in modern use, the most likely occasion on which they could have heard this word must have been in church, where, hearing that "On a set day Herod . . . made *an oration*, . . . and the people gave a shout, &c.," they learnt to look on the word as suggestive and significative of shouting, and, ignorant of its structure, misdivided the words I have italicised; thus out of *an oration*, making the new form *a noration*, with a new, but comprehensible sense.

The second instance I give is more exceptional, and from the nature of the case one not likely ever to become general. One of those charming rustic characters whose vanity finds a happy vent in "airing" the longest possible words, used it to a poor consumptive neighbour, whom his clergyman was urging to take more than he did of open summer air. "Ay, George boy, 'pend upon't what parson says is right; there's nothing like nailing that mospher."

Nothing but the context, so to speak, could have explained to the perplexed parson that the new word this circumlocutory linguist was forming meant, "There's nothing like inhaling the atmosphere."

These instances may suffice to give a general notion of the way in which such errors as we are about to examine take their rise. Let us now take a few parallels to the word *noration*.

The word *alligator* has had a syllable prefixed in coming into English use. The word is Spanish, *lagarto*, from Latin *lacerta*, which in sound is very like our own word of similar descent, *lizard*. But the word *lizard* would never have served the pur-

pose of expressing the monster of its tribe, without some qualifying adjective; and, therefore, those who first made the acquaintance of the animal adopted the Spanish name they heard given to it; but their hearers, not recognising the structure of the name, compressed the two words *a lagarto* into one, which has supplied us with a distinct and independent term for that particular lizard which we now call an *alligator*.

Archbishop Trench, in his book on the "Study of Words," supposes *alligator* to be *el lagarto*, the lizard (par excellence), but by quoting Sir Walter Raleigh's use of the word without the Spanish article, he seems to deprive himself of evidence to the strict accuracy of his view.

Louver, a window-like opening in a wall or roof, protected against rain, but not against air, by slanting bars, is another word formed by the agglomeration of the article to its root. *A louver window* (for the word *louver* has no proper claim to be a substantive at all) is strictly *a window à l'ouvert*, exposed to the open air. The French preposition *à* has been converted into our English article *a*, and *l'ouvert* (the open) into *louver*, now used independently of the article altogether.

Chandler again is a word which, in its extended sense of general dealer, has been ridiculously increased by the prefixal of the letter *c*. The word originally is *handler*, equivalent to the German *händler*, dealer; but *chandler* (from the Latin *candela*, a candle, through the French *chandelier*, a candle maker), being found in the language, *handler* was confounded with it. Thus both words were injured, *handler* being misconstrued and almost lost, while *chandler* passed from a definite to a general term, and instead of expressing a single occupation, came to require an explanatory adjective to fix its meaning. So we say a corn-chandler, or a tallow-chandler. It is true this error may have been fostered by the fact, that the term of *chandlery* proper is applied to two trades formerly distinct in England, and still so in many parts of the continent, namely, tallow and wax-chandlery; and distinct names designate these distinct trades on the continent. Thus a tallow-chandler is in French *chandelier*, in German *Lichtzieher*; while a wax-chandler is in French *cirier*, and in German *Kerzengieszer*, or *Kerzenzieher*. But however this may be, the error of structure in the word has proved of practical inconvenience, as necessitating the use of adjectives to distinguish two words, each of which in its proper sense is self-explanatory.

We should think it strange to hear a man say he had eaten two *noranges*; and yet structurally his language would be justified. We take our term from the Spanish *naranja*, probably because the fruit was first or chiefly imported from Spain. The Spaniards have it from the Arabian *nârang*, Persian *narenz*. Naturally, as we have seen how an *oration* may change into a *oration*, so a *naranja*, or a *norange* may change to an *orange*. But this error, unlike others I have quoted, is based on scholarship, and can show a fair excuse for its occurrence. The Low Latin word is *orangia*, unquestionably derived in the same erroneous way as ours. Arabic and Persian being languages almost utterly unknown among Europeans, a European origin was naturally sought for the word. Now the Latins called the fruit *malum aureum*, the golden apple; thence to *malum aurantium*, however barbarous the formation, was no great transition; and thence the use of the adjective *aurantium* without the *malum*, or *pomum*, *apple*, was as easily admitted as, in our own language, China or Delft is for china or delft ware. Thus the ancients, with a certain show of reason, derived the word *orange* from *aurans*; and a very good derivation it was till a better was found, which *nârang* or *narenz* certainly is, both structurally and historically.

One of the best suggested derivations of the word *Haberdasher* (a famous crux, by the way, to the anatomists of English) will show us another instance of agglomeration of the article. I think it was in "Notes and Queries" that I read that a *berdash* was a sort of *neck-tie*; and a quotation given from the *Guardian*, for March 23rd, 1712-13, contains the word as follows:—"I have prepared a treatise against the cravat and berdash," &c. If this be correct, *haberdasher* is a *berdasher*, the agglomerated *a* being aspirated in cockney fashion.

Another instance of this error of agglomeration in the forming of words is to be found in the word *furlough*. Its etymon in its present form may give many an inquirer trouble to guess at, to whom, if the initial *f* be removed, the form *urlough* would immediately betray its identity with the German word *urlaub* (of the same military meaning as our term), but used in early German writings in its true sense, *permission*. (Of course the analogy of our other military expression of the same idea, *on leave*, will strike every reader). But why have we this initial *f* so unnecessarily prefixed to the word? It is because in the German and cognate dialects, whence we have the word (*f*)*urlough*, the preposition equivalent to our *on* is *auf*, so that the expression *auf*

urlaub, used first as a quotation, by hasty utterance became *on f-urlough*.

Without attending to the fact of words in our language being thus frequently altered from a confusion of the article *a* or *an* with the word itself, it would be very hard indeed to suggest a rational derivation for such a word as *apron*. In fact, the dictionaries I have at hand either do not attempt to explain its origin, or give a wrong one. Webster, for example, derives it thus:—"Irish *aprun*; *a*, or *ag*, and Celtic *bron*, the breast." We have only, however, to prefix the indefinite article, and redivide the word, to see its real and almost obvious derivation; *an apron*, *a napron*, French *naperon*, a *napkin*. *Nappe* is the French word for a tablecloth, and the diminutive *napperon* means strictly a *table-napkin*. Having already the word *table-napkin* in our language, *napperon* was not wanted to express it, and was consequently applied in England, firstly to what we should call now a *pinafore*, used *at table*, then to anything worn as a pinafore. By a curious analogy, the French general term for an apron retains a special reference to its first use at table, the word by which it is expressed being *tablier*.

This word *apron*, moreover, has not the excuse for its truncated form that other words we have examined may plead, namely, that they entered in such form through error, inseparable from oral transmission; for the correct form, *naperon*, is actually used by Chaucer; and the fact of its so early literary use should have preserved it from coming down to the present time in the inaccurate form it has.

The most reasonable derivation of our word *adder* shows that it should be spelt with a prefixed *n*, *natter*, or *nadder*. It is true that, besides the word *natter* in German, the word *otter* also is used; but this, as far as I can ascertain by a tolerable induction of instances, is always used of what we would call a *viper*; and the uniform presence of the letter *n* in the equivalent for *adder* in all the cognate dialects would seem to warrant the classification of our word amongst those erroneously formed by confusion of the article. Thus we find in Gothic *nadrs*, in old Saxon *nadra*, in old Norse *nadr* and *nadra*, in old High German *natra* and *natara*, and in Anglo-Saxon *nādre*.

Let us take next the word *diamond*. This word, by a striking coincidence, has lost in all the Romance dialects and in English the prefix *a*, essential to its significance, while in the German ones that letter was retained for ages after it had vanished from

languages which might have been expected to retain it. But the fact is, the Germans received the word as an importation, and kept it much as they found it; the Romance nations took it, ignorantly, for a native term, and took those liberties with it which men are apt to do with the words they use in ordinary conversation. The word is Greek, *adamas* (gen. *adamantos*), constructed from *a*, a privative prefix signifying *not*, and, *damao*, a verb, meaning *to quell*. The word itself then signifies *invincible*, and is well adapted to express the surpassing hardness of the diamond. Now the Greeks could never drop this prefix *a*, for it would leave the word signifying *vincible*, instead of *invincible*; but this fact being unknown to ordinary speakers of Romance languages, who took the word late from the Latin, they dropped off the *a*, and we have followed them. The sort of process of change I have been noting was carried still further as regards this particular word in the Romance languages by dropping off the *d*, and using the word thus formed, *aimant*, to signify a magnet; though it may be that this latter form is a compression of the root word *adamant*, without any previous loss of the prefix *a*.

But as this seems to lead us far away from our proposed subject, let me return to the consideration of another word, the origin of which I have nowhere seen explained. I mean the word *dapple*. The letter *d* is in this case redundant, unless we assign it an iterative force; otherwise, that the word should be *apple* is beyond all question. Some writers have referred it to the root of *dab*, others to the French *tabis*, *streaked* (as we speak of a *tabby* cat, &c., or of *tabinet*, a sort of watered poplin), but no one would call a horse marked with similar streaks *dappled* in our sense of the word at all. The word, as ordinarily used, is applied to markings on a horse's coat of a round shape, reflecting light much as a number of smooth and glossy apples do; and it is precisely from this resemblance that the word is derived. We find in German that the pure and simple word exists, without any unnecessary prefix. *Apfeln* (literally, to apple) is the equivalent for our verb *to dapple*, and an *apfelschimmel* signifies a dapple-grey horse. It is further interesting to observe that the French have the equivalent *pommel  * (from *pomme*, an apple), signifying dappled.

This leads me to a digression upon our word *pommel*, to beat. This verb is not derived from the French *pommeau*, a knob (through *pomme*, Latin, *pomum*), in the same way as the *pommel* of a saddle, &c. is; but rather from the verb *to variegate in colour*.

Thus the expression "to pommel one soundly" is equivalent to saying "to beat one black and blue," to cover one with bruises; not as Webster, for instance, lays it down, "to beat with something thick or bulky," however calculated such treatment may be to produce that peculiar chromatic effect which the word in its true sense implies.

How readily a person who has never studied the history of words will scout the idea of the word *enamel* being the very same as *smelt*; to such the jocose derivation even of pickled cucumber, from Jeremiah King,¹ would seem less unreasonable; yet the fact is undisputable. Instead of *enamel* we should say *amel* (from the French *émail*, Old French *esmail*, Spanish *esmalte*, Middle Latin *smaltum*; all coming from the Old High German *smaltjan*, to smelt, or melt). And, as might be supposed, we actually find the old word *amel* in the dictionaries, though *enamel* has superseded it; another instance of correct literary use being overborne by the prevalence of an error. The French would speak of "a work *en émail*," in *amel*, and English ears naturally confounding the French preposition with the word it governed, adopted and retained the false structure, which now is as inseparably *smelted* into our language as the vitreous particles of which *amel*, or *enamel*, consists, are blended by the action of the furnace.

V.—WORDS OF CHANGED OR LIMITED MEANING.

Passing from these instances of faulty construction, originating as they do for the most part in confusion of sound, and ignorance of the exact form of words of foreign importation, I now come to consider a few specimens, out of a vast number which our language affords, of words which, as ordinarily used, have almost entirely lost their original meaning; and at the head of these I place two which have actually changed places altogether in reference to one another: I allude to the words *lecture* and *sermon*. It is very common to hear a clergyman spoken of as preaching a *sermon* in the morning, and giving a *lecture* in the afternoon; by which the speaker means that the morning discourse is read from manuscript, and the afternoon one delivered extempore, or from notes. The exact meaning of *lecture* implies, however, the act of reading, while that of *sermon* signifies an *harangue*. The only origin of such a singular inter-

¹ Given in Herne Tooke's "Diversions of Parley."

change of meanings that occurs to me is this : that the *lecture* reached its present sense from being the designation of some sort of religious meeting, probably held in a private dwelling or unconsecrated building, for the purposes principally of *reading* the Scriptures, and that the simple exposition of the portions read being naturally far more familiar and unconstrained in style than the ordinary sermon preached from a single verse, caused the name given to the whole proceedings of such a meeting to be applied to the expository part of it alone, in contradistinction to the more elaborate form of address which the pulpit sermon generally does, and once almost universally did, present.

Again, such a word as *buxom* has almost entirely lost its true meaning. Strictly speaking, it signifies *pliant, flexible, obliging* ; but more than the great average of those who use or hear the word consider it an amiable and semi-flattering epithet for a fat and genial landlady. As the word *bombastic*, which we shall consider elsewhere, is never applied to a woman, so the word *buxom* is never applied to a man ;¹ its proper use being more or less referable to domestic intercourse, it is plain that the lords of the creation would not have it applied to themselves, or admit themselves under any circumstances *pliable* by their wives. The average better-half of creation, however, is wise enough not to insist on applying the expression to her husband, being quite content in very (perhaps too) many cases with the conviction, understood though seldom expressed in equivalent terms, that "she can wind him round her little finger."

Such alterations as these I point out, of course arise in the first instance from ignorance of the exact force of words used ; and the right meaning being once arrived at, the wrong usage loses ground ; but there are words which some will persist in misapplying, from a mere notion of fashion, in spite of all explanation. Such a word, to take a homely instance, is *apple-tart*, as applied to what should be called *apple-pie*.

As in matters of attire the highest in the land are the slaves of the lowest ; since ladies, instead of finding out once for all what style of dress is the best adornment of beauty, are compelled by the necessities of the *modiste* to spend their lives in a continual search after impossible perfection of apparel ; so the simplest words are liable to the caprice of that ubiquitous impersonal elf, *fashion* ; who, in the case of senseless perversion of

¹ Chaucer has an instance, however, in the "Schipmanne's Tale;" but there a man is said to be "*buxom to his wyff*."

language to which I now refer, may have set the error going by a misguiding whisper in the ear of some ignorant housekeeper, as she tried to make her "*menu du diner*" as un-English as possible.

And once Mrs. A—— has heard Lady B—— speak of *apple-pie* as *apple-tart*, can the present writer, or even the Philological Society itself (which has published a most interesting cookery book¹), hope to save a good old word from losing at her hands one at least of its senses? Let me, notwithstanding, say a word in favour of apple-pie.

The only reason I ever heard for calling an apple-pie an apple-tart (beyond that of its being or seeming fashionable), is the necessity of distinguishing between a meat and a fruit pie. But when does such necessity arise? We talk of veal-pie, or of pigeon-pie, without confusion, though both may be together on the same table, while a meat pie and an apple pie never appear together, and consequently may both be spoken of as pie without distinction or confusion; again, would not this argument require those who hold it to speak also at Christmas time of *mince-tarts*; and would not the veriest infant resent the injury done to the genius of the British language if called upon to declare that A was an apple *tart*, which B bit and C cut? Surely the common sense distinction of the two terms lies in this, that a *tart* is baked on a flat dish, while a *pie* is baked in a deep one.

The literal meaning of the word *tart*, brought to us through the French *tourte*, from the post-classical Latin *torta*, is a *twist*, a signification very little suited to the form of a *pie*, though comprehensive enough when assigned to the ornamentation of a tart, according to the definition I have ventured to give of it.

The word *tradition* is now almost universally applied to *oral* as opposed to *written* records, and this, in common with many other arbitrary limitations of the first meaning of words, may be regarded as less an error than an instance of the spontaneous tendency of language to let drop what is needless from its resources, while retaining what is useful. The word *tradition* is wanted in English to express *oral*, but not to express *written* records, and hence it is that Webster, in his dictionary, actually limits its sense to *oral communications without written memorials*, a limitation the strict accuracy of which is, however, disproved, strangely enough, by the very instance he quotes in its support:

¹ "Liber Cure Cocorum, circa 1440, A.D. Edited for Philological Society, by R. Morris. 1865."

"Stand fast, and hold the *traditions* which ye have been taught, whether *by word*, or our *epistle*" (2 Thess. ii. 15).

The word *starve*, again, which in its first and widest sense signifies *to die*, has become limited in practice almost entirely to one sort of death, that of *hunger*; and though the occasional (and perfectly correct) expression *to starve with cold* may be cited in refutation of this statement, we have but to consider the meaning of the substantive formed from the verb, *starvation*, to see how nearly complete the limitation of the general term to one particular sense has become.

When we speak of *resenting* and *resentment* we again use a word of general signification in a restricted sense; the primary meaning of the verb is *to feel, to experience*. A Frenchman would say, "*Il ressentit une vive douleur*," for "He felt acute pain;" but we only use the word to express the sentiment of anger, more or less exhibited. And here a remark may not seem out of place as to the assistance to our comprehension of the Bible (and of many old books besides), which we may derive from remembering this tendency in our language to restrict words of general meaning to a single special sense.

We look on *jealousy* as an odious failing, and the jealous person as possessing an odious and miserable disposition, and, if we be ignorant that the word in its general sense means *zealous*, we find a trial to our faith in reading that "the Lord our God is a *jealous* God," and to our comprehension in reading that Elijah pleaded, as a self-justification, that he had "been very *jealous* for the Lord of hosts."

In the same way we might be staggered at finding *indignation* and *revenge* classed as good fruits of godly sorrow in 2 Cor. vii. 11; but the fact is worth noting, that nearly every passion and sentiment in our nature which can be expressed by words, was implanted in that nature for a good and pure purpose, and that it is only the too general perversion of such purpose to one which is baser and meaner, which has made the names descriptive of such passions and sentiments express only what they express oftenest, that which is bad and blameworthy, instead of that which is pure and good. So, though such things as just anger, proper pride, and holy jealousy or zeal exist, we cannot express them without a qualifying adjective before them, since anger, pride, and jealousy, without such qualification, bring only evil things before our minds.

Talking of *resentment* seems naturally to bring us to *revenge*, an

old word to express which has entirely changed in meaning. I mean the neuter verb *to reck*, which comes from the Gothic active verb *vrekan*, Anglo-Saxon *vrecan*, to *pursue*, *avenge*. The word with us now means to heed, care, take (angry) notice of, and has passed this sense on into the adjective *reckless*. The necessities of our language have indeed retained the active sense of the parent verb in the word *to wreak* (vengeance); but it is curious to note, that even in this form the government of the primitive verb is altered by an unaccountable pleonasm, and that, strictly speaking, in saying "to wreak vengeance on," we are saying, "to revenge one's vengeance on," instead of using the simple expression "to revenge."

One important sense of the word *method*, again, is entirely lost; a cunning, crafty, roundabout way, which may teach us how inaccurate it is to talk of a *direct method*, &c. On the other hand a highly strained meaning of a word, whose very structure should give warning against such error, is constantly assigned to *obnoxious*. How often we hear some one spoken of as "a most obnoxious person," though the true sense of such a phrase is equivalent to saying he is very servile.¹ To convey in accurate language the sense in which the word is generally used, the speaker should be careful to state to what or to whom a person is obnoxious.

The common expression, "*to smell a rat*," in the sense of conceiving suspicion, gives a curious instance of restriction of sense. The German phrase, *Unrath wittern*, to smell something objectionable (comp. *to be in bad odour*), is its origin. The privative German prefix *un* has passed into the English article *a*, and this and a perverted translation have supplied us with a phrase very familiar and very comprehensible, no doubt, but still more essentially figurative than its right form would be; for why we should speak of smelling a rat rather than a cat or a mouse, or a rabbit, in such a connection, I am at a loss to conceive.

The word *van*, as applied to a light cart, has become greatly limited since its first introduction; for it is a great error to assign its origin in this sense, as most dictionaries do, to the same root as the *van* of an army; unless, indeed, the figure *Hysteron-proteron* were even more than now applicable to military matters, and the *cart* were literally put before the *horse*, by sending the baggage in front of the army. The word *van* in this sense is

¹ Si aut superbus, aut obnoxius videar. Liv. xxiii. 12.

merely the end of the word *caravan*, just as in the same way we use the word *bus* for *omnibus*. A caravan originally meant a train of travellers; it then came to be applied to a train of strollers, showmen, menagerie keepers, &c.; then, as sometimes such parties were few and could be conveyed in one light waggon, such a strollers' covered waggon was called a caravan. I remember well, when a child, that the word in its unabbreviated form was still applied to covered furniture waggons in the large city in which I was brought up, and that I used firmly to believe such vehicles to have been used by Queen Anne, whose taste was perpetuated by the form of their appellation, supposed by me to be "Car of Anne."

Label, again, is a word now very rarely used, except as referring to heraldry or the medicine phial. Its origin is the Latin diminutive *labellum*, a little lip, which seems very far from our present sense of the word; and yet its history is plain enough. We see in the old caricatures (and indeed in their ruder kindred, the wall frescoes executed in chalk by satirical street-boys), a sort of balloon represented as hanging from the mouths of the figures, on which is written what the character represented is supposed to be saying. This method was formerly used in very much higher works of art, and there are few good collections of pictures in which specimens of its occurrence may not be found appearing in the works of the early painters. This appended lip it was which received the name of *labellum*, or *label*. But, it may be asked, how does this explain our ordinary application of the term to an oblong piece of paper pasted on the side of a medicine bottle? This pasting on is a comparative novelty in compounding. The label used to be a piece of paper, broad at one end and narrow at the other, where it was tightly tied round the neck, and close to the *lip* of the phial; and, in point of fact, we see this practice still prevalent among the apothecaries on the continent, and its former general use among ourselves is amply attested by any book illustrations of twenty years old, which happen to represent a sick-room. The shape of this literal label far more resembles that of the lip-balloons of which I have spoken above, than any of the rectangular slips pasted on phials in the present day.

The fact that the word *tippler*, from originally meaning a publican, now means any habitual sot, may teach us how universally, even in early ages, the tapster became the slave of his opportunities, and may justify the common saying concerning a

drunken Boniface, "He is his own best customer." And the further fact of the word *sot*, which I have just used, having become restricted from its general sense, *foolish* (Fr. *sot*), to signify *a drunkard*, may also show how the long course of years which moulds the members of a language to their modern meanings, can bear striking witness to the truth, that drunkenness is indeed the ruling folly, as it is the crying sin, of the age and nation in which our earthly lot is cast.

The word *punctual* is general in its first sense, though we restrict its meaning to time; while strange enough the term *tidy*, which strictly means only punctual to time, has become a perfect and comprehensible expression for an absolute essentiality of accuracy and neatness; and, in fact, expresses the widest extension of the word *punctual*, as applied alike to time and place and duty,

The word *cant*, which now-a-days signifies principally any expression of shallow and unreasonable bigotry or hypocrisy, entered our language first, if I mistake not, as meaning the whining cry of professional beggars; though its root being unquestionably the Latin *cantare*, to sing, it seems probable enough that it gained its beggar sense from some instinctive notion of its quasi-religious one. If we look at the whole class of words comprising *enchant*, *incantation*, &c., we find them all primarily referable to religious ceremonies of one sort or another; and doubtless, in days when men believed in the efficacy of prayers repeated on their behalf as an *opus operatum*, apart from any sincerity on the part of their utterer, we can comprehend how important a part of a beggar's daily labour was the invoking, or seeming to invoke, blessings on those who gave them alms. This, and the natural tendency to utter any oft-repeated phrases in a sing-song rythmical tone, most probably gave the word *cant* its present meaning; and it is noteworthy that a precisely equivalent word is current now to express the same idea. I allude to the word *patter*, signifying the language of tramps and mendicants. Though this word has of course a different and evident root when it signifies the sound of hail or children's footsteps (comp. Fr. *patte*, a paw, Low German *pott*, &c.), I cannot but think that, as applied to beggars' language, it takes its origin from the *Pater nosters* which beggars used to promise and pretend to say on behalf of those who aided them. Very appositely, though unintentionally, Longfellow uses the term in this connection in his "Midnight Mass for the Dying Year":—

“ And the hooded clouds, like friars,
 Tell their beads in drops of rain,
 And patter their doleful prayers,
 But their prayers are all in vain,
 All in vain ! ”

If we take the common meaning of a *challenge* in the present day, we find it to be a provocation to combat, or at all events a defiance of some sort; the legal sense, however, that of lodging an objection, is much nearer to the original one, which strictly signifies a *calumny*. As, however, our present idea of the word *calumny* is limited to a *false accusation* or *slander*, it becomes a reasonable question to ask, why should we have two words, radically identical, and yet so different in meaning as *challenge* and *calumny*. The history of the fact is simple; we derive the word *calumny* direct from Lat. *calumnia*, in the sense of *slander*; but the old French takes *challenge*, and hands it down to us in another and more exact sense of the Latin word, namely, that of a *denial*, a *legal chicane* or *objection*.¹ Thus to give or enter a *challenge* was first to interpose against the course of judgment; and would correspond with the legal term *demur* (lit. delay), *demurrer* as we now use it; then it was employed (as it still is) to signify the act of a prisoner in objecting to any particular individual forming a part of a jury to try him, and was naturally used in this sense, from the fact, that to make such an objection valid, it was held necessary to show some sort of reason why the proposed juror should not be considered an impartial trier. And here our modern sense of *calumny* crops out again, so to speak, in the implication that a man on his oath was likely to be biassed from making a true deliverance. In fact, the word thus used implies no longer a quibble or chicane, but an expression of *distrust*. And thus we come again to a striking parallelism between the legal and conventional meaning of the word, for *distrust* is the exact and literal meaning of the word *defiance*; and it is also worth remarking, that our language, in adopting two terms meaning *distrust* to express as they do the calling out of an adversary to combat, leave us no others but these for such use; since the proper word for such an act, *provocation*, finding its place so supplied, has set up business on its own account in another line, and refuses to concern itself with the expression of anything besides trial to temper.

Multitudes of words might be instanced more or less striking,

¹ *Calumniâ dicendi tempus eximere*—to speak against time. Cicero. Epist. ad Q. Fratrem, II. 2, 3.

as altered or restricted in sense from their original meanings ; but I shall refer to but one more, the true force of which is strangely neglected. I mean the word *trial*, as applied to *affliction*.

How few there are who talk of their own or their neighbours' trials, who at all think of what is tried, or what the result of the trial is ; how many an utterly godless, irreligious man will speak of his losses, or his sicknesses, or his bereavements, as *trials*, without reflecting that he is talking utter nonsense. True, those he speaks to are like-minded with himself, and understand him ; he takes in his lips the religious phrase of *trial* to express his mere worldly sense of suffering, just as he takes the religious name of Christian to express the worldly sense of Englishman, or European, or white man, as the case may be, but with no more thought of its right meaning than seems to be given to that of grace before meat when the guests are hunting for good places at a dinner party, or to the common phrases (which are so seldom prayers) of " Good-bye," or " God bless my soul ! " but the use of the word trial implies something to try ; and what do afflictions try, unless it be the faith of one who trusts a Heavenly Father ? If, then, a man be without a faith to try, his sufferings are no true trials, and his calling them so only shows that he is adding maundering to his mourning, and confounding the helpless " Kismet " of the fatalist with the believer's confident " Thy will be done ! "



O Day of woe, and unknown agony,
 When by the margin of the shadowy dead,
 The Christ sent up that bitter, sweetest cry,
 Lo, "It is finished!"—Page 195.

GOOD FRIDAY.

BY THE EDITOR.

O DAY of sorrow, deeper than our thought !

When Christ our Passover for us was slain,
When He with price of Blood our pardon bought,
His loss our endless gain.

O Day of woe, and unknown agony,

When by the margin of the shadowy dead,
The Christ sent up that bitter, sweetest cry,
Lo, "It is finished !"

Yet Day of solemn Joy art thou to me,

For to Thy healing Cross, I, weary, bring
My heart's sad tale of sin and misery,
And to that Cross I cling.

I know that there my heaviest sin was borne,

By sin's Atoner, Human yet Divine ;
I see the wounded Side all pierced and torn,
And know the spear was mine.

I trace the print of nails in hands and feet,

The Crown of thorns purpling Thy sacred brow,
And I can almost feel my hard heart beat,
Beneath Thy sorrow now !

I yearn for Rest, but o'er Life's stormy wave

No Rest I find, save 'neath Thy shelter true ;
Here is the Haven, here the peace I crave,
That maketh all things new.

Thy Cross shall teach me all the deeps of sin

That to Thy mighty sufferings brought Thee down ;
Thy death, eternal Life for me shall win,
That Cross, a glorious Crown.

Thy fellowship of suffering here below,

Thy patient love, O dying Christ, be mine !
Then give me all Thy Easter joy to know,
And in Thy Likeness shine !

CHICHESTER CATHEDRAL.

BY MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, B.D.,

PRÆCENTOR AND PREBENDARY OF CHICHESTER.

No event connected with a single church awakened greater consternation in the public mind in England for centuries than the fall of the spire of Chichester Cathedral. The burning of the choir of York Minster by the hand of the mad brother of Turner the artist was comparatively unimportant,—the grand old church, outwardly, was almost unharmed; but the seaman out on his voyage in the Channel, the shepherd on the downs, the traveller by the Brighton railway—and how much more the neighbours and inhabitants of the ancient city?—missed, on the stormy, rainy afternoon of Thursday, February 21, 1861, the tall, graceful steeple, that had slid down, like the folded tubes of a telescope, carrying with it into the shapeless ruin portions of each arm of the Norman glory of Sussex. It thus fulfilled, as occurring in the reign of a queen, the old Sussex proverb,—

“ If Chichester church steeple fall,
In England there’s no king at all.”

Old Fuller records a popular saying, that the master built Salisbury spire, and his man erected that of Chichester; but the Cicestrians by no means admit the superiority of the pride of Wiltshire over their own fair steeple, except in matter of elevation.

The first stone of the new spire was laid May 2, 1865, and the capstone added on June 28, 1866. It was, therefore, no wonder that on November 14, 1867, when again the spire rose in its maiden whiteness, like a tall shaft of snow, above the renovated building, that a crowd such as never had filled the broad aisles flocked in to worship once more beneath its stately vaults. Then a sight unparalleled, and a service never surpassed, inaugurated what, we hope, will prove a structure which shall last to the day of doom; whilst an almost unending procession of bishops and clergy, including nearly three hundred persons, and a choir above half that number, all in pure white robes, slowly passed up the central

alley, chanting the processional psalms with a majestic glorious sound of music, that made the stones ring from wall to vault, vibrating as if in accord and sympathy with the great ceremonial of the day;—a ceremonial solemnly concluded, when, after the whole congregation poured forth as from one voice the grand Old Hundredth psalm, and the last touching strain died away, all knelt in silence through the densely crowded church, all ablaze with light, and the venerable and beloved bishop, holding his pastoral staff, pronounced the benediction before the altar-step. Shall any who were there ever hear or see the like till they meet in the courts above?

Many hundred years then had passed since, on the low, shingly shore of Selsey, St. Wilfrid built his first modest church in 681, amid the group of huts to whose inhabitants he had taught the art of fishing. Eight hundred years before, under the shadow of Bosham church, Harold had sailed away to fatal Normandy; and the minster of St. Peter, in the neighbouring town that bears the name of Cissa, gave up its site and lands to the new cathedral, which, in accordance with Norman polity, was transferred from the insignificant seaside hamlet in 1083. The dedication of Selsea to the Holy Trinity, however, was assumed for the church which deprived it of its honours; but even in 1385, Bishop William Read desired in his will to be buried in the Holy Trinity church of Selsea, as though to retain connection even in death with the elder building. Cathedrals were not built and endowed in a day. Earl Hugh bestowed land for a cemetery, to which King John added a space of twelve feet for shops, cut off along the king's highway under its outer wall, the rents adding to the income of the canons and fabric. A still greater benefactor, and penitent for wrong which he had inflicted on the new establishment, Earl William, gave the fourth part of the city, which had been laid out by the Romans in four quarters, reaching from the south to the west gate, and still containing within the mediæval walls that lie along the channel of the intermittent Lavant, the cathedral, the close, and palace of the bishop. After the fashion of the time, he confirmed his gift by laying the formal deed upon the high altar, along with a silver-gilt cup, destined for the reservation of the Holy Eucharist. His wife, Adeliza, the widowed queen of Henry I., and King Stephen, also added to the endowment. In 1108, bishop Ralph de Luffa consecrated the church, the same prelate who, when Henry I. directed the tax levied on the married clergy to be paid into the

royal exchequer, in defiance interdicted divine service throughout the diocese, and barred up the doors with thorns. Fire was a great enemy to our old churches, and Chichester had to pass through the ordeal in May 14, 1114. The men of Sussex then, as they have shown themselves recently, worthy successors of pious fathers, bestirred themselves, and on October 3, 1148, a new feast of dedication was kept, which, so late as 1682, was still observed as an annual festival. Again, on October 20, 1187, fire ravaged the building, and Bishop Selfrid II. was able to reconsecrate it on September 12, 1199; but this time substantial stone vaulting replaced the old wooden ceilings, in which no doubt the previous conflagrations had found fuel, if not their origin. In 1207 the works were still proceeding, for King John allowed the bishop to import Purbeck stone for the repairs. In 1210 two towers fell. Then the bishop contributed his quota, and every member gave for five years one-twentieth part of his income to the work, and one half of an entire prebend for a year on any promotion or decease of its incumbent; whilst the treasury was recruited by the offerings of every adult in the diocese, who was bound to communicate at Easter and Whitsunday, and pay his St. Richard's monies, or pennies, as the oblation was called, in honour of the recently canonized bishop, commemorated in the Calendar on April 3. In the fourteenth century first-fruits for one year, and a twentieth of all incomes for five years, were again willingly yielded to the fabric. But no inconsiderable source of revenue accrued from the offerings made at St. Richard's shrine. The tall wooden aumbry is still preserved in which his relics were exhibited, with a convenient slit for the reception of money cut in the hand-rail below the door. Before the shrine a harper played and sung the praises of the saint, or welcomed the visitor as when Edward I. bestowed his gratuity upon Lovel the minstrel; the same king who sent a mensura or waxwork image of himself, in cloth of gold, as an offering to the venerated bishop, and a rich present of jewels, which were stolen, and "recovered by miracle," as a state document informs us. In the thirteenth century, on principal feasts, twelve tall tapers burned about the shrine, and one before the tomb night and day, provided by the rents of the churches Amport and Mendlesham; and the desire to visit the resting-place of St. Richard was so keen in the minds of the neighbouring parishioners for miles around, that the pilgrimage on Whitsun Monday ended in unseemly feuds for precedence, in which the long, painted rods

carried by the men were used for breaking heads. It was, therefore, provided that in future the parishes should assemble at ten in the morning by the cathedral clock, with crosses and banners only, and soberly and peacefully, in order of their arrival, proceed through the chancel and nave; having first assembled in the choir, until the very last had found entrance. Hither the gallant and haughty Earl of Arundel, in the thirteenth century, was compelled to come as a pilgrim as one portion of his three days' penance, when he had defied Gilbert de Sancto Leopardo, the builder of Our Lady Chapel, and excused his retainers for poaching with crossbow and dogs on the bishop's park at Houghton.

The glory of the shrine came to an end at the Reformation. Messrs. Goring, Elmley, and Empson spoiled the cathedral, having carefully searched it through and through in 1538. An unpublished document in the Public Record Office contains their report, how they had removed "in a ship coffer fifty images silver-gilt; in a long coffin, where Bishop Richard's bones were, fifty-seven images of silver-gilt; three other coffers full of broken silver; a coffer with three locks, with relics and other jewels, parcell-gilt, of the said shrine, in a little box thirty-one rings with stones, and three other jewels in a casket, and forty-one jewels set with stones and pearls."

Other troubles were in store for the Cathedral itself. About the year 1634, the great north-west tower, shivered from parapet to base, fell down bodily; but happily, in 1684, Sir Christopher Wren, who was called in to make a restoration, was not listened to when he, in his self-conceit, proposed to "lengthen the two northern aisles to answer exactly to the south, and then to close all by a well-designed and fair-built west end and porch." Conceive a Wrennian front attached to the superb west end, and one of his vile porches in place of the venerable galilee! However, matters were bad enough, for the bishop in 1675 lamented the towers rent, the foundations shaken, the cloisters threatening ruin. The central tower had been long a subject of apprehension for its safety—although its wise architect had rounded the south-west angle to deaden the force of the prevailing wind—from the time of Henry VIII., when John Tanner, of Portsmouth, inspected it. In Elizabeth's reign, the plate of the suppressed chantries was sold, and the produce applied to its repairs; lastly, Sir Christopher Wren introduced an ingenious swinging platform, on the principle of the pendulum, as a counterpoise during a tempest. In the eighteenth century considerable sums were

spent on the fabric, and in 1847 a county subscription was commenced, and the works were in progress, when the catastrophe of 1861 occurred, with one happy result, that it accelerated the complete restoration of the entire building.

The Roundheads left their marks on the decayed church in December 9, 1642, when the soldiers of Sir William Waller, who destroyed in his march the churches of St. Bartholomew and St. Pancras by East Gate, seized on all the vestments, ornaments, and altar plate—a dreadful visitation to the dean, Bruno Ryvers, author of “*Mercurius Rusticus*,” who has condemned the sacrilegious ruffians to an ignominious fame. They broke down the organ, and dashing the pipes to pieces with their poleaxes, cried, “Hark how the organs go!” After a general thanksgiving, the sermon—no doubt of an inflammatory as well as lengthy character—being ended, they ran up and down the cathedral with their swords drawn, defacing the ornaments, hewing down stalls and seats, and scratching the painted walls. Prayer-books were torn, and even the pictures of the poor kings and bishops on the transept walls were barbarously misused; the unoffending Edward VI. having his eyes specially picked out because he had established the Book of Common Prayer. Their delight was consummated when, through the contrivance of the unworthy Cayley, member for the city, and the baseness of one of the servants, who yielded up the chapterhouse keys, Sir Arthur Hazelrigge, at the head of his troopers, tore down the wainscot, and discovered behind it the remains of the altar plate, which had been secreted from the eyes of previous spoilers.

The love of the present generation has made good all that was rifled: the tall brass eagle, the gleaming standards for lights, the canopied throne, the jewelled frontal of the altar, soon to be backed by a superb reredos, the gleaming marble floors of the choir and sanctuary, the range of Decorated stalls, denuded of the chocolate coatings of paint laid on by the misguided Bishop Sherborne, and supplemented with richer additions, make the interior far grander than it ever was in mediæval times, when rushes and hay, variegated with ivy leaves, concealed the floors, and base accretions obscured the beauty of the carved woodwork.

When seen from a little distance, rising majestically over the trees on the south, north, or west, the spire, with its double garlands of sculptured stone, seems set in a verdant close; but if, on a closer view, the adjuncts of a garden full of shrubs and

flowers are found wanting, the interesting group of buildings about it atones for the shortcoming. Entering under the Canon Gate, over which was held, even in the present century, the bishop's pavilion, or Pie Poudre court, which took cognizance of the dusty-footed pedlars who frequented the Sloe Fair, kept in a field marked by a solitary sloe tree,—we see before us the fine gateway of the palace, once the prison of "clerks convict," over which the thick masses of ivy begin once more lovingly to twine; on the right is the Vicar's College, with its quaint old hall at the upper end; on our left, we pass the picturesque mediæval Chantry, long the præcentor's house, the modern residentiary house, and the red brick deanery; and then, turning sharply northward, go up St. Richard's Lane, along which so many a pilgrim has passed, and enter the solemn cloister, environing the green paradise, and with a strange arrangement compassing the transept and choir of the High Church, as the old folks still delight to call it; catching glimpses of the superb south window, intricately traceried, and the fair marigold above, called in mediæval times the dean's window, because it typifies his duty to overlook the close. To the east side of the transept is attached the beautiful chapel of the Holy Sacrament, which retains the chimney shaft of a fireplace at which a priest and his four assistants, robed in albs, and working in solemn silence, baked the altar breads, having chanted appropriate psalms and prayers.

In place of entering by the beautiful south porch, with its rich grouping of foliage, and crosses interspersed, we may walk round the outer building, noting the range of external chapels in the nave, which, but for this solitary exception, might be called a continental feature. A shrewd eye may still detect the marks of the gables which once formed a striking frontage, when the pinnacles that divide them also were covered with tall spires. The noble south Norman door, now walled up, the graceful south-west tower, with its long, shapely, lancet windows; the galilee, which bore so important a part in ancient ceremonies, such as the procession of Palm Sunday, or the reception of a bishop, when the choir chanted "Glory, praise, and honour;" the detached bell-tower, perversely called Langton's Tower, although a century later than his episcopate, but with more reason sometimes known as Ryman's; the exquisite north porch facing it, with the watcher's chamber above it; a few slight indications of the great round apses of the eastern end, and the lovely Lady

Chapel, miserably defaced, but beautiful even in its decay, are features which will attract every visitor's eye.

Within, as he enters by the galilee doors, and the great western arch—which an angry bishop, the friend of Anselm, patron of celibate clergy, once barred up with thorns against the laity,—the whole vast interior up to the arch opening into the vestibule of the Lady Chapel, breaks at one glance upon his sight; and so admirable are the proportions, that the height seems greater than is usual in English churches. Remarkable as the mediæval churches are for their acoustic properties, no cathedral or minster exceeds Chichester in the excellence of its construction, every syllable uttered by the chanter being audible at the west door. Extending on either side of the nave aisles, the chantry chapels, erected in the thirteenth century, give an impression of rare breadth to the church; measuring ninety-two feet from wall to wall. On the north are the chapels of St. Anne, St. John Baptist, and St. Thomas and Edmund, the former at a critical period being designated apostle, and not martyr, the latter dedication having referred to A-Becket. On the south are the chapels of St. Mary Magdalen and St. Theobald; and in 1478 the dean was delated because he had removed St. Richard's image, which was fruitful in offerings, from the Magdalen chapel to another site. The remains of small shafts and arches still mark the positions of their altar-screens; and the table, tomb, and effigies of an Earl and Countess of Arundel of the fourteenth century, which used to be described as that of a prince who lived in the woods, the statue of Huskisson, and some monuments by Chantrey, must not suffer the visitor to overlook the long chest that held the processional crosses, or the solitary brass, of Elizabethan date, representing a happy and numerous family at their devotions. The round black processional stones on the pavement, which marked the position of the several members of the cathedral, have disappeared in the present century, and Arundel's rood-screen, in which were altars of Holy Cross and St. Augustine, where offending vicars did penance standing for many a weary hour, was removed during the late restoration, but no doubt will be rebuilt in some other position. The old dean's stall exists no longer, in which the Duke of Monmouth was seated, after he had been received with bells and bonfires lighted in the Canon Lane—a strange reception, after the indignities inflicted by his followers at Wells on that cathedral.

In the north arm of the transept, and on its eastern side, is the

Chapel of the Four Virgins, each of whom had her altar under one of the four windows. Its central pillar, of Purbeck marble, is very remarkable, and the whole chapel has been mistaken again and again for a chapterhouse, whereas that chamber is over the sacristies attached to the southern arm. The treasury remains above the chapel, which long, [until 1844,] served as the chancel of the parish church of the subdeanery, or St. Peter's the Great, which existed in the time of Henry III., and was appropriated in the fifteenth century to the commons of the dean and chapter. In the south arm stood the shrine of St. Richard's head; on the north wall were the famous "kings and queens," or rather portraits of the sovereigns of England and the bishops of the see, which were commenced by Lambert Bernardi (the painter of the arabesques on the ceiling of the Lady Chapel vestibule in the sixteenth century), and continued and finally repainted in 1758 by Tremayne. They have almost perished in the late disaster, but the remarkable paintings by the same artist, executed for Bishop Sherborne, of the foundation of the see of Selsey and the Wiccamical prebends, have fortunately been preserved. St. Wilfrid appears with an attendant in the form of a monkey. Curiously enough, the one fragment of ancient glass remaining, and preserved in Langton's window, contains the saint's arms,—azure, three roundels or. The tomb of Langton, sadly mutilated, underlies his glorious window. A magnificent sacristy, retaining its laver, on the west side supports the chapterhouse, which communicates by a sliding panel with the ancient muniment room, that was long shown as the Lollards' prison. Behind the presbytery, the two groups of fine Purbeck marble shafts, and the sculptures over and about the arches of the triforium, figures of angels, as in the Lady Chapel of Lincoln, and hanging foliage and writhing monsters—from which the first hint of the pendant leaves of Ely may have been gained,—are as of high interest in their department as the high tombs of Bishops Sherborne and Rickingale. The Norman slabs of three early bishops, two pre-Norman sculptures—which tradition says came from Selsey,—the grotesque surfaced boss on the aisle vault, and the incised dedication crosses in the eastern chapels of St. Pantaleon and St. Clement, are valuable as an illustration of carving. At Sherborne's tomb a chantry priest, called Lord Robert's bedesman, [or preclar, from the rosary], daily said mass. At present the origin of the name is forgotten in the occupation of one of the vergers, who,

however, in these better times, has no need, like his predecessors of the seventeenth century, "to scourge out of the cloister all ungracious boys with their tops, or at least present them to the old man of the vestry, and purge the churchyard of hogs, and dogs, and lewd persons."

The Lady Chapel is blocked up with book cases, which, it is to be fervently hoped, may ere long be removed to some more suitable position for a library, and this chapel used for morning prayer by the students of the Theological College. But a small and unique museum will repay the visitor for entering. A little, unprotected glass case contains a Norman crook, in jet or obsidian, that once ornamented a pastoral staff, and another of more delicate design in ivory; a gold thumb-ring, with the serpent-legged Abraxas of the Gnostics; a bishop's ring of the Middle Ages, chalices and patens taken from their graves, and a remarkable cruciform plate of lead inscribed with a papal absolution, addressed to Bishop Godfrey, who died in 1088.

Our space will not allow us to do more than glance at the numerous objects of interest that are scattered about the close; the mediæval walls and round bastions of the early English chapel, and a Norman doorway in one of the canonical houses; the richly sculptured portal of the Royal and Mortimer chaplains' house, and the doorway of the Wicamical prebendaries' house, and the treasury; the fragments of the east window and wall of St. Faith's chapel, its gable standing, with part of its buttressed west wall over the south-east angle of the cloister, which is constructed out of it; the Vicars' hall, over its crypt-like substructure, retaining its reader's pulpit, plate-room, and lavatory; the chapel, hall and kitchen of the palace, and the painted roof erected by Sherborne. Still we cannot forbear to mention, that within the cathedral were installed many a distinguished cardinal, archbishop, clerk, and prelate,—Lord Crewe, Courtenay, the martial bishop of Norwich, West, whose works remain at Ely, Jocelyn, and famous Beckington of Wells, learned Jewell and Gibson, pious Beveridge, Colet, founder of St. Paul's school, King the poet, Oughtred the mathematician, Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom, Saunders, Harpsfield and Stapleton, Henry Hammond and Julius Hare. And among those who have occupied the see, occur such honoured names as those of Pecock, Andrewes, Montagu, King, and Patrick.

Since I wrote my "Memorials of Chichester," published by Mr. Wilmshurst of that city, a MS. volume has been placed in

my hands by Mr. C. A. Jacques of the *Hornet*, which would have been transcribed by Lord Macaulay or Thackeray, to reappear in one of their marvellously life-like delineations of local history, for the most part wearily gleaned out of stray books and passing allusions in a novelist. It was written by Mr. Thomas Spershott, born at the manor farm of Shopwick in 1710, and in 1725 a schoolboy in the city, in which, at the time he was writing, he had been a resident for fifty-eight years. His latest entry is dated 1784. The following extracts will no doubt possess more than local interest, as they give a graphic view of an English country town in the last century :—

“When I was young the City had a very mean appearance in comparison of what it has since arrived to. The Buildings were in general very low, very old, and their Fronts fram’d with Timber, which lay bare to the weather, and had a step down from the street to the ground Floor, and many of them over the first Floor projected farther into the Street. The Shops in general had Shutters to let up and down, and no other Inclosure, but were quite open in the daytime, and the Penthouse so low that a Man could hang up the upper Shutter with his hands. There were very few houses even in the main streets that had solid Brick Fronts, except such as appeared to have been built within a few years back. At the Cross, the house at south-east corner was new built, 1709, the other three corners were of the old low Timber built sort. From the Cross eastward there were only four houses that had sash windows, viz., the ‘Swan,’ or principal inn, which was then quite new; the ‘Coach’ Inn, opposite the ‘Little London,’ quite new or new fronted; the fourth house from the east wall corner, built by Mr. Edward Sanders; and without the east gate, only Mr. John Smith’s corner house, built 1710, near the church cross, for there was no church then. In the North Street there were two or three houses with sash windows. The West Street had none. In the South Street there was one, viz., Lady Farington’s large new house, nearly opposite the Cannon Gate. The rest of the best Houses had transom windows with glass in led, a frame with an uprite peice of Timber in the middle, and a transverse or cross peice a little below the top. There was not one sash window in the city at the beginning of this eighteenth century. The most notable piece of antiquity in the Carpentry way was the house yet standing near the upper end of the East Street on the south side, anciently the town-house of a great family—very large rooms,

and wainscoted with oak. The whole front was of oak, bare to the weather, and therefore grown black with age, the several stories projecting one over the other, and abundance of window lights, with the old small sort of diamon glass. But timber, with mouldings between each light and the whole frames, ye whole front with pillars at the Entrance, curiously wrought and embellished with various ornaments of mouldings, carved flowers, images, &c.

“There were many Blank places in the main streets of dead walls, gateways, &c., that are since filled up with Buildings, and many old single houses were so wide in front, that when rebuilt were made into several tenements. The back lanes had a very mean appearance, but few houses, and bad ones. The ‘Little London,’ in particular, which now appears so gay, had only a few old Houses as it were under Ground. The street was pitched, but very Dusty, with deep cart Ruts. The old Corn Market House stood in the North Street on the west side. It was pretty long from south to north; one side of it was close to the gutter in the Midle of the Street, and the other within about 7 or 6 feet of the Houses. It stood upon posts or framed Timbers pannelled up about Brest high. It had an Enterance on each side, but the Chief Enterance was at the South end, about half its width, next the Houses, the other half being the caige, which was boarded up brest high, and wood Barrs perpendicular above.

“The streets had no paved foot-walks, only a broad stone or two at most of the Dore. The sheep market was but small, extending no further than the length of the dead wall of the Priory close, against which stood the old posts to which the wattles were tied. The road from the North Gate to the river Broyle was deep, dusty, narrow, and crooked, great parts of it not wide enough for two carriages to pass each other, and foot people went over stiles into the Fields.

“Excepting the bishops, there were no more than three coaches, no post-chaise, nor any single horse Chaise let to hire but one, and that a very awkward one, by Mr. Booker, a shoemaker. No road waggon to London, goods then being carried to and from London by pack horses, a set of which went every week.

“There were then many great Drinkers among all ranks of men, and Revelings and night freaks too common. Wine and very strong Beer was the run, and in the Town and subburbs there were 45 publick Houses, and now but 29. Malt was commonly at 2s. 6d. per bushel, and it was not uncommon with some

farmers when they came to market to get drunk and stay two or three days till their wives came to fetch them home.

"The Commonalty were homely and free in their conversation, calling one another by their first name, and the lower sort rude, much given to mean diversions, such as Bull baiting, which was very frequent, and for which many bull dogs were kept, wrestling, cudgelling, footballing in the streets day after day on frosty weather, to the advantage of the glaziers, cockfighting, dogfighting, badgerbaiting, and on Shrove Tuesday the usual unmanly and cruel exercise of cocksailing everywhere, even in the High Church Litten [*the cathedral churchyard*], and many other places in the City and in the Countrey. Scarcely a churchyard was to be found but a number of these poor innocent birds were thus barbarously treated. Tying them by the leg with a string about 4 or 5 feet long fastened to the ground, and when he is made to stand fair, a great, ignorant, merciless fellow at a distance agreed upon, who, at three throws 2d., flings a scail at him until he is quite dead, and thus their legs are broken and their bodies bruised in a shocking manner, and after they appear to be dead, they put their heads under ground, and bring them to and set them up again. And wonderfull it was that men of character and circumstance should come to this fine sight, and readily give their Children a cock for this purpose. This Cruel Practice is almost over in these parts.

"The Household Furniture of the wooden sort was with old house-keepers almost all of English oak, viz., long tables, round and triangular, Do. chest of drawers, side cupboards, with large dores at bottom, and on the top short pillars, with a kind of Piazer and small dores within, much carved arm chairs, with wood bottoms and backs, joynt stools, cloaths chests, bedsteds, with posts and framed head, and testers, all of which were much carved with Flowers, scroles, Images, &c.; likewise the waniscoting was all of English oak, framed with a flat moulding, the pannels all cleft from the Tree. But with younger People it was now in fashion to have deal dressers with shelves over for puter, &c., their tables and Chests of Drawers of Norway oak, called waniscot. With the higher sort of Walnut tree venering was most in vogue, and esteemed for its Beauty above anything else. Mahoggany was not yet come to be in use. The best chairs were turnd ash, died or stuffed, with Turkey or of tick covers. But the cabinet-makers walnut tree chairs, with French leggs, began now to be made. Bedsteads of beech or English oak began to be scarce

and dear; no footposts, but raised Head board and raised Tester hung up to the Ceiling, and abundance of Lacing on the Furniture.

“Spinning of Household Linnen was in use in most families, also making their own Bread, and likewise their own Household Physick. No tea, but much industry and good cheer. The bacon Racks were loaded with Baken, for little Porke was made in thease times. The Farmers wives and Daughters were plain in dress, and made no such gay figures in our market as now-a-days. At Christmas the whole constellation of Patty Pans which adorned their chimney fronts were taken down. The spit, the pot, the oven, were all in use together. The evenings spent in jollity, and their glass guns smoking topped the Tumbler with the froth of good October, till most of them were slain or wounded, and the Prince of Orange and Queen Anne’s Marlborough could no longer be resounded. And with the Higher Rank the sparkling wine had much the same effect. Forreign spirits were not then so much in use as of late years.

“1724. At this election, as soon as the members were chosen, the Mayor refusing the voters signing the Return, the mob arose and brought pickaxes and other instruments, threatening to pule down the Councel House about their ears, and brought them to comply. Also an ox roasted whole on the street before the east side of the Cross, upon a large wooden spit, turned by men, and cut off the spit as it was ready and given to the populace as they stood ready with plaits and dishes to receive it; and several hogsheds of strong Beer in the streets running and distributing. The north walls, walk and ramparts, were levelled, repaired, and beautified by Lord Beauclerk, then chosen member. The row of trees at the East walls were now planted, but the row of large trees at the North walls about the time that the Prince and Princess of Orange came to the English throne.

“1736. The Dark Cloisters, which continued round all four sides of the square quite to the Canon Lane, was now about taken down and laid open to the gardens, and the vicar’s houses were faced and windows put in.

“1740. Inoculation for the small-pox was now first practised in Chichester. About 300 were inoculated, and I think 3 or 4 died.

“1745. The great alarm here of the French being landed at Pemsey Marsh, which news arived by a special messenger from Arundel about the middle of the night, and so carried on to

Havant, Portsmouth, &c. Immediately Drums beat to arms all over the town. The soldiers were drawn up, the gates all shut and garded, no person admitted without being first examined. Messengers sent every way into the countrey to warn them to get ready with all weapons possable. The beacon was lighted upon the top of Rooks Hill, which alarmed the country far round. All were getting their guns ready, casting bullets, &c. Women frightend out of their wits; some fainted away; some ran from their beds into the streets without their cloaths, expecting the enemy to be upon them every moment. Many went to hideing their plate, writings, and most valuable things.

"1762. The turnpike road began to be made from the West gate towards Portsmouth.

"1773. The three gates, North, South, and West, were taken down, which put a stop to the keeping Hock Monday, which was the Monday fortnight after Easter, when the Porters kept the gate shut from morning till night, and every person passing through paid a penny once for the day.

"1774. The footwalks in all the streets and lanes first paved, at the expense of the members of Parliament for the city.

"1780. The number of dwelling houses within the walls 437, and without, total 601.

"1783. The East Gate and Prison over it taken down.

"1784. The great air balloon conscentric from Chichester was sent up from the Bishops Green."

This worthy, simple-hearted chronicler, called his own days the golden age of Chichester, and predicted its decline; however, if it has lost much of its picturesqueness, its neighbourhood and walls contain the gentry whose absence he deplores, and its broad streets, bright and pleasant to look at on a summer's day, lead to many an interesting spot; walls planted with shady trees less modern than those of Chester; the noble choir of the Franciscan church, now, alas! grievously disfigured; the unique Hospital of St. Mary, preserving its nave, with aisles filled with the dwellings of the almsfolk, and opening by a carved screen into a chapel retaining its ancient stalls; the unrivalled market cross, and traces of the camp of its old Roman garrison on the Broyl; while from every point may be caught new and beautiful views of the tall white spire and grey campanile, grouping themselves in ever-varying combinations with the tall mass of the cathedral, the ruddy houses, and the verdure of the trees.

MIRACLES.

BY REV. R. WINTERBOTHAM, LL.B.

No. III.

IN the first of these articles I endeavoured to show that the common definition of miracles, as "violations of the law of nature," was incorrect and delusive, because the force to which they are due (the immediate will of God) is itself ranked among the laws of nature as a known and recognised power in the world, just as much as our own will is : if any one will say that the contraction of the muscles of his arm in immediate obedience to his will is a "violation of natural law," then he may say the same of the dividing of the Red Sea, but not otherwise. In the second article I sought to confirm this conclusion by pointing out how completely both Scripture and our Christian faith are inconsistent with the "un-natural" theory of the miraculous : so far as they constitute a revelation they make us acquainted with a whole world of the miraculous, as really existent, as lawful, and as natural as that we knew before ; so far as they are something far higher than a mere revelation, they actually admit us into and make us partakers of that miraculous world : therefore for a Christian to talk of miracles as contrary to nature is an indirect avowal of unbelief. Nor does it mend the matter to say that contrary to nature means contrary to *ordinary experience* ; for while all nations¹ have believed in miracles, it is the special privilege of Christians that the world of miracles is as real, as natural, and as near to them as the world of physical law. Miracles are as necessarily included in the ordinary experience of those who live the life of faith as they are of course excluded from the ordinary experience of others. There is, however, a certain sense in which the

¹ There could not be a more striking illustration of this than the rise and spread of spiritualism (so called). A senseless and degraded superstition, closely allied to devil-worship, and fundamentally opposed to Christianity, it is yet said to be the most popular religion in the United States ; simply, I venture to believe, because it satisfies the instinctive belief in the miraculous, and affords a refuge from the wretched materialism of the age.

miracles of Holy Writ may be regarded as exceptional; not, indeed, as "contrary to the laws of nature," but as interferences with certain lower laws; not as *contrary* to ordinary experience, but as beyond it. Christianity is indeed essentially and permanently miraculous: the direct dealings of God with men have always been miracles, but there have been times when those miracles assumed a peculiar form of startling interference with physical laws. There have been times in the earth's history when God added to His essential sovereign power as King of heaven an earthly and temporal power, in relation to some peculiar time or people. Thus did God Jehovah become the King of Israel and landowner of the soil of Canaan.¹ As King of Israel He overthrew Pharaoh, divided the Red Sea, stayed the sun in heaven, cast down stones upon the Amorites,—acting in all this as a temporal king possessing infinite wisdom and infinite power. In His eternal and divine supremacy, we ought perhaps to think of His miraculous action as exerted only in harmony with those laws which He himself impressed on outward nature: as King and Shepherd of Israel He put forth that same power in such a way as to neutralize or overrule the laws of physical nature—not suspending them, not lessening their action, but introducing on the same level an infinitely more mighty power to blend its effect with theirs, and so produce the requisite result. To this temporal relation may be traced, as far as their peculiar form goes, the miracles of the Jewish monarchy, whether immediately under Jehovah or His viceregent upon the throne. To a temporal relation somewhat different, and more approximating to that of Saviour, belongs the great outburst of miracles in the time of Daniel, when the national Saviour of the Jews was brought into direct collision with Nebuchadnezzar and the world-power of Babylon. Again, in the last days God was made manifest in the flesh in the person of Jesus Christ, "and was made man," not assuming an earthly office, but taking human nature, and that not for a time, but for ever. His reign was not to cease with His death; His presence was not to be wholly withdrawn with His ascension, but for ever and for ever the man Christ Jesus was to wield the almighty power of God for the benefit of His church and people. From the one fact of the incarnation flow

¹ This simple fact, plainly enough stated, explains much of the strange detail of the Pentateuch. Why should we read in the Bible that a new house must have battlements? Because God himself was the landlord of every Jewish householder, and in the law he had to find the terms of his lease, of which this was one.

naturally all the miracles of Christ. Almighty power dwelt now in a man of like sympathies, like necessities with ourselves; almighty power came into daily contact, *upon the common level of human life*, with care and disease and want and death, and coming into daily contact could not help coming into daily collision too. As man, having the power of God, He became debtor to His fellow-men for the beneficent use of it, just as any one of us for any remarkable wisdom or wealth or power. Thus we can fully account for the peculiar form which miracles assumed in the lifetime of our Lord: there is no reason to think they were at all different in nature and origin from the running miraculousness of religious life, but they showed a new outward form, because *the Power which works miracles had taken to itself flesh and clothed itself in human life*. We may, I think, assume that all miraculous power in these last ages is exerted through the humanity of our Lord. Now that humanity is in one sense withdrawn into heaven, in another sense it is omnipresent by virtue of conjunction with Deity. May we not believe something similar of His miraculous power? On the one hand there is the abiding and objective¹ miracle of His spiritual presence, with all that flows from it, and the abiding spiritual powers entrusted to His Church; on the other hand there are the visible miracles of His earthly life, now apparently withdrawn from us, again to be manifested with power at His second coming. But lest we should be tempted to draw too broad a line between one form of miracle and another, we have to remember that *all* miraculous powers were promised to the Church, and for some time were exercised by the Church after the Lord's ascension. May we suppose that He gradually reclaimed the gifts which were not absolutely necessary, because they were not rightly used? or shall we believe that miraculous agency has been gradually withdrawn from the region of outward life, in order that its manifestation at the end of the world may be the more unexpected and overwhelming? However this may be, all Christians are taught to live in daily expectation of the most stupendous of all miracles,—the visible appearing of Christ, the resurrection of the dead, and the universal judgment; and if words mean anything, they are warned to be prepared to behold that miracle, not with surprise as something contrary to nature, but with

¹ I do not know how this can be objected to: if His unseen presence be amongst us, it is independent of our consciousness, and is an objective miracle in the only sense of the word.

calmness and joy as something long expected and waited for. If a miracle be a violation of the laws of nature, how comes it that we all live in the expectation of a stupendous miracle, far more certain than our expectation that the sun will rise to-morrow ?

I propose to conclude this article by examining the purpose to which miracles are commonly assigned, namely, the "proof of a revelation,"—a statement almost uniformly accepted, yet beset with the most intolerable difficulties. For the purpose of estimating these let us confine our attention to the gospel miracles—the miracles of Christ.

In the first place, the purpose of His coming was not mainly "revelation" at all, but redemption. In the second place, His miracles were not worked as evidences, though they may sometimes have had such an effect. The principal of them, such as the incarnation and resurrection, so far from being proofs, were in fact themselves the great points of our redemption, were worked absolutely in secret, and themselves are the substance of our faith, not the evidence of it. Consider, for example, the crowning miracle of the resurrection. Could any one be so absurd as to maintain that the resurrection was an evidence of a revelation ? Itself is the central article of our creed and of our hope,—the very thing of all others which Christ came to do. Accordingly, it was done in secret ; before ever the stone was rolled back, before the morning light, He had passed himself through the sealed stone and vanquished death. Accordingly the resurrection itself was the great fact which the appearances of those forty days were to prove, and therefore these miraculous appearances come nearest to the idea of "evidence," of all His works ; and yet, to the thoughtful reader, even they are only incidentally evidences of the resurrection ; they are, in truth, manifestations of His risen life. Again, if we take the lesser miracles of His life, it is impossible to regard them as evidences, for many reasons. Firstly, He steadily refused to grant such a sign as would really have been an evidence. "Why doth this generation seek after a sign ? Verily I say unto you, There shall no sign be given unto this generation." Yet on the evidential theory the demand was only reasonable, and exactly suited to His purpose : had He ever worked miracles in order to prove the revelation He brought from God, surely He would then have called His enemies round Him, and performed some undeniable wonder before them. It is fabled of the impostor Mahomet that

he accepted a similar challenge, called the people together on a cloudless night, and commanded the moon to come down from heaven, which the moon did. Such a miracle would have been exactly suited to the evidential theory; such a miracle our Lord never wrought, but *resolutely refused to work any miracle except for such as already believed in Him to some extent*. Faith only had the power to draw forth the wonder-working virtue from Him; compassion and love were the only motives which prompted its display; belief in Himself was as little to be constrained by miraculous evidence as it was to be enforced by power of arms. This self-restraint in the use of the power which dwelt in Him extended not only to the *hostile use* of it (as the author of "Ecce Homo" has well pointed out), but even to the *beneficent display* of it. This is strikingly manifested in His first miracle at Cana in Galilee: it would certainly seem from His own words that He was unwilling to work a miracle. "Mine hour [of manifestation to the world] is not yet come;" but He had been appealed to in simple faith of His power to grant an innocent request if He would; being so appealed to, and having that power, He could not refuse, and so He turned the water into wine, and His hidden glory was manifested thereby to His disciples. Nor is it only in this first miracle that our Lord's reluctance to display His power is seen: again and again we come upon the words, "See thou tell no man,"—words which we *must* believe were sincerely meant, however their effect may have reversed their intention. Or we find Him leading the deaf man aside to heal him, choosing deserts and lonely places to work His works of mercy in. If the evidential theory of miracles could otherwise be established, it is hopelessly incompatible with the gospel narratives. The miracles no doubt did convince or help to convince men in His lifetime, but they were not wrought for that purpose.

But, secondly, even had they been so they must have failed, as *miracles*, to prove His divine mission. The evidential theory cannot get over either the miracles of Satanic origin or the (so-called) ecclesiastical miracles. The Pharisees were able to ascribe our Saviour's works to Beelzebub, the prince of the devils; they blasphemed, not because they ascribed marvels to Satan, but *because they ascribed good and holy works of mercy to Satan*; it was the blessed character, not the miraculous nature of the works which was inconsistent with Satanic origin; for Satan, with all his power, is *essentially incapable of ever doing any good*.

But miracles simply as "evidences" are freely ascribed to the powers of evil in the Bible: our Lord speaks of false prophets who shall show great signs and wonders, so as even to deceive the very elect if that were possible. St. Paul tells us of that wicked one, that his coming shall be after the *working of Satan, with all power and signs and lying wonders*. In our Lord's time miraculous agencies of evil were rife upon earth; demoniacs among the Jews, those possessed of Python among the Gentiles, testified to the power of Satan over body and mind as well as soul; all people believed in miraculous agencies, and were as ready to admit the existence of miracles as they were to refer them to their own superstition. Consequently miracles were valueless in that age as "evidences," for they simply pointed to the activity of some supernatural power, bad or good, which all nations were but too ready to admit; consequently we find our Lord's miracles are not adduced by the early Christian apologists, for they themselves had to allow the rival miracles of paganism.

But again, the evidential theory, if it did not suit the first times of Christianity, assuredly does not suit the latter days. Surely no one pretends that the miracles are evidences now. It may *possibly* be that here and there may be found one or another who has been saved from unbelief by the historical evidence for the resurrection; but notoriously the vast bulk of Christians, instead of believing in Christ for the miracles' sake, believe in the miracles for Christ's sake. The evidence for Christianity as a whole, as an abiding supernatural system, is far stronger than the evidence for any one of the miracles, and actually supersedes, in the vast majority of cases, any necessity to weigh the evidence for miracles at all. It has been said that no amount of evidence could establish the truth of a miracle. This would indisputably be true if a miracle were a violation of the laws of nature, but this incapacity of proof extends only to the delusive definition which has been given of miracles, not to the miraculous facts themselves: regarded as positive facts due to a recognised force and distinct relation they require no more evidence than any other set of facts. The whole dispute, however, is more or less futile, for as miracles have no evidential value themselves for this age, it makes little difference whether, as isolated facts, they are capable of proof or no: if men cannot believe in Christianity as a present and actual agency, they will never believe in it as a past and historical wonder.

Let me briefly recapitulate the objections which this theory is

open to, that we may see how overwhelming they are. In the first place, it is met with the philosophical argument that a miracle is incapable of proof, and with the practical argument that we do not, as a matter of fact, care to weigh the evidence for many a well-attested wonder of the Middle Ages or of our own days—superstitions of religion or of science. It is practically true that a miracle is incapable of proof to any one, be he Christian or infidel, devout or scornful, who does not believe in the power to which the miracle points. In the second place, if it be said that miracles are not evidences now, but were so once in the younger ages of the world, it is met again with the undeniable facts of Satanic agency. Men were ready enough to believe in miracles, to accept them on very slender evidence, but then they were quite as likely to refer them to the powers of hell as to the powers of heaven. The miracles of our Lord, simply as wonderful and supernatural, could not be proofs of His revelation, for they might be and were referred to the power of Satan. In the third place, although no other objection lay to the evidential theory of miracles, yet it is inconsistent with the mode and the spirit of their working; for although our Lord sometimes appealed to His works after they were wrought, yet He sedulously refrained from working them before unbelievers, or in such a way as to constrain belief. The miracles He did He did from quite other motives, and with the constant effort to escape publicity: once wrought, indeed, they could not fail to bear witness to Him, as all His actions did; but they plainly were not wrought as evidences of His mission, or as proofs of the revelation which He brought. For indeed He himself was that incarnate revelation of God; it was in Himself that He came to establish belief, and that belief He would win by love, not extort by force or constrain by astonishment. And does not this one consideration suggest to us naturally the true interpretation of our Lord's miracles? If it be true, as it surely is, that Christ was Himself the living revelation of God; if it be true that He came, not to teach men about God, but to show them God incarnate in His own person, to be Himself their God, their highest object of worship, their source of life and healing and immortality, the substance of their faith and hope,—then the miracles which bore witness to Him can no longer be considered as “proofs of a revelation;” they become something much higher; they are seen to be “manifestations of a Person,” the person of the only begotten Son, who dwelt among us, full of

grace and truth. As this view of His miracles alone is worthy of the majesty of our Lord, so this alone explains all the circumstances of word and deed with which those miracles were wrought, and escapes all the difficulties with which the ordinary view is beset. The miracles of Satanic origin present no more difficulty, if miracles are not regarded as proofs but as manifestations; they are manifestations also, not of God, but of Satan, for a miracle is a thing neutral in itself, only receiving its colour from the character which it displays. The false miracles present no more difficulty regarded as manifestations, for they are self-condemned,—manifestations, also, not of the spirit of holiness, but of the spirit of folly or pride. Nor is it any difficulty that a miracle cannot be proved, that it is worthless to those who do not accept the power which claims to work it; a manifestation is of course meaningless by itself, is worthless except to such as acknowledge to some extent the person whose character is manifested thereby. This view explains also the peculiar manner in which these miracles were wrought, so inconsistent with the evidential theory. If they had not been wrought with strong self-restraint, with perfect humility and anxious avoidance of display, they would not have been true manifestations of Him who said, "When thou doest an alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee." The "See thou tell no man" was as much a part of the miracle as the "I will; be thou clean," for the one manifested His divine humility as the other His divine power, and His perfect humility was as much an essential attribute of Him as His omnipotent power was. The same reason applies to His refusal to work miracles before His enemies. It would have been easy for Him to constrain their deference, their wonder, their homage; easy for Him to be accounted the greatest of magicians, or the "great power of God," like Simon Magus, by a profuse display of wonders; but had He done so He would as surely have failed to found a universal empire as if He had resorted to force; or rather, as it is more reverent to say, He would have denied Himself, for such miracles would not have been manifestations of His Person; He could not truly manifest Himself by miracles to such as hated and rejected Him. For those that already believe in Him, or those that were "without guile" and ready to believe, and for such alone, He was able to use His supernatural power as freely and naturally as His ordinary powers, and so to manifest Himself in the truth of His Person, perfect in power, in wisdom, and in love. The miracles of our Lord were acted para-

bles, living sermons of what He really was and is, the centre of all life and blessing; they were the long hidden secret of God's universal love in Christ, translated into the eloquent language of bodily healing and outward blessing, which all might read and remember. They manifested Him as He was and is for ever,—unto devils as their destroyer, unto men as their Saviour. They were not idle wonders, they were not proofs of a creed; they were manifestations of a Person who dwelt and still dwells among us, in all the power and love and wisdom of God, in all the sympathy of man. Consequently the miracles have lost nothing for this age or any other. They were not proofs to any age, but they are manifestations to all. They were just as useless to the enemies of Christ then as they are to His enemies now; they are just as useful to those that believe in Him now as to His disciples then. For the purpose of manifestation, of telling us what He is, what His power and love is to us-ward, what He can do and will do for us, the written record of His miracles is quite as blessed and as full of meaning to us who read of them and believe as to those who saw them and believed. For others they were never intended.

Here I must quit this subject of miracles, simply asking my readers, if they have felt any interest in the subject, to lay aside conventional ideas, and to think it out for themselves. Especially I would ask them to study the miracles of the Gospels anew, with fresh attention to the words and actions of our Lord in the working of them, for I believe that almost every one will be seen to bear out the conclusions which I have attempted to draw from a general consideration of them.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Mozley and Tyndall on Miracles. An Essay by WILLIAM FOWLER, LL.B. London : Longmans, Green, and Co. 1868.

IN this very able pamphlet Mr. Fowler discusses with remarkable clearness and force, and within the short compass of twenty-nine pages, Professor Tyndall's review of Mr. Mozley's Bampton Lectures for 1865, on "Miracles."

Few subjects, in these days of rationalism and infidelity, are of deeper importance, and there are few in regard to which so many specious, but utterly unsound statements, intended to be arguments, have been set forth. As an illustration of Mr. Fowler's method of dealing with the Professor, we subjoin one extract on the doctrine of a special Providence :—

"The Professor is ironical as to Mr. Mozley's views respecting 'Special Providence.' 'As regards *direct* action,' says he, 'upon natural phenomena, man's will is confessedly powerless, but it is the trigger which, by its own free action, liberates the divine power. In this sense, and to this extent, man, of course, commands nature. Did the existence of this belief depend solely upon the material benefits derived from it, it could not, in my opinion, last a decade. As a purely objective fact we should very soon see that the distribution of natural phenomena is unaffected by the merits or demerits of man, that the law of gravitation crushes the simple worshippers of Ottery St. Mary, while singing their hymns, just as surely as if they were engaged in a midnight brawl. The hold of this belief upon the human mind is due to the inner warmth, force, and elevation with which it is commonly associated.' In other words, if I understand this language rightly, prayer is, as respects things external, an absurdity, except so far as by keeping up a pious illusion it tends to maintain devout feelings. Did we look at things distinctly we should cease to have any confidence in it. As the Professor says, further on, 'The idea of doubt, if kept systematically before the mind, would soon be fatal to the special providence as a means of edification.' The Professor does not tell us whether in his opinion prayer has any efficacy in things spiritual—whether the course of a man's spiritual life goes on according to an inexorable law imposed by God in His creation, but one can see nothing in the nature of things to distinguish one case from the other. If God do not intervene in things external, the influence of which on the inner life is so vast, so incalculable, one does not see any reason to think He should use any peculiar spiritual influence in order to respond to the wants and aspirations of His creatures. Outward events are as much under His control as mental states, and if the world is really in no sense 'governed,' but merely left to work out the results of an unchangeable constitution, it would seem to follow that applications for spiritual help and guidance are just as absurd as applications for interference in things external. The whole difficulty seems to arise from an undue worship of the idea of 'Law.' The men of science of the Professor's school will not allow the Creator any liberty in dealing with His own creation. All things must continue as they were for ever. God is a slave of His own attributes, and

would seem, according to these men, to have no more power than the humblest of His creatures. Surely this is not rational, for the maker of a law may modify or suspend it. The Power which called so wondrous a world into being has, we may well believe, a governing as well as a creative energy.

"Moreover, the Professor, in his remarks on prayer, seems quite to lose sight of the consideration that the Creator may modify the course of events indefinitely, without infringing on any law. Man by new combinations of the forces of nature has changed the whole face of things, and surely the Creator must have the same power to an extent infinitely greater—because His knowledge is infinitely superior in range and in accuracy. God may answer a man's prayer without infringing on any law of nature, just as man can overcome the *vis inertiae* of matter by disengaging forces which his intelligence has discovered; unless, indeed, it can be shown that God is tied down by some inexorable necessity to allow things to go on just as if man had no more will or feeling than a stone. In a universe of rocks we can well understand that there would be no miracles and no prayer, but such is not the case with which we have to deal." (Pp. 21—23.)

The Harvest of a Quiet Eye. Leisure Thoughts for Busy Lives. By the Author of "My Study Chair," &c. London: The Religious Tract Society, 56, Paternoster Row. 1868.

THIS is really a charming book, consisting of papers written in the intervals of parish work, and originally printed in the *Leisure Hour* and *Sunday at Home*. Very truly the author tells us in his Preface that there is in the present day "a want of writing that shall rest and brace the mind; of meditative writing of a tendency merely holy and practical, rather shunning than plunging into controversy;—not the cry of the angry or startled bird, but its evening and morning orisons rather."

The papers follow the course of the natural year, and are full of quiet, earnest, and thoughtful writing. They are admirably adapted for Sunday reading, and we gladly add that they are very readable too.

Bishop Ken's Christian Year; or, Hymns and Poems for the Holy Days and Festivals of the Church. London: B. W. Pickering, 196, Piccadilly. 1868.

Few indeed of all the thousands who delight in Bishop Ken's Morning and Evening Hymns have any idea of the large legacy of sacred verse that he left behind him, and of which this beautifully printed volume consists. The poems are exceedingly unequal; some of them, however, contain gems of thought and expression, and they all bear evidence of the devout and reverent mind of their author. It is interesting to know that they were written in his declining years, and when in much bodily suffering he was looking forward with longing eyes to the rest of paradise and the joy of that Lord to whose blessed service his whole life had been so earnestly devoted.

the Churchman's Shilling Magazine & FAMILY TREASURY.



A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN BLYTHE.

CHAPTER V.

THE DAWN OF A NEW LIFE.

Time passed on, but all was changed to me now. I carefully concealed the discovery I had made. I had once seen on the table at Deanswood a novel, and had asked General Fairfax what a novel was.

"Only a story," he answered. "It is only another name for one."

This was all I had ever heard about novels, save once, when I had asked Mrs. Marsh something about them. She had told me they were foolish stories, that I had better not read.

This had satisfied me at the time, but was the cause, now, of my concealing my discovery. I had got hold of novels I knew, and dreaded, if it became known, that they might be taken away from me, and that was a thought I could not bear.

As to any idea of right or wrong in what I was doing I never gave it a thought. The one thing needful was just the one thing entirely wanting in my training. I read a chapter of the Bible with Mrs. Marsh, as the first part of my lessons always; still went to church with Margery every Sunday;

and still mechanically repeated a prayer every night and morning; but not one vestige of religious principle had ever been given me. I had not even gained any idea of that from General Fairfax, upright and high principled as he was. I had a sort of vague, uncomfortable feeling about my hidden studies, but not much more than a dread of being scolded if I was found out, and of having the books taken away.

My whole life now was a morbid unhealthy dream. I set to work to read through the contents of that chest, in the most systematic way, and every spare moment was spent in the work. I read in my own room, and I carried the books away up to the glen, and read them there, in secret haunts among the rocks beside the stream.

Some of these books were merely wild romances, full of sickly sentiment; but some, I am certain now, were far worse; fearfully impure in their tendency, but I believe they did me far less harm than those really less immoral. Their poison, thank God, could not work, and so it fell powerless, and of them I have retained only just sufficient recollection to feel certain they must have been of the worst possible type. But the others quickened into full activity all the vivid imaginative romance of my natural disposition. It was a fatal discovery, indeed, coming as it did, just at the most critical time of a girl's life, and without one single check upon its consequences.

I had never seen a fiction before, save the most simple stories for girls, which Mrs. Marsh had sometimes lent me, and those novels were to the girl, what the fairy tales had been to the child. My whole imagination was filled with a host of gentle robbers, and courteous brigands, plunging in chivalrous devotion, amid their thousand crimes, into heroic virtue at the feet of lovely heroines; and then came dreams of love, too, and an intense longing for adventure. A longing that I could steal out by stealth, at night, to meet some adorable unknown in the woods, and hear him vow eternal devotion to me. But then would come the disappointing thought that I was not beautiful enough. These heroines were always radiantly lovely, and no one had ever hinted to me that I was even good-looking, so there was little chance for me. I could only dwell in imagination on the bliss that was too bright ever to be mine.

All this went on without those around me having the least idea of the new life into which I had so suddenly passed. It would not have been so, I am certain, had General Fairfax been

at home. A man's eye would probably have read deeper than any woman's; certainly deeper than Mrs. Marsh's, who, with all her good qualities, was a very common-place person. As it was, there was nothing to check the mischief, and in six months after I had found those books I was older than, without them, I should have been in two years. How dull and uninteresting the books seemed now which before I had read with interest! and my lessons, too, began to be very distasteful. I, advanced to dreams of love, doing lessons like a child! I began to rebel at the idea, and to think the time had come when I ought to be released from any such necessity. My singing lesson was the only part of my day's work I really liked. Mrs. Marsh occasionally brought me a new song to practise, and it was not very hard to find, among my treasures, some romantic love song which I could set to the air, and sing, in private, with romantic pathos, to some unknown hero.

My life was still as devoid of incident as before, but the morbid craving for excitement so rapidly excited by my reading was tolerably well supplied by the books themselves. There must have been an immense number in that chest, for, with the occasional reading over a second time of some special favourite, they lasted me for more than two years. Two years of constant poison; though now, as I look back, I do not believe that the chief poison lay so much in the wild romantic dreams in which they plunged me, as in the utterly false, unreal view of life I learned from them because they were my only pictures of life. Had I known a little more of real life, I might have dreamed the same dreams, but I should have known they were but dreams. As it was they were realities to me, and when at last the terrible waking came, there was no groundwork of truth to save me amid the utter shipwreck of all my visions.

I heard regularly from General Fairfax, and wrote regularly to him; and though he never openly expressed any uneasiness about me, I cannot help fancying, from the strain of some of his letters, that there must have been a tone in mine which made him feel anxious. At any rate, he told me, with many expressions of regret, that he feared his absence might extend to nearer three years than two, from the time he left.

The two years had more than passed, and I was nearly seventeen, and had got rid of the last remnant of childhood in the shape of short frocks. I was tall for my age, and Mrs. Marsh insisted that I should be advanced to long dresses, and had, too,

materially altered the form of my studies. I no longer regularly did lessons, only read with her, and practised both music and drawing. This was a great relief to my dignity. Novel heroines of seventeen studied, though they did not do lessons, so I was satisfied. General Fairfax was to be home before many months were over, and that was a great delight to me. How little either he or I dreamed of the importance of those few months' delay!

One bright summer's afternoon I started off for the glen, telling my uncle I should not be home for dinner, and carrying with me one of the last of my cherished romances, which I had not read. My favourite reading place was a spot where I had arranged a rustic seat for myself, just above the waterfall. There I sat, lost in the land of romance, until the lengthening shadows warned me that it was time to turn towards home. The path through the glen ran close beside the stream, which it crossed by a rustic bridge just above the fall; from thence it descended rapidly, but irregularly, to the margin of the stream. It was very narrow, rendering it difficult for two people to pass, where the banks were too precipitous to enable either to step off the path. It was a path, in fact, along which a stranger would have done well to proceed cautiously, at least the length of its rapid descent from the fall; but every step was well known to me, and I used generally to run the whole way down. A few yards below the fall it took a sudden turn—just in the middle of one of the steepest descents—round a projecting corner of rock, while on the other side the bank shelved down, almost perpendicularly, several feet, to the tops of the rocks, which there rose between twenty and thirty feet above one of the deepest pools in the stream. I had often thought, with a shudder, of the inevitable consequences of a false step just there, though perfectly fearless as far as my own safety was concerned. I used, when I came to the place, to catch the stem of a young tree growing at the corner, and swing round without a moment's pause. On the day in question I started down the path, humming a song I had learnt that morning. I reached the point, and had just caught the stem for the swing, when I heard a voice exclaim,—“Look out, up there!” The warning came too late; I was swinging round the rock almost before it was uttered, and came with all the crash of so rapid a descent against some one who was slowly ascending. In an instant I was hurled back off the path, and, *oh, horror! in another moment I was sliding rapidly and helplessly down the bank, towards the top of the crag!* With a despairing shriek I strove



"The warning came too late; I was swinging round the rock almost before it was uttered, and came with all the crash of so rapid a descent against some one who was slowly ascending."—Page 224.

frantically to catch at something that might stop me, and succeeded in grasping a small bush that grew just below the path. I struggled to regain my footing, and then I heard the same voice exclaim,—

“Lie still! lie still! the bush will give way if you struggle! If you only lie quiet I'll come to you in a moment.” I almost mechanically obeyed the tone of command, and in a few moments—what ages they seemed to me—some one, I had not the least idea who, was beside me, and I felt a strong arm pass round me and raise me.

“Now try and recover your footing,” said the same voice, and then added, “Poor child! how you tremble! You must exert yourself, or we shall both be over. I can't get back holding you in this way. Take hold of the bough I am holding, and draw yourself up to the path, and then if you should slip I'll catch you.”

I obeyed, and grasping the bough, by aid of which the stranger had swung himself down the bank, I succeeded, after one or two struggles, in regaining the path. He rapidly followed me, and then passed his arm round me again, for I was trembling till I could hardly stand. “There's a seat here,” he said, and almost carried me down to one, a few yards lower, and placed me on it. He then unstrapped a flask from his shoulder, and pouring something into the cup, he said, in the same authoritative tone, “Drink that.” He held it to my lips, which my own trembling hand would hardly have managed. The flask contained brandy, a thing I had never tasted in my life; and the consequence of the first mouthful was such a fit of choking, as frightened my companion nearly out of his wits; while I believe it tended to restore me to composure more than anything else could have done, by providing me with an instant necessity for an effort at self-command.

“Upon my honour,” he exclaimed, “I am doing a deal of mischief to-day; first knocking you over that infernal place, and then choking you. I thought a little brandy would restore you.”

“Was that brandy you gave me?” I asked as soon as I could speak.

“Yes, to be sure. Didn't you know that?”

“No; I never tasted brandy in my life.”

“Never tasted brandy! No wonder it choked you then. But really I'm afraid you are a good deal hurt. You must be, coming in that way against a heavy fellow like me.”

"No, indeed, I am not," I answered; "only it frightened me so dreadfully, to feel myself sliding down that terrible place."

"I should think so; it was the narrowest escape I ever saw."

"There is such a horribly deep pool just below," I said, with a shudder.

"So much the better," he replied. "If you had gone over, it might have saved you. Water's better falling than rocks."

"But I should have been drowned; I can't swim."

"But I can," he said; "and I should have been in the water as soon pretty near as you."

"Do you mean you would have jumped after me?" I asked in amazement.

"Of course I should. The rocks can't be more than twenty feet above the water there."

I looked at him in silent astonishment, and then began, for the first time, to have some idea of his personal appearance. He was a tall, powerful man, looking perhaps even larger than he really was, from the rough, thick shooting suit in which he was dressed. His face was very handsome, and yet I felt a little afraid of him. I didn't like his eyes. They were large, and a clear dark grey, but I thought they looked rather cold and hard; though I somewhat modified my opinion on that point afterwards. His hair was a dark brown, and no novel hero's could have curled more bewitchingly under his small blue cap. But his long beard and moustache, some shades lighter than his hair, I think, were more attractive to me than anything else about him. I was very impressible on that subject.

I imagine that while I had been engaged in taking a survey of him, he had been similarly occupied on my account; for at this moment our eyes met. There was something in his which I did not like, and I looked down in silence. But when, after a few moments, I raised my eyes, almost involuntarily again, he was still surveying me with a cool, composed scrutiny, which made me feel rather uncomfortable, and I rose, saying—

"I should like to go home now."

"Have you far to go?" he asked.

"Nearly a mile and a half," I replied.

"Then you must let me go with you," he said. "I positively will not allow you to go home alone. This accident has shaken you more than you are yourself aware, and if the least thing startled you on your way, you would find it out."

"What would it do to me?"

"You would be very likely to faint."

"I never fainted in my life."

"I shouldn't think that was such a very long time," he said, laughing.

"I am nearly seventeen," I replied.

He laughed again. "Sweet seventeen," he said; and then added in a lower tone, "It couldn't well be sweeter."

"I don't know what you mean," I said.

"I don't believe you do; but never mind. Just wait a moment here till I get my gun, which I left up there, and then we will go."

He ascended the path to the scene of the accident, I watching him as he went with strange feelings. It was very like an adventure; but then he looked so like other people, it hardly seemed quite right.

He came slowly back again with an open book in his hand, which, as he approached, I saw was mine. I had dropped it at our first encounter.

"Is this your book?" he asked, as he came up.

"Yes; I was reading it up by the waterfall."

"Do you read many such books?"

"Yes."

He sat down beside me, and turned over the leaves for a little in silence. At last he said—

"How far have you read in this volume?"

"I have just finished it."

"Do you like it?"

"Pretty well. Not so much as some others I have read," I answered.

"What do you think of this scene between Blanche and Sir Everard, in the summerhouse in the wood?"

"I think it is very stupid," I replied; "and I am sure they talked great nonsense, for I couldn't understand one half of it."

"Oh, by Jove!" he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of laughter. "This beats everything."

"What beats everything?" I asked.

"Never mind. But, I say, who gives you these books to read?"

"No one. No one knows I have them."

"How do you get them, then?"

"There are a lot in an old box up-stairs, at home," I said; "and I go and take them."

"Tell me the names of some more you have read."

I ran through a list of names.

"Have you read all those?" he asked.

"Yes, all."

He turned towards me as I spoke, and bending slightly forward looked full into my eyes for a few moments, steadily. It was a questioning look, but yet I could not understand it.

"Why do you look at me like that?" I asked. "Don't you think I ought to read so many novels?"

"Oh dear no," he said: "I highly approve of light literature for young ladies. They are apt to be very tame and commonplace without it. But have you a mother?"

"No; my mother died when I was born. But I must go home."

I got up as I spoke, but I felt still very much shaken.

"You are not yourself yet," he said. "You must take my arm, and we will walk quietly down."

He drew my hand through his arm as he spoke, and we walked slowly on.

"Do you often come up to this glen?" my companion asked, after a pause.

"Yes, very often."

"Always alone?"

"Yes. I have no one to go about with."

"Why you seem a very lonely sort of wood nymph. Have you no belongings?"

"Only my uncle, with whom I live."

He questioned me about him, and gradually drew from me an account of my mode of life. Once or twice I saw him look down at me with a half amused look, as I talked, volubly enough, for the stranger's evident interest in all that concerned me induced a very confidential frame of mind. But beyond leading questions, calculated to draw from me further confidences, he said very little himself.

"Is this the manor?" he asked, when I stopped at the gate. "Then we must part here."

"Yes," I answered; "and thank you so much for walking home with me."

"Don't thank me. It surely was the least I could do, after bringing you to grief in that way."

"But it was I brought myself to grief."

"Ah, well, we won't dispute the point. At any rate the accident has secured me a very charming walk."

The look that accompanied these words was more in the style of the novel hero than anything I had yet seen, and I fancy I coloured a little.

"Before we part you must really say you have forgiven me," he continued. "I haven't half told you how grieved I really am, for having been the unintentional cause of such an alarming accident."

"There is nothing to forgive," I replied. I did not know exactly what to say. "I caused the accident by being so foolish as to run down the path so fast. All you did was to save me at great risk to yourself."

"Risk richly rewarded. It isn't often, you know, in our conventional state of life, that one has the chance of having one's arm round a beautiful wood nymph for five minutes together, on first meeting, without unpleasant consequences."

He looked at me again as he spoke, with that strange, questioning look which I could not understand. Neither did I understand exactly what he meant, so I only laughed, without answering.

"Well, I suppose I must really say good-bye," he said; "but will you not tell me your name first, or must I always think of you as an unknown wood-nymph?"

"My name is Legh."

"But what is your christian name?"

"Katherine Sybil. They always call me Katie at home."

"And is your uncle's name Legh?"

"No; his name is Marchmont."

"Marchmont!" he repeated, and I saw he started.

"Yes; he is not really my uncle, you know; only my mother's cousin. But he is the only relative I have. But won't you tell me what your name is?"

He hesitated a moment, and then said, rather hastily, "My name is Trevor. And now good-bye. I hope I shall see you again some day, that I may ask how you are."

"Good-bye," I said, holding out my hand.

He took it, and pressed it very gravely to his lips: then raised his hat with a profoundly courteous air, and turned back in the direction of the glen. I stood at the gate watching him as he went, and now I do not hesitate to say, though I did not know it then, that the greater part of my heart went with him.

CHAPTER VI.

"LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM."

I WALKED slowly up to the house and looked into the dining-room. My uncle was sitting there.

"Why, Katie," he exclaimed, "how late you are! What have you been doing?"

I gave him a brief account of the adventure, but carefully suppressed all but the bare fact that I had run against some gentleman, who appeared to be shooting in the glen, and had been nearly knocked into the stream, and that he had saved me. Our subsequent conversation and walk home I suppressed entirely. I felt as if it would spoil all the romance if I let it out.

"I wonder who it could be?" my uncle said, rather anxiously.

"He told me his name was Trevor."

"Trevor," repeated my uncle; "I never heard the name. He must be quite a stranger. Some stray visitor to the neighbourhood, most likely, who has got leave to shoot there."

"Very likely," I answered, earnestly hoping, however, that he might not be a mere passing stranger; "but I think I shall go to bed, uncle, as soon as Margery has given me some tea. The fright has made me feel quite tired."

This was hardly true, but I wanted an excuse to get away to my room, to think quietly over all that had happened.

I sat down at my window with a strange confusion of thoughts struggling in my mind. This was an adventure—there could be no question of that. Yet, now one had come, it did not seem the least like what I had expected one would be like. To be suddenly placed in a situation of imminent danger and rescued by a handsome unknown stranger, sounded, in theory, the very essence of romance; yet, in practice, it seemed so tame. Had I been pushed down the bank by some furious maniac whom I had met accidentally in the glen, who had then occupied himself in endeavouring to uproot the bush to which I was clinging, and had the hero suddenly appeared, in answer to my piercing shrieks, attired in pink silk stockings and a slashed satin doublet, and succeeded, after a desperate struggle, in hurling my intended murderer over the crag into the stream, and then with difficulty rescued me, I should have been thoroughly satisfied, I believe. But to run against a very heavy man, in a common ordinary shooting suit; to slide down the bank; be dragged on

to my feet by him, and then be allowed to scramble back by aid of the branch he held steady for me, sounded very commonplace. I had not even fainted, either,—an indispensable requisite in an adventure ; though he had evidently thought such a contingency possible, and that was some consolation. All I had done was to tremble very much, and feel very sick and giddy ; and all the remains left me of the accident were some very unromantic scratches and bruises, and a strained arm, which felt stiff and painful. These are after thoughts, however. I did not thus clearly analyze my feelings then. I only felt a vague sense of disappointment, now I had had personal experience of an adventure, which perhaps I should not have felt had my acquaintance with the realm of fiction been a little more modern in its character. Of one thing I had become very fully conscious, however, and that was that imminent danger of instant death in imagination and in reality were very different things. For years after that day I could not stand on the edge of a rapidly shelving bank without a shudder.

The adventure, however, did not, in itself, entirely occupy my thoughts. My new acquaintance engaged a much larger share. His dress might not befit a hero according to my ideas, but his personal appearance did ; and I sat and dreamed over him, wondering who he was, where he had come from, and still more whether I should ever see him again. I recalled every word he had said, and, truth to tell, marvelled greatly what some of those words had meant ; and still more, why he had looked at me as he had done, more than once, with such a half-amused, half-curious look, and with an expression sometimes which I could not understand. I rather began to wish, too, that I had not been quite so communicative. It was hardly right for a novel heroine to be so unreserved with a total stranger, but I could not strike a just balance between romance and reality that night ; and, for the first time in my life, I began to think that the reality had the greater charm.

I had not meant to tell Mrs. Marsh anything of what had happened, but the next morning my left arm was so stiff and painful that I could not practise, so I had to confess the truth ; but I told her just what I had told my uncle, and I do not think a suspicion of anything further crossed her mind.

I longed to go to the glen that afternoon, but yet I could not make up my mind to do so, and it was some days before I did go back, though all that time my unknown hero was little out of

my thoughts. At last, one afternoon I went up there, but how different I felt! I was nervous and frightened, and every sound made my heart beat. Yet as time passed on, and the solitude of the glen was as undisturbed as ever, I began to feel a weary sense of disappointment.

I was sitting on a rock close to the waterfall, sadly reflecting on the fact that I must very soon go home, when I suddenly heard a voice close behind me say,—

“Good afternoon, Miss Legh.”

I started up. It was a fact suggestive enough of what my life had been, that that was the first time I had ever heard myself addressed as Miss Legh. Mr. Trevor was standing close behind me. The noise of the water had prevented my hearing his approach.

“Sit down again,” he said, “I did not mean to startle you.”

I obeyed, and he sat down beside me.

“Are you not thoroughly ashamed of yourself?” he asked.

“Ashamed?” I repeated; “what of?”

“Why, of being the cruellest of wood nymphs, to be sure. Here have I been haunting this blessed glen ever since we met, in hopes of seeing you, and all in vain.”

What a thrill his words sent through me!

“Have you really been to look for me?” I asked.

“Of course I have, and I have been mentally on the rack. I began to be afraid, from your not coming, that some evil results of your accident had developed themselves.”

“Oh dear no,” I exclaimed.

“Then why didn’t you come?”

“I didn’t know you wanted me to come.”

“Of course I did, and you are very cruel to have stayed away. I believe you did it on purpose, too.”

“Why should I?” I asked, looking up at him in unfeigned astonishment.

He looked hard at me for a moment, and then replied,—

“You are a most incomprehensible little witch.”

“I wish you wouldn’t talk in that way,” I said.

“In what way?”

“Why, just as you did then. You are always saying things I don’t understand.”

“Very well, we will talk about what you do understand. What novel are you reading now?”

I told him. “Do you know it?” I asked.

"Yes, quite well."

"Why, you seem to know all the books I read."

"I suspect there are very few books of that sort I have not read," he answered; and then he asked me some more questions about my life. All the resolutions I had been making to be more reserved disappeared, and I was soon chatting to him as merrily as ever. How fast the time flew! and how bright the glen seemed now! At last, very reluctantly, I rose to go.

"Now look here, wood nymph," he said, as he too rose,—“I'm not coming tearing over to this blessed place every day for nothing. When will you come and meet me here again?”

"I don't know when I shall be here again."

"But you must fix a time."

"Why do you want to come and meet me?" I asked, with a strangely mingled feeling of pleasure and dread at his request.

"Because I like to talk to you better than anything I have had a chance of for many a day. You will come, won't you? like a dear good child."

"If you like," I said, in a low tone.

"That's a darling. When will you come?"

I named a day.

"Only if it is fine," I added.

"Yes, I understand," he said, springing down off the rock on which we were sitting on to the path, a few feet below. I was preparing to follow, but he suddenly turned, and before I knew what he intended, caught me in his arms, and placed me on the ground.

"What a light little fairy you are!" he said, still keeping one arm half round me. "We must part here."

"Are you not going to walk down the glen with me?" I asked.

"No, not this evening, it is getting late. I must go in the other direction."

He was silent for a moment, and then he added, in a low, soft tone, "Will you let me have one kiss before we part, little Kate?"

There was a moment's inward struggle between the child and the woman, and then I raised my face towards him. He drew me gently to him and kissed me. The moment it was done I regretted that I had let him, and breaking away from him, I fled down the steep path at a pace I well knew insured me against any pursuit. Breathless I reached the bottom of the glen, and

throwing myself down under one of the trees, I cried bitterly for some time, though why I hardly knew.

I was not happy that evening, nor all the next few days, and often wished I had not promised to go back to the glen ; though dwelling with secret delight on the thought that Mr. Trevor wanted me to come, and cared to come over there on purpose to talk to me. But child though I really was, I still had enough of a woman's instinct to feel that I was doing wrong. That inward monitor, which never fails to warn a woman, at least until it has been rudely silenced, would be heard ; but I resolutely closed my ears, and said, as many another has said, that I would go just that once, and no more. And little credit was it to me that that "once more" did not prove as fatal to me as it has so often done to others.

More than once on my way to the glen the next time I hesitated, and half turned back ; but when I reached it Mr. Trevor was waiting for me at the entrance. He advanced very gravely, and raised his hat with the most profound respect.

"I really was half afraid you would not come," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because I was afraid you were angry with me."

"What made you think so?"

"The way you darted off."

"No, I wasn't angry," I said, "but I don't like it."

"I will not offend again, I promise. I ought not to have asked you, I know ; but you see I am so much older than you, that you seem almost like a child to me, and I really was thinking of you as such at the moment."

"Are you such a great deal older than I?"

"Well, a good deal older in years, and a very great deal in everything else."

"How can that be?"

"Because my life has been so different from yours. I have been knocked about the world ever since I was a child."

"Do tell me," I said, "what your life has been."

"No, no ; that's not a tale for you. Besides, you wouldn't understand. But I want to ask you about another thing. Does your uncle know about your meeting me here?"

"No. Nobody knows."

"Ah, I was just going to speak to you about that when you bolted. I think you had better say nothing about it."

"I don't mean to say anything. I never tell my uncle anything, and I have no one else to talk to about it."

"Ah, that is well. Some day I shall come and see your uncle but not just now."

Gradually, as we talked, he dropped the grave manner with which he had met me, and relaxed into his usual one.

I had gone to the glen that day resolved that I would not go there to meet him any more, if he asked me; but before we parted I had told him all my hesitation about it; been gently reproached for not trusting him; and, in a fit of penitence for having vexed him, had promised to meet him again shortly.

I kept the promise, too, and weeks rolled on, and still again and again we met, and wandered for hours about the glen, or sat talking beside the stream. I was happy enough now, all thought of fear had vanished. My life was a dream of enchantment. He had told me he loved me, and that he should make me his wife some day, though not just at present. That I was to speak of it to no one, and that when the time came he would come to the manor and settle it with my uncle, and then take me away with him. I didn't think much of that; I was perfectly content wandering there with him. He loved me, that was enough for me, and I loved him,—well, let that pass; I don't care now to picture even to myself how dearly I loved him. Let those who can, draw the picture for themselves; if they cannot do that, they would not understand it, even could I draw it for them. How the mere thought of those frequent meetings has made me shudder in after years! and how inexpressibly bitter the remembrance of the entire and childlike confidence with which I told him every thought that passed through my mind. I think the memory of that, and of the laugh with which sometimes he would answer me, had more to do with making me what I became than anything else.

I sometimes think my uncle was not quite satisfied about me. Perhaps he detected how rapidly all trace of childhood was disappearing, and that hardly suited his purposes, but I do not know. My thoughts were too entirely occupied, day and night, to let me notice anything or any one much.

One thing I learned from Mr. Trevor one day, not very long after he had made me promise I would be his wife, which gave me great delight. Strange that it should have been from him I first gained the knowledge that afterwards recoiled so terribly on himself. One afternoon when I went up to the glen, in scrambling down to a favourite seat below the fall, where I had promised to wait for him, a projecting branch knocked my hat off,

and at the same moment catching in the net, under which my hair was coiled, dragged it off. I was in the middle of too rapid a descent to stop, so reached the bottom of the bank with my hair streaming down my back. It was a great deal too hot to scramble up again after my hat and net, so I sat down to wait for Mr. Trevor. In a few moments he came. As I sprang up to meet him he uttered an exclamation.

"What's the matter?" I asked, as he bent down to kiss me.

"Nothing, only I was astonished at your hair."

"Why?"

"I had no idea you had such an enormous quantity."

"There is a great deal too much," I replied; "it is a dreadful bore, especially in this hot weather. I was just thinking of cutting a lot off."

"No, no; for any sake don't do that, Katie."

"Why not? It is no use to me."

"No use, perhaps," he answered, "but a wonderful ornament."

"Is it?" I asked, rather incredulously.

"I should rather think it was, you unsophisticated little being. Why, child, your hair is worth a king's ransom. Many a famous beauty would give half her fortune for it. You need not look so incredulous," he added, "I am only telling you the truth. Very few girls have half so much or half so fine hair as yours; and that rich golden brown, all shaded, is one of the rarest and most beautiful colours there is for hair. I have often admired it, I can tell you, though I had no idea you had so much."

He was drawing it through his fingers as he spoke, with a gentle, caressing hand. I drank in his words with strange delight. I had some claim to beauty, then—something to make me a little more worthy of him.

Some such sentiment I expressed. I was sitting beside him, but rather lower, so my head was close to his arm. He put his hand under my chin as I spoke, and drawing my face back, looked steadily into my eyes as he asked,—

"Katie, are you speaking quite the truth?"

"Indeed I am, Vincent. What makes you ask?"

He still looked steadily at me for a moment, and then he said,—

"Well, I have heard of girls who didn't know they were beautiful, but I never came across one before."

"Vincent, do you mean that I am beautiful?"

"You are a beautiful child now," he answered, "and you will be a still more beautiful woman in a few years."

"You are laughing at me," I said.

"Indeed I am not. I have seen a good many beauties in my day, but I never saw fairer promise than in my little wife."

I was silent, in too great a tumult of pleasure to answer. I had sometimes wondered, when reading descriptions of lovely heroines, whether I was at all good-looking, and had occasionally fancied I was rather pretty, but I had never dreamed of this. I believed every word Vincent Trevor spoke, like the gospel, and the consciousness of beauty brought me now a double pleasure. I was too true a woman not to prize it for its own sake, but I prized it still more for his.

"I don't think you quite believe me now, you unbelieving little monkey," he said, finding I did not answer.

"Yes, indeed I do, Vincent," I exclaimed; "and I am so glad, because I am to be your wife."

He answered me with a caress, but at the same time that look came over his face which had made me change my mind about his eyes. I never quite liked them, perfection though I thought him. They were cold and hard generally, but sometimes, as at this moment, they would suddenly soften, and seem to grow much darker; but I always felt a little afraid of him then.

I was an apt pupil in learning to understand my own beauty. What woman is not? Before night I was wondering how, with my splendid hair; large soft eyes, with their long lashes; delicate features, and brilliant complexion, I could ever have doubted that I possessed it. But I valued it now for Vincent's sake.

CHAPTER VII.

A RELUCTANT PROMISE.

THE day fixed for General Fairfax's return was drawing very near, but though I still hailed with delight the prospect of seeing him again, I felt by no means so absorbed in the thought as I imagined I should have done, when he went away. I had often talked to Vincent about him, and he had closely questioned me concerning him.

One day, about a fortnight before the day General Fairfax was

expected, Vincent asked me about him again, and how soon he was coming.

"He is to be at Deanswood on the 18th," I answered.

Vincent started.

"So soon?" he said.

"Yes. It is not sooner than he has intended all along."

"No, but I had forgotten. Katie, my darling, you must remember you must not say a word, even to him, about our engagement."

"Must I not?" I said. "I wanted to tell him."

"No, you must on no account speak of it. If you do not do as I tell you, it may prevent my being able to make you my wife."

"Very well," I said, submissively.

He seemed lost in thought for a time, and an almost fierce look came over his face. At last he roused himself with a start, and turning to me he said,—

"Katie, do you love me very much?"

"How can you ask such a question?" I exclaimed, throwing my arms round his neck.

"Yes, child," he said, with a fond caress, "but do you love me enough to sacrifice something for my sake?"

"Try me," was my answer.

"It is something more than a proof of love I am going to ask," he continued; "it is a great proof of confidence. Do you trust me enough, Katie, to go away with me, and be married secretly, without saying anything to any one, even to your uncle?"

"Oh, Vincent!" I exclaimed.

"I know it is a great deal to ask, but I will tell you why I ask it. I must not let any one know that I am married at present, or it would prevent my getting some valuable property. Now if you will go away with me, we will be secretly married, and I will have a house for you near my home, where I can come and see you constantly; and then, in a few years, when the only person who stands between me and the property, a very old man, is dead, all need for concealment will be over and I will declare you as my wife."

"But why shouldn't we stay just as we are till then?"

"Because I cannot bear to live without you, my pet."

"But you needn't do that. You can come and meet me here, as we have always done, just as well as if I was your wife."

"No, it's not the same," he said. "Besides, I cannot always stay here."

Still I could not quite make up my mind to promise what he wished. Instinct was not too thoroughly conquered not to take alarm; but at last he reproached me for not trusting him, and that I could not bear, so I gave the promise. Then he told me that he must go away in about ten days, but that he would come back before very long.

"How soon?" I asked.

"In about two months."

Two months!—the words sounded like a knell. He had sometimes been away as long as a fortnight at a time before, but never so long as two months. My tears fell fast.

He gently soothed me, and told me that during that time he would prepare everything for me, and that at the end he would come and take me away at once.

It was a terrible parting to me. In vain he tried to console me; I only clung to him and sobbed. To part from him for two months seemed like tearing my very life away from me. He had at last almost to part from me by force, and then I went home feeling very desolate.

That promise, too, weighed heavily on me. Little as I knew what I was going to do, I knew I was doing wrong, and it made me unhappy. I could hardly even find pleasure in the thought of meeting General Fairfax in a few days.

At last he came, and something of the old familiar feeling sprang up as I saw his well-known face again. He looked so exactly the same as when we parted that I quite forgot how the three years, which had nearly passed since then, must have altered me, and could hardly understand the start he gave when he saw me.

"Is that little Katie?" he said. "Why, child, how you have altered!"

"Haven't I improved?" I asked. "You told me I was to improve, you know."

"Indeed you have. Child, you are the image of your mother, but more——" He checked himself. "More beautiful," I knew well enough, he had been going to say. I had a little portrait of my mother which my uncle had given me, and Vincent had told me I was more beautiful.

"But, Katie," General Fairfax continued, "what have you been doing? You have grown much more womanly than I expected to find you. Why, you are only just seventeen."

"And are not other girls as womanly at seventeen?" I asked.

"Not generally—those at least who have led the sort of life you have."

I laughed without answering. I knew what had changed me, and shrewdly suspected that if General Fairfax could have seen the contents of a richly chased gold locket, which was hidden very near my heart, he would not have needed to ask the question.

We resumed very much our old life, but I often think, though I never asked him, that General Fairfax was not entirely satisfied about me. I don't doubt the anxiety which I secretly felt told upon me to some extent; but Vincent's absence prevented all chance of any discoveries. It was a great trial to me that he could not write to me, or I to him; but that, with my mode of life, was of course impossible.

How I secretly smiled over one piece of information which General Fairfax gave me soon after his return—that he intended once more to try and persuade my uncle to allow me to go to a finishing school for a year. "I go to a finishing school!" I thought—"I who should be a wife in a very few months!"

One day, when I was sitting with General Fairfax, he asked me rather abruptly,—

"Katie, do you remember asking me about your mother the first day you ever came to Deanswood?"

"Perfectly well."

"And do you remember my saying that some day I would tell you more about her?"

"Yes."

"Shall I tell you now?" he asked.

"I should like to hear very much."

"Have you no idea why I loved you so much when you were a child?"

"Not the least."

"It was because I had loved your mother," he said, in a low tone. "She was to have been my wife."

"Oh, General Fairfax!" I exclaimed. "But why didn't you marry her?"

"Ah, Katie, that is a sad story. A mere lover's quarrel, which might have been put right in a moment but for foolish pride on both sides, separated us for ever—doomed me to a lonely life, and sent her to an early grave; for it was grief over that which laid the seeds of the malady which carried her off when you were born."

"How could she marry any one else?" I exclaimed, thinking of Vincent.

"I dare say she never dreamed she could at the time, but people's feelings change."

"I am quite sure, if I loved any one, and anything came between us, I could never marry any one else."

"What do you know about love, child?" he said, laughing.

How thankful I felt for the broad-brimmed hat which concealed my face! I felt the colour rush over it in a moment.

"Your likeness to her drew me to you," General Fairfax went on, "and I was terribly distressed at the life you led; but now I think I feel more anxious about you than ever. I wish I could overcome your uncle's strange objection to let you go away for a moment."

"But why should you be anxious about me now?" I asked.

"Because you are approaching a dangerous age in a girl's life," he said.

"But you are here to take care of me."

"Ah, that is just what troubles me. I fear I shall have to be away a good deal from Deanswood. But, Katie, my child, will you promise me that if you want a friend, or are perplexed how to act at all, you will always write to me directly? Nothing should keep me away if I thought Sybil's child was in danger."

Most willingly I gave the promise, but how I longed to tell him what an unnecessary one it was—how soon I should have a protector well able to guard me from any dangers that might cross my path! I felt a pang of remorse at the thought of how I was deceiving him, my kind and constant friend.

He told me then that he thought he should have to leave again very soon for a short time, but that it would be only for a short time. I heard it with a secret sense of relief. I hoped it would be during his absence that I should fly with Vincent; and I thought it would be easier to go if he were away, than keep up the deception with him to the last moment.

Mrs. Marsh's instructions had been discontinued since General Fairfax returned. He agreed that she should leave. She could not really carry my education any further. He said he should take that, as far as it was possible, into his own hands, and I was a diligent pupil. I did not like the idea of being ignorant now, for Vincent's sake, and General Fairfax more than once expressed his satisfaction at my anxiety for information.

WORD GOSSIP.

BY THE REV. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A.

VI.—ON RARELY NOTED PRIMITIVE MEANINGS OF ENGLISH WORDS.

I PURPOSE in the present paper to discuss the etymology of some English words which, originally figurative, have lost that distinctive character from their general and primary meaning becoming limited in ordinary use to some one or more particular senses to the exclusion of the rest.

The instances by which this peculiarity may be illustrated are very numerous, and any of my readers whom the subject happens to interest may, by a little consideration of the words they use from day to day, or meet with in the conversation and writings of others, discover multitudes of cases similar to those which I am about to notice; which in fact are only cited in the present paper as illustrations of a general principle, the remarking of which may direct the merest amateurs of language to a line of independent examination calculated to afford them very considerable pleasure.

Let us take, in the first place, the word *person*, as one affording an instance not only of some interest in its general use, but also, from the erroneous reference to it as the origin of another word, *parson*, showing what mistakes may be adopted and perpetuated by a neglect of the figurative element which the primary use of the word contains.

The present meaning of the word *person*, is in its widest and most accepted sense, synonymous with *human individual*. It can be applied with equal accuracy to man, woman, or child, of any rank, class, or quality; in its plain form it is more general than *man*, since it can be applied to members of a different sex and a different age of the human race than the word *man* can be; and it is more particular than *individual*, since that term may be accurately applied not only to members of the human race, but to those of any class of animals and any class of things. Again, the word can be used to signify contempt (as the Quakers use the depreciative *that*, saying by little where they wish to ex-

press much, “*That* Isaac,” or “*that* Joseph”); and it may be used to express disgust, as in the words “So-and-so is a most objectionable person.” Again, it may express distinction between classes, as when we are unwilling to speak of a milliner or a barmaid as a young *lady* (though, indeed, American notions would scout such hesitation), and we regard the class as sufficiently expressed by speaking of “the young person.” In this use, by the way, the word implies a female, since the same shade of difference does not need expression in talking of our own clumsier and coarser sex, which may be designated by so many familiar correlatives, which begin in *man*, and pass through *lad* and *fellow* down to the more vulgar but equally expressive “*chap*.” So, again, the word *person* may be used as a matter of dignity, as we say “A person of quality, a person of importance,” where we do not say “a man (or a woman) of quality.”

And yet not one of these many senses gives the slightest hint of the original meaning of the word. It is formed of the two Latin words, *per*, *through*; and *sono*, *I sound*; and consequently signifies primarily that through which sound comes. But how on earth, the general reader will say, can this come to mean our word *person*? And the answer is, after all, a very simple one. In the early drama no such thing was known as a female actor; all the parts were taken by men and boys; and what in theatrical language is called the *get-up* of a performer consisted for the most part in a head-dress representing the character he undertook. This head-dress covered the face, forming a mask with a vast mouth, and to this the word *persona* was applied, from the fact of the actor’s voice *sounding through* the mask. Thus we may note in passing that the term *person* specially refers to the great mouth of the mask, as the word *mask* itself does, if we accept Grimm’s derivation of that word, *masticare*, *to chew*. *Mask* we still retain in the sense of an irregular drama,—for instance, the “*Comus*” of Milton; while the word *persona* still testifies to its original meaning in the expression *dramatis personæ*, signifying the cast of characters in a play.

It will readily occur to the mind that our words *personate* and *personify* refer far more directly to the origin of the word than *person* itself, the sense of which has wandered so far and spread so widely from its root; while the fact of a character in a play becoming a synonym for any member of the human race affords a sort of antecedent illustration of the common adage so well expressed by Shakspeare,—

“ All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.”

A striking example of the earlier and more exact sense of the word is afforded by the following extract from a letter of the famous Charles Townshend, written in 1763, wherein, speaking of the minister Grenville, he says, “ This man has crept into a situation he cannot fill ; *he has assumed a personage he cannot carry* ; he has jumped into a wheel he cannot turn.”

Had it not been that the original sense of the word “ person ” had been entirely lost in the wide meaning now assigned to it, the ridiculous error of deriving the word *parson* from it never could have occurred. A sort of ground for this idea certainly was afforded by Blackstone in his “ Commentaries,” in which he referred the word *parson* to *person*, implying that the parson of a parish was in theory what he certainly is not necessarily in fact, *the person*, the individual of most importance in a parish. But Blackstone, though a good lawyer, was but an indifferent philologist, or he would have observed the necessary connection between *parson* and *parish*, specially illustrated by the existence of the word *parishioner*. The word *parson* is, in fact, equivalent to *parishion*, a compression of *parochianus*, which as a substantive means *one belonging to a parish*. We English have taken *parochianus* in one sense, *parson*, for the minister *belonging to a parish* ; the French have taken it in another, *paroissien*, the inhabitant *belonging to a parish* ; and when our language needed to describe members of the parson's flock, the form equivalent to *paroissien* being already usurped in *parson*, it was obliged to form the word *parishioner*, as implying the relation of the ordinary resident to the appointed minister in a parish. This point might seem hardly necessary to discuss were it not that personal experience has shown me the false importance which may be attached to, and the false conclusions deduced from, a misapprehended etymology. Thus, at the present time especially, when systematic efforts are being made to foster pernicious and unwarranted priestly notions, and when every flimsy rag of language as well as of millinery is invested with undue significance, in order to support assumptions which the common sense and the Christian instinct of Protestant England long since pronounced and will soon again, please God, pronounce to be intolerable,—at such a time it is of interest to those who would make the *parson* or clergyman a sacrificing priest instead of a commemorating minister, to assert, and insist upon the assertion, that the *parson's*

name implies what they would have his nature to be ; that he is, in his priestly capacity, the one chief, prominent, and principal member of the parish, *the person par excellence* within the limits of his cure. But happily, in this case the science of language refutes this argument and the conclusion they would draw from it, just as in the same way the simplest study of the word *priest*, the meaning whereof some either studiously or stupidly pervert, will show it to contain in itself the idea of an *elder* only, quite apart from any shade of reference to sacrificial character.

Very few people in using the common phrase, *to tell a story*, consider how ill the expression corresponds with the first use of the word *tell*. This means to *count*; so *to tell a story* in the strict sense *to count a story* is absurd. The accurate metaphor is, *to tell a tale*, from the act of counting a number ; in which sense the ninetieth Psalm reminds us that "we spend our years as a *tale that is told*," and the Book of Exodus mentions that the Israelites were compelled to deliver their *tale of bricks*. This meaning of the verb *tell* is, except in dialectic use, obsolescent, though we find reference to it time after time in such phrases as "I would trust him with untold gold," or in the theatrical formula, "Here is the sum twice-told." The languages of our immediate neighbours (to go no further for illustration) have adopted exactly the same metaphor ; so we have in French the word *compte*, a reckoning ; *conte*, a story ; *compter*, to count ; *raconter*, to relate, recount. In German, *zahl*, a number ; *zählen*, to count ; *erzählen*, to relate, recount ; *erzählung*, a story, tale.

But in connection with this word I am able to point out a very curious instance of the reversal of what may be called the natural process of derivation, in the formation of an apparently regular verb from an actually irregular participle. We speak of church bells ringing, sounding, pealing, &c. ; so they sound to assemble the congregation to devotion ; they ring out a merry peal for a wedding or a birth ; they are "rung backwards," as the expression is, when in the dead of night some quick alarm is needed ; but there is only one occasion, and that a solemn one, in which we properly can say the bells are *tolled* ; and that is "when man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets." It is true that an occasional misapplication of the term to some ordinary ringing of bells may be cited, but the exception almost proves the rule that the tolling of bells is specially funereal. If we turn to the dictionaries we find no sort of explanation given or reason assigned for this peculiar

use; thus Bailey gives simply "*Toll*, the sound of a bell, giving notice of a death or funeral;" and "to toll a bell is to ring it after a particular manner, to give notice of the death or funeral of some person." Johnson, again, on "*toll*, to sound as a single bell," frankly admits his ignorance of the etymology of the word. Webster, with his usual wisdom, explains the verb as a synonym of *ring*, giving, however, no illustration, but referring it to a Welsh root, "*tawl*, a throw or cast, a driving; and this," he says, "is the radical sense of *sound*;" and he sagely adds, "Tolling is a different thing from ringing," without, however, attempting to explain wherein the difference consists. The true origin of the term, however, lies hid beneath the unsuspected grammatical perversion to which I have already referred.

To toll a bell is an inaccurate way of saying *to tell a knell on a bell*. When an inhabitant of a parish died it was customary to sound the church bell (passing bell) for two reasons: firstly, because it was supposed that the agitation of the air caused by the sound from consecrated bells availed to prevent evil spirits molesting the parting soul in its flight towards heaven; and secondly, to invite neighbours and friends to join in supplication for that one about to depart from among them. At the end of the knell proper it was usual (and is still in many places) to indicate, by some peculiarity in the ringing, the sex and age of the deceased, and this was done by a certain number of strokes sounded apart, generally three for a child, six for a woman, and nine for a man. These strokes, of course, were counted, and had an arithmetical idea connected with them; and thus the knell at its conclusion was said to be *told* or counted. By degrees this idea became confused or lost, and the participle *told* was referred to a supposed infinitive *to toll*, instead of its natural infinitive *to tell* or count; thus making an irregular infinitive to match an irregular participle by a converse process to that so deservedly ridiculed by our great scholar, the late John Mitchell Kemble.¹

¹ "A remarkably absurd practice prevailed during the last century. The truly original and ground-forms of the language having been called *irregular*, a logical fallacy suggested to the purists that what was irregular must be wrong, and the language was inundated with new weak preterites and participles, which have, thank Heaven, not maintained themselves; but we had then such pleasant formations as *sprunged* for *sprang*, *hanged* for *hung*; the wind *blew*, and the cock *crow* no longer,—they now *blowed* and *crowed*. In short, these masters and doctors, though grammarians and lexicographers, *knowed* a thing or two less than they ought," &c.—*Extract from an unpublished review of "Grimm's German Grammar," by the late J. M. Kemble.*

By carrying the history of this error a little further we may arrive at the elucidation of an otherwise most obscure proverb. The strokes *told* or counted at the end of a knell were called, from their office, *tellers*; this term, again, was corrupted into *tailors*, from their sounding at the end or *tail* of the knell, and nine of these being given to announce the death of an adult male gave rise to the common saying, "Nine tailors make a man,"—a formula otherwise expressed by the very vulgar fraction, $\text{tailor} = \frac{\text{man}}{9}$, "a tailor is the ninth part of a man." It was this proverb which afforded such an opportunity to the wit (commonly said to have been John Philpot Curran) who, having been given an entertainment by the guild of Tailors, said at his departure, "Gentlemen, I am indebted to you for some most delightful hours, the enjoyment and honour of which shall never fade from my recollection. Gentlemen" (there were just eighteen present), "I wish you *both* a very good evening."

The game of billiards exhibits another illustration of a similar grammatical perversion to that shown in *to toll* instead of *to tell* a knell. A player is continually said to have *held* a ball when he drives it into a pocket. So universal is this that to say "he holed the red ball" would startle listeners as much as the super-accurate follower of the Greek text did his hearers by reading out "how Ahab had seventy sons in Samaria." Yet there is meaning in the expression "to *hole* a ball," where there is none in saying "to *hold* a ball," which the player does not even touch with a finger. In this case the irregular participle of the verb to *hold* is assigned by error to the verb to *hole*, and this with such complete success as to have actually enabled the wrong verb, *to hold*, to oust the right one *to hole* altogether from its place.

And these few words about billiards lead me back to our special subject through the word *cue*, which we use in two very different figurative senses, both springing from the same root, French *queue*, Lat. *cauda*, a *tail*, though their meaning is almost universally unconsidered. One of these senses is the dramatic one; a player waits for his *cue*, that is, for the catchword of the last speaker, before beginning his part. This might indeed be assigned directly to the word *queue*, *tail*, as meaning the last word of the preceding speaker; but it certainly would be a great strain upon the true force of the French word; and the error of such interpretation is shown by the constant use of the expression, "he took his cue from some one else." It is, in fact, a billiard metaphor, and refers to the practice (alas! so often

necessary in country houses, where glue-loosening damp pervades the rarely used billiard-room, and encourages the leather tops to fly perpetually off the cues which are useless without them) of one player, having finished his turn, "giving the cue" to another, who "takes his cue" from him.

The other sense is very different, though very familiar; that, namely, in which we say, "I am not in the cue for a thing," meaning not in the humour, not disposed for it. Johnson and Webster (who almost literally follows him), having no sort of idea of the origin of the expression, set it down as a mere vulgarity, dismissing any further reference to it in the same complacent way that the first fox most of us ever read of blasted the grapes he could not reach by his declaration of their being sour. But, whatever the ill-comprehended expression may have been in Johnson's days, it is unquestionably no longer a mere vulgarity in ours. In fact, its history shows it to be a translation from the French, and probably to have been introduced by travellers, who centuries ago were more generally gentlemen than snobs; and further, we shall see that the thing this so-called vulgarity signifies affords an actual illustration of politeness.

Suppose an Englishman on the Continent for the first time, and desirous of obtaining admission to some public place to which crowds of people, like-minded with himself, are thronging; whether it be the ticket office of a railway station before the excursion train starts, or the pit of a theatre on the first night of some long advertised new play, he will miss, and to his great surprise, the long-familiar features of the noble British squeeze. He comes in sight of "his" railway station, or "his" theatre, as the case may be, and where he has expected to see a heaving, sweltering mass of living beings, an agonizing agglomerate of melting mortality, the coast seems clear for him almost up to the very door. There are no mischievous shrieks from lads who try to create the idea of some unhappy woman fainting in the crush; nor are there the ordinary facilities for deliberate pocket-picking or the ordinary difficulties in preventing its practice.

Our Englishman is astounded; he wonders at the want of enthusiasm and eagerness in that Parisian public he has always believed to be so emotional and volatile. His first idea is to think how bad a speculation the excursion or the opera will be for its undertakers; his next is to turn back, lest he should be suspected capable of committing himself so far as to patronize

an unsuccessful entertainment; his third is to see his purpose through now that he is there; and so he makes his unimpeded way up to within two feet of the paying-place. There he has the privilege of beholding the ticket-giving process carried on with a sublime and deliberate calmness which augurs well for the early reception of his own long ready coin. One after another negotiates his ticket and passes on and in to the goal of his desires; if patient enough the Englishman may even see one hundred after another pay and pass, and still he holds his place and his purchase-money, and is no further than before. He rubs up his Latin, perhaps, to illustrate his feelings, but the very quotation he lights upon shows he is wasting his time:—

“Rusticus expectat dum defluat amnis, at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum.”

And yet there is no crowd, no thronging, no noise. But what is there? Why, from the pay-place back, perhaps a furlong's length, there is a long, unbroken file of human beings, undulating like a slumbering eel, who are patiently waiting their turn to pass quietly in. Woe to the rude wight who would try to force himself before a single man or woman of the train! the Briton, wiser than he came, goes back along that lengthened line even to the very last, and, if he would get in at all, buttons himself on, as it were, metaphorically, to that last man, and waits his turn. There is not one there less eager for entrance than himself; but all know that the best way to secure such entrance is this quiet method which social good sense has sanctioned, and trusts to public opinion, a judge inexorable as Pluto, to enforce the fair decree, “first come first served.”

This single file of human beings is called in French the *queue*, or *tail*. Of course, no one who has no desire to get a ticket chooses to stand behind another's back from five to fifty minutes for nothing; so that it is a fair presumption that every member of the line wishes to procure a ticket for whatever is going on, and is disposed, or, as we may say, *in the humour* to attend the performance. Those who are not so pass on their way; and so to be disposed and anxious for a thing is expressed by the saying “*to be in the queue for it*,” and to be not disposed for it is “not to be in the queue for it.”

So excellent is this institution, and so well does it work abroad, that I am sure few will be disposed, now they understand the term with which it has furnished us, to agree with Johnson and Webster in calling it a vulgar, low expression;

while undoubtedly many who can recall their sufferings in a rude, surging mob of British sight-seers would be glad in this respect of a little foreign vulgarity asserting its presence. Even as I write I seem to feel still the pangs of pain and indignation I suffered many years ago in a Jenny Lind squeeze, such as Dicky Doyle the unsurpassable has depicted in "Manners and Customs of ye Englishe." I had stood at the entrance of the concert-room nearly an hour before the doors were open and the ugly rush took place; in the many surgings of the mighty crowd I had actually laboured to assist and protect two (I was going to say ladies, but ladies are grateful; I can't say young persons, for they weren't young; nor can I say women, for that is considered a slight; or females, for such persons are no longer supposed to exist),—well, two individuals of a different sex from my own. Though admitting, as the rest of the crowd insisted, that persons of that sex should have stayed out of such a crush, I had to deal with the fact of their presence, and had done my best to keep the pressure off them; I had remonstrated with a big man, ridiculed a middle-sized man, and bravely smashed the hat of a little man among those who "scrowdged" them; and will it be believed that when the doors at length were opened, and the suffocating crush of human beings began to gurgle through the narrow passage like the wine out of a bottle turned upside down, one of those miserable wretches I had so chivalrously defended, in her base selfish eagerness to advance, planted and worked, as a carpenter might a bradawl, her preternaturally sharp elbow deep into my backbone? I seemed to hear the cartilages creaking, while her penetrating ulna dug between my vertebræ as the stock of a plough struggles against great stones in the furrow; I had no time to turn, no room to fly, no breath to remonstrate; I could only rage and suffer, as I did in fact, and as I have often done since in recollection of my usage; and, alas! on comparison of notes, I fear my painful experience is but too often and too accurately paralleled by that of my compatriots. But perhaps my readers are not *in the cue* for so long a digression *à propos* of explaining the term; let me merely say, in taking leave of it, that we have a parallel expression to the French one, though not so distinctly demonstrable. The British foot-crowd still throngs, presses, tramples, but the French fashion is followed as it has been for centuries by carriages. Go down Langham Place about half-past ten on the night of some popular concert at St. James's Hall, and you will see the *queue* of carriages already be-

ginning there, and fringing the footway in its single file through all the length of Regent Street. Now this is called "*the line*," and you know we often use as an expression of disinclination for any course or proceeding the expression, "it is not in my line at all."

As the game of billiards has supplied two phrases for our examination, so we may also draw a couple from the game of backgammon. How many people talk of "turning the tables," without an idea that they are using a figure of speech drawn from that game! We talk of a cribbage-board, a Pope Joan board, a chess-board; a backgammon-board; but it is only in reference to the last that we use the word *tables* at all, and then as referring to that part of the board specially belonging to each competitor. And this is, in fact, the last remnant of the ancient name of the game. The word *backgammon* means "the game (*gamon*) of the trough (*bac*)," which is a correct descriptive term for the pastime; but in early times it was universally known as the *game of tables*. Now even supposing a chess-board to have been called a *table*, it never could have been called by the plural name *tables*, and our adage is universally *to turn the tables*; and practically to turn the tables, or backgammon-board, is entirely to reverse the relative positions of two antagonists.

The accuracy of this derivation is obvious, once we become aware of the fact that *backgammon* went by the name of the game of tables; but the derivation of our expression "to hit a *blot*," a metaphor taken from the same game, may not be so generally admitted.

Johnson refers the word *blot* to the French *blottir*; which, however, only exists as a reflexive verb, *se blottir*, to *squat, crouch, cover*. How on earth this gives any idea such as we can connect with a blot on a copy, a blot on one's escutcheon, &c., I am unable to apprehend. Webster, again, gives as its etymon the Gothic *blauthjan, to stain*; while Richardson, following Horne Tooke in his "Diversions of Purley," makes it equivalent to *be-hlot*, which he says is the regular past participle of the verb *be-hlidan* (lit., *be-lid*), to cover; adding that "a blot upon anything extends just as far as that thing is covered and no further."

Now how is this to explain the meaning of a *blot* at backgammon, when we know that the fact of being covered or not makes all the difference between a *point* or a *blot* in that game, and that a blot is precisely that which is not covered at all?

Johnson does not attempt an explanation; and, indeed, where he would draw the common meaning of the word from the French *blottir*, to crouch, no lucid interpretation of the backgammon sense can be expected. He merely gives the backgammon use without comment, and Webster simply quotes his words. Richardson, in turn, ignores that use altogether, not referring to backgammon at all, or noting our common phrase of "hitting a blot," for finding out a weak place in anything; neither does Horne Tooke make any reference to the term.

Now the confusion of the two first-mentioned, and the silence of the two last, are caused by overlooking a simple fact which it is very important should be kept in view by all etymological inquirers; and that is, that in very many cases words exactly the same in form are different in sense, having entered our language, as it were, from different directions. This fact appears in the two senses of the word blot: rational explanations of the ordinary sense and its origin are given; but the meaning of the word as a term of backgammon implying exposure cannot possibly be referred to a root implying *to cover*. In the backgammon sense *blot* is cognate with the German *blosz*, *naked*, *bare*; and on turning to the dictionary we find that a *blot* at backgammon is expressed in German by the word *blösze*, lit., *nakedness*, *exposure*; while our very phrase, "*to hit a blot*," is literally identical with the German one, "*eine Blösze treffen*."

The word *period*, again, except in scientific use, is one which has lost all immediate connection with its radical and original sense. As referred to time we may say (and do say very often), English literature may be classed under three *periods*: from Chaucer to the Reformation (say 1350 to 1520, 170 years), from the Reformation to Milton (say 1520 to 1660, 130 years), and from Milton's time to ours (say 200 years); and the use of this expression, which the necessities of our language have rendered universal, is still inaccurate: while if we speak of a number of periods of time of equal length, such as centuries, years, months, weeks, we shall be using the word with perfect accuracy. For we take it metaphorically from its astronomical use, which expresses the recurring and equal measures of time taken by a heavenly body to complete its orbits; and our substantive and adjective, *periodical*, still retains the accurate astronomical idea which the word suggests. But our use of the word *period* in the sense of punctuation is still more involved. When a planet has completed an observed circuit it does not cease to revolve, but

nevertheless the idea of completion has so far and so generally suggested the idea of cessation, that we actually have taken the word implying the planet's entire circuit to express our notion of its conclusion only, and close a sentence with a full stop under the name of a period. The establishment of this sense, again, has given us another metaphor, and from the use of a period or full stop in writing we have learnt, in the sense of terminating or checking any course of proceeding, to speak of putting a *period* or a *stop* to it. We may further note in this case (as may be noted also in numberless others) how by some unconscious instinct of accuracy, when the original sense of a word has become lost in its metaphorical one, the words used in connection with it are still suited to the primitive though forgotten idea; for the word *period* implies a circuit, a course *round* a centre, and to express smoothness and accuracy of a writer's sentences we constantly speak of his *periods* being well *rounded*.

We use the word *salient* in two senses, either as *assailable* or *projecting*; thus we speak, and quite correctly, of a *salient angle*, that is of an angle projecting from a mathematical figure, or from a fortification. The meaning of the word itself is literally *leaping*, from Latin *salire*, to spring; and the analogy of the German language shows us a literal translation of the Latin term in the expression of *herausspringender Winkel* (outleaping angle) for a projecting or salient angle. But the use of the word in the sense of *assailable*—as, for instance, when we say “a *salient point* in his argument was so-and-so”—has no such justification, if we mean to say that such a point was weak and vulnerable. An angle may jut out, a mere point cannot; and the fact is, that in such an expression we are using, without knowing it, a medical metaphor to express a *vital* and so a vulnerable point. The expression “*punctum saliens*,” in its proper use, signifies “a throbbing, pulsating spot,” such as the heart in an embryo, in strict accordance with which sense we are familiar with the phrase “a *bounding pulse*.” Thus the original meaning of the term, which now seems quite neglected, is that of a *vital point* in the sense of importance, not of vulnerability; so that, to be accurate, the salient point of an argument, so far from signifying its weakness, should imply its essential strength,—the very thing which proves its life, instead of that which exposes it to destruction.

Multitudes, again, speak of a person aiming “point-blank” at an object, without entertaining or conveying the slightest idea of a

laborious and minute calculation. Yet the origin of the word *aim* (Lat. *æs-timo*, estimate) implies the computation of a money value, and from first signifying a counting of cost has come to mean the preliminary steps of an actual calculation. *Point-blank*, again, is an artillerist's metaphor (I use the word artillerist in its general sense, as referring to the whole science of projectiles), and owes its origin as a distinctive term to the almost instinctive appreciation of the nature of a parabola. These days of rifle-shooting have made every one familiar with the fact that the further a projectile is to be carried, the higher angle with the plane of the horizon must be made by the weapon from which it is projected. This angle is, of course, scientifically speaking, a matter of exact calculation, and a certain degree of elevation must be given to a weapon intended to carry any considerable distance; but where the distance is very short this degree of elevation becomes absolutely incalculable; and while the elevation for long shots is spoken of as reaching some certain point of the quadrant, whether an angle of one, five, or ten, a shot directly straight can have no index of elevation, and its deviation from the plane of the horizon being practically nothing, the words *point blank* accurately and formally express its direction.

The two senses in which we use the word *engross* spring from two different uses of the same French term. The root is that of Latin *crassus*, thick, and Teutonic *grosz*, great (the interchangeability of which is remarkable in the German phrase *Crassdummheit*, *gross stupidity*). The scrivener's sense of the word *engross* is now almost entirely limited to writing on parchment, as distinguished from writing on paper; the distinction being, however, an altogether arbitrary one, probably arising from the greater amount of flourishing and penmanship exerted on a parchment calculated to last for ages than on the more perishable substance of paper.

The initial and leading words were written in old deeds in very large and highly ornamented characters, which required in many places to be rather painted than written with ink, in order to make the strokes sufficiently thick. Naturally such writing would be called *thick* (French *gros*) for distinction's sake, and the act of doing so received the name of *engrossing*. Another explanation of how it came specially to mean parchment-writing may be found in the fact, that while the body of a deed may be written by any clerk, the large initials, the letters strictly *en gros*,

in the thick style, are generally executed by a person who makes such work his special occupation.

But our expression to engross, in the sense of monopolizing and usurping, comes from another meaning of the French phrase ; for *en gros* signifies *wholesale* as opposed to *retail*, and thus has given a metaphorical signification for the act of buying up or collecting anything firstly in extensive, and then in unreasonable proportion.

The verb to *repair*, in the sense of movement, has almost totally lost its distinctive force ; and the confusion of its use may give us a warning against supplanting good, sensible, unequivocal English words by ill-comprehended importations. By saying, for instance, "Luther repaired to Rome," instead of Luther went (or journeyed) to Rome, we commit a blunder, sanctioned perhaps by prescription, but none the less on that account a blunder ; for to *repair* means *to return home* ; Lat. *repatriare*, lit., *to go back to one's fatherland* ; and the French term of chase which gives *repaire* as meaning the den of a wild animal, implying thus a settled abode, conveys the exact idea of the original. Thus, by a slight stretch of the figure, a regiment may be said to repair to its barracks, a king to his palace, a courtier to court (supposing him able to feel really at home there) ; but no one who values the fitness of words would feel justified in saying that "a regiment, a king, or a courtier *repaired* to a review."

MISCHIEF-MAKING.

BY G. STANLEY ARNOLD, LL.B.

"A FROWARD man soweth strife; and a whisperer separateth chief friends." So said Solomon three thousand years ago; by which fact it would appear, that whatever, in other respects, progressive development may have done for the human species, in the matter of mischief-making, it has left them very much in the same position as they stood then. The Book of Proverbs is by no means generally popular; and it is no uncommon thing to hear it spoken of in a way which gives rise, at least, to a suspicion that, but for its admitted place in the sacred canon, Solomon would have been as severely handled for writing it as La Rochefoucauld has been on account of his celebrated maxims. Nor is it by any means hard to see a reason for this. If any one, however, will study the book with the attention it deserves, he will readily arrive at two conclusions; one, that not the least part of the wisdom of the wise king lay in his deep knowledge of human nature; the other, that mischief-making was quite as common an occupation in his time as in our own.

Let not any one, whose conscience tells him he is not quite guiltless on this point, sit down to such a study with the idea that he will find, in the Proverbs, loving, tenderly worded remonstrances on the subject. Solomon does not in the least care about making the truth palatable; and, unless the moral hide of the mischief-maker be something akin to that of a rhinoceros, he will probably feel much inclined to start up from his perusal, exclaiming, in the words of the elfin dwarf,—

"Man of age, thou smitest sore."

And of all classes of offenders mischief-makers do deserve to be sorest smitten, because of the untold evil which they work with little or no provocation. Many a hapless sinner, over whose enormities the world has burst into one of those periodical fits of austere morality which Lord Macaulay has so severely lashed, could plead long and sore temptation in extenuation of his offences; but who can plead any very severe strain on human

frailty as an excuse for those idle words or scandalous stories which only too often form the seed of so abundant a harvest of sorrow and suffering?

On this very subject of mischief-making current morality is rather a melancholy specimen of human reasoning. Mischief-makers would probably be very indignant at being told that they are swindlers, and swindlers of the very worst class, yet so it is; and though they may manifest much wrath against the asserters of such an opinion, they will find it a hard matter to prove the falsity of the assertion. Does the man who robs another of, it may be, the hardly-earned savings of years of toil, do him so irreparable an injury as he does who robs him of his good name, and thereby fearfully injures his future prospects as well as doing him the worst of present injuries? Yet the world holds up its hands in holy horror at the one, while for the other—at least provided his social position makes him worth cultivating—it has smiles and welcomes, and at best but mild regrets that he should be so incautious in what he says.

But mischief-making does not end with what more properly deserves the name of slander. A great deal, perhaps the larger part, is accomplished in the world by those who have no deliberate intention of slandering their neighbours; and, in this respect, I fear it must be admitted, that women are the greatest offenders, and simply, I believe, for this reason; that, generally speaking, neither their minds nor their time are sufficiently occupied. He whose special business it is to find work for idle hands, will assuredly take good care to provide thoughts for idle minds. Was ever a highly-educated and fully-occupied woman found among the ranks of mischief-makers, of this class at least? A strong proof of the truth of the assertion that idleness has much to do with mischief-making may be found in a fact which any one well acquainted with clubs and mess-rooms will be able fully to bear out—namely, that men with much unoccupied time on their hands are not much behind women in the quantity, and very much before them in the quality, of the scandal they spread; only—perhaps for this reason—they are more cautious how and where they repeat it.

The worst part of this kind of mischief-making is that the stories are rarely entirely unfounded. If they were they would do infinitely less harm. But there is generally a certain proportion of truth in them, and it is the “mixing of things,” which does the mischief. The fractional part of truth just forms the solid

foundation on which the superstructure of falsehood contrives to stand steady. The evil eye goes prying about, and soon succeeds in detecting some flaw in a neighbour's character or conduct; and then its ready handmaid, the evil tongue, sets to work—colours, magnifies, invents, finds motives for actions whose causes are not clear, and the story passes from one to another, gaining something from each fresh transmission, until at last it wears itself out; but not until an impression has been created with respect to the subject of it which will long outlast the story from which it took its rise.

It would really almost seem as if some people were born to make mischief, so perfectly do their mental characteristics fit them for the occupation. Bad memories play no unimportant part in the work; not only forgetting the greater part of everything they hear, but forgetting likewise that they are filling up the gap entirely from their own imaginations. Worse still are the kaleidoscopic order of minds, who do perhaps succeed in getting hold of the whole of a story, but with its relative parts all mixed up in heterogeneous confusion, and assuming a fresh shape with every turn; or suspicious people, nursing the productions of their own imaginations until they convince themselves, and assure every one else, that they are undoubted facts. But worst of all are the dealers in inuendoes—people who could say a great deal if they dare, but will not. These are the most deadly of all, and deserve to be classed with poisonous reptiles. Other mischief-makers may be moral swindlers—these are moral assassins, cowardly stabbers in the dark. If a man comes to me and boldly accuses my friend of some evil, I have at least something tangible to grasp; but if he comes with inuendoes I am powerless, yet know all the time that he will succeed in leaving with me an uneasy impression about the man, which it will be long before I shall succeed in shaking off.

But though idleness may be the soil in which mischief-making flourishes most readily, it cannot be its seed; that must ever lie in the moral characteristics of the mischief-maker, and it were well for those who are fond of spreading evil reports to consider what principles of action they disclose thereby. It is a patent fact that the higher either man or woman stands above the level of ordinary humanity, be it morally, intellectually, by wealth, or by rank, so much the more is he or she the mark for evil tongues. Well, here is a quotation for the scandal lovers—"A man who hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others:

for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and who is out of hope to attain another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune."¹

But there is another cause for mischief-making in what the *Times* has so justly termed "that insatiable appetite for scandal, which is the disgrace of modern society." La Rochefoucauld has been denounced for saying that there is something not altogether unpleasant to us in our friends' misfortunes; but he might have brought a worse accusation against human nature without being guilty of calumny, for surely moral guilt is a more deadly evil to a man than worldly misfortune, yet accounts of the former are welcomed with an eagerness which speaks of much satisfaction resulting therefrom. Not openly however. With smooth hypocrisy—for a man may be as much a hypocrite to himself as to others—the evil story is received with expressions of the deepest sorrow, and forthwith away rushes the hearer, with breathless haste, in order to secure the pleasure of being the first to repeat the tale, regardless of the fact, that when a subject is really and truly very painful people do not readily drag it forth on every opportunity.

I commend the subject to the consideration of all who are fond of spreading evil stories, more especially those stories which have the commonest tendency of mischief-making, that of separating chief friends; and recommend them to consider whether they are willing to be living witnesses to the truth of the accusation, either of being unable to regard those whom they feel to be their superiors without mean envy, or of loving so well to hear evil of their neighbours, that they are ready rather to invent than to forego the gratification. Then, the next time the scandalous story or vile inuendo is going the round, be it about whomsoever it may, let them ask themselves, whether, if they could hear those awful words sound among them—as of yore in Old Jerusalem they fell like a thunder-peal on the startled ears of the unmasked hypocrites—"He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her," they would not be "convicted of their own conscience;" and then, let them, too, "go and sin no more."

¹ Lord Bacon.

THE QUEST OF LOVE.

A PARISH IDYLL.

BY S. J. STONE, B.A., AUTHOR OF "LYRA FIDELIUM."

"The love of things created is inconstant; the love of Jesus is faithful."
—THOMAS A KEMPIS.

ONE noon he wandered to the churchyard wall,
And leaned upon the little gate and mused.

His was a tale of twenty years ago.

It is soon told. Left motherless so young
That scarce he knew whether the gentle face
He summoned up so often was the work
Of memory or fancy, Leonard lived
With stern Sir Hugh, his father, in the house,—
Half house, half ruin, on a wooded hill
Behind the Squire's great hall. Then burst on him,
Just as the morn of youth grew into noon,
Sir Hugh's fierce wrath at his discovered love
For her the daughter of the rival house
Which towered beneath them: wrath that drove him out
An exile wandering over half the world
Two bitter years. But ere a third began
The old man sickened, and the son, recalled,
Sped o'er a thousand leagues of land and sea
To find him dead—her false: the father dead
Without one word to be love's legacy,
The maiden false, whose lips, that happy eve
Two summers back, amid sweet tears, had sworn
That she was his for ever!

To the shore,
From which so late the wings of love and hope
Had borne him, he returned,—despair and hate
His sole familiar friends—an infidel
Of love, and so of heaven. So sped his life
For eighteen years; and then he wandered back

Slowly, like one obedient to a power
Whereof he wists not, to the home where once
He had believed in love, and, as he deemed,
In heaven.

Awhile he kept himself apart
Within the ancient castle, now still more
A ruin, like his life; but afterwards
He wandered to and fro among the scenes
Of those first innocent years.

That year was young;
Not many weeks had her Evangelist
Of resurrection, Spring, whose angel feet
Are beautiful in Winter's wilderness,
Been whispering glad tidings of new life
To wood and field and hedgerow,—yet they wore
The robes of their redemption from the doom
And death of winter. “Singing robes” were they,
Clothing the grandest bard, the poet of God,
Nature, who sang the song of her deep heart,
The song of never-dying life and love,
In every branch and flower.

Was this the spell
That drew him forth one noon a longer way?
Howbeit, that noon his lonely, listless feet
Beyond the wonted limit wandered on,
Until he reached the old grey churchyard wall,
And leaned upon the little gate and mused.
“’Tis here,” he said, “in yonder church she sleeps,
My mother; on her tomb her own last words
Said, so they tell, o’er my unconscious head
In dying benediction, ‘God is love.’
And here I stand, her son, so near her tomb,
To doubt of God as I do doubt of love.
And yet, none doubted of her love, they say,
And me, too young for doubt or for belief,
Better than life she loved. I have disproved
All else but that. God! if there be a God,
Reveal Thyself! O Love, if Thou art Love
Send me some sign, some messenger! this doubt,
Most hateful as it is the fruit of hate,
Is hell.”

So passionately in thought he cried;

Then on a sudden marvelling at himself,
He mocked his aspiration with a laugh
Of helpless, hopeless, melancholy scorn
At his own soul in prayer.

And then again,
His bitter musings, in their wonted tide,
One after one rolled in upon his mind,
Like salt waves plunging on a frozen shore,
With not one raindrop of a softer sorrow
To mingle with the brine, nor yet a sigh
Of that low wind whose breathing is as sweet
With tender memories and with trustful hopes
As it is sad with loss: no wind like this,
Only the wrathful east, that never thaws
The frozen depth of tears.

And all the while
Leaning upon the gate and motionless,
He wist not of a little maiden's form
Behind him, still, and waiting patiently—
With wistful eyes as sunny sweet as morn,
And coloured like the violets in her hand,—
A little maiden hardly nine years old,
But with a face so pure and fair, you thought
That her own angel which in heaven beheld
The Father's face could scarcely be more fair,

At last he heard her plaintive "Oh sir, please."
And turning listlessly as one in sleep
Upon whose ears an unfamiliar voice
Falls, and he does not heed, yet opens wide
His slumber-laden eyes, and gazes round
On him who speaks, but does not say one word
Nor truly seem to see: so now he turned
An unregarding look upon the child,
Whose wide-eyed wonder would have grown to fear
At this great barrier which still kept the way
Despite her pleading, and gazed down on her
So strangely—save that fear of any man
In all her sweet young life had never come
To fling on her one shadow of mistrust.
And so she did not doubt or shrink, although
She very greatly wondered. Then, again,
She said, beseeching, "Please, sir, may I pass?"

Whereat he rose, and, like a man whose dream
 Suddenly melts away, he saw the child
 How fair she was—and thinking in his heart
 “Is this my messenger?” put out his arm
 And stayed her as she passed him, saying, “Child,
 Tell me whence came you with your flowers?” And she,
 Lifting her sunny eyes, replied, “From home.”
 Then added, when she saw he waited still,
 “Where father lives, the shepherd; every one
 Knows father.”

“And the violets, little maid?”
 “For him,” she said, and pointed past the church
 To where the rectory lay amid the trees.

“Why do you take them?” said he:

“Sir, because
 He loves me and he loves the flowers.”

He asked,
 “And you, you love him?”
 “I? Oh yes,” she cried,
 “Of course I love him—father loves him too,
 And mother.”

“Why!” he said; and she, “Oh sir,
 Because he loves us, and he talks to us
 Of things we love.”

“What things, my little maid?”
 “Oh sir, such happy things.”

“But tell me them,
 These happy things.”

“They are so many, sir;
 All kinds of things; and some we hear at home,
 And some at school, and some——”

And here her voice
 Grew lower, not less happy, though more grave.
 “And some, sir, there,”—turning her look away,
 Where, old indeed but beautiful in age,—
 In earthly place yet pointing heavenward,—
 Lay in the clear noonlight the village Fane.
 A lowly shrine, yet no mean type of Her,
 The great Church-Mother, blessing the whole world,
 While looking for that Other and her Lord.

“And what,” he asked her, “does he tell you there,
 You love to hear?”

“He tells us most of all,
For that is best of all—we love it best—
Of Jesus.”

Here she bowed her little head,
And the great NAME went whispered through her lips,
Spoken as if she stood on holy ground,
And in a sacred Presence: yet as if
Holy was happy, Sacred sweet to her.

He stood a moment silent; then he said,
“Child, tell me why that is the best of all
Those happy things you hear? what has He done
That you should think it best?”

“Oh, sir, you know
He loved us, and He died upon the Cross,
Because He loved us so.”

“What made you sure
This tale is true?”

“Oh sir, it must be true.
The Bible says it; and how else could we
Love Him so dearly?”

“And can I, too, learn
Such Love as this?” he said.

Up in his face
She looked with timid eyes he could not meet,
And said, “He loved you and He died for you.
Oh, don’t you love Him?”

“Teach me, little child,
To love Him.”

While he spoke his eyes were dim,
So dim he could not see her as she stood,
And took his hand to draw him, and replied,
“Oh sir, I am so little: only come
Over the churchyard there and speak to him,
And he will teach you.”

But he started back,
Like one who breaks a spell; and as ashamed
Of weakness which had caught him unawares,
He dropped her hand, and muttering scornfully,
“No priests for me,” he turned as if to go,
Saying, “I will not.”

But she said again,
Most wistfully, “Oh come, sir, please to come!”

And so he turned, and met the pleading eyes.
Ah, blessed Spirit of love! the pitiful God—
Who would not lose his soul, so sad and blind,
So longing and forlorn—was in her face,
And moved a will which had been stubborn still,
Though all the banded strength of all the world
Had wrestled with it. For that golden age,
Whose grace far off the son of Amoz saw
And sang, flings even now from time to time,
Ay, day by day, some sign upon the world
That it is surely coming: and the wolf,
The leopard, and the lion in the wilds,
Forego their nature, quit their kind,—and lo!
A little child doth lead them. Even so
She won him from the waste wherein so long
His heart had wandered in its hate and scorn:
Won him with simple words and tender trust,
And littleness of guile,—so weak, so strong:
So strong in weakness; he so weak in strength.
She knew so little, he so much of life.
She knew so little truly; but she knew
Of Love, and Love is all; and with the cords
Of Love she drew him.

“Come, sir! please to come!”

He stooped, and took her in his arms, and said,
“This is my messenger, and I will go.”
Then said no more, but as a man who knows
His purpose may not hold, pressed quickly on.
And she, sweet infant, pleased that he should go;
And pleased to find herself perched up so high
Upon his shoulder, prattled as they went,
Nor knew she was an angel sent from God,—
An angel sent to win a soul from death,
And baffle the proud fiend that rules the world,—
Prattled about the violets, and said,
She had been up that day at early dawn,
And then had gone with Robert to the dell
That hides itself behind the little lake,
And there had found the flowers.

“And, sir,” she said,—

“If once you come within the dell, you know
The flowers are there, although you never look

To find them, for they fill the air with scent ;
They grow so thick and smell so sweet."

But now,

Ere he had said another word, they stood
Before the garden gate ; and from the porch,
Beneath whose honeysuckle eaves I sat,
I saw them. From my book I rose, and came
To meet them, wondering where my little maid
Had found this strange companion on her way
To bring her wonted offering of the flowers :
Herself the rarest and least earthly flower
Of that dear garden of the Church of God,—
The desert world's oasis—where my Lord,
To work for Him awhile, to train and tend,
Hath set me.

Seeing me, he lifted down
His burden : but he would not let her go,
But kept her by the hand, as one who holds
By some last hope, not surely, yet full well
Knowing it is the last. Then, as I came,
Said, " Wherefore I am come, sir ? scarce I know ;
Perchance for nothing ; yet, if there be Love,
For more than I have found in all the world :
Yet whether this or that, for nought or all,
I surely had not troubled you, except
This little child had led me."

While he spake
I saw his face was noble ; somewhat hard,
Yet not as if it had been always hard :
A high, broad forehead over hazel eyes
Clear, keen, and cold. The mouth was beautiful,
Save for a touch of scorn, or hopelessness
As sad as death : yet, as with his last words,
He glanced a moment at the child, there came
Over the eyes and mouth a sudden gleam
That seemed to show his mother in the man,
Which faded as he drew his glance away
And fronted mine, and left him, as at first,
Half scornfully, half diffidently, cold,
And listlessly expectant.

But the child,
Ere I could answer, ran to me and said,—

Whispering as I bent to take the flowers,—
 “He wants to hear of Him Who loved us so,
 And died for us.”

I kissed her, with a prayer
 Deep in my startled soul, for such a power
 As hers of love to speak on such a theme.
 And then she turned to him and raised her face—
 Sweet, purely child-like, peaceful, confident,
 And yet so meekly wistful—up to him,
 And waited till he kissed her—then she went.

I said: “She is so little and so young,
 And only just so learn’d that she can read;
 And I have faced the world for fifty years,
 And studied in the books and hearts of men,
 And fought the battle of life with foes without
 And dreader foes within: yet, well I know
 She is more learn’d than I; and her white soul
 Reflects the truth and light and love of God
 For better teaching to your need; and I—
 I falter now that you should come from her
 To me. Can I not see that even now
 Your eyes are colder and your face more hard
 Since she is here no longer? I avow
 That were it not my pledge to Him who gave
 This office, holds me, and my trust is large,
 That he will speak by one whom He hath sent,
 And will not fail me, I would say, Go back;
 Sit at her feet, and from her baby lips
 Shall the great Lord of wisdom and of love
 Perfect His praise.”

Yet doubt not of my faith:
 For, oh, my friend, I do believe in Love
 And Him who is the whole of Love to me:
 And I whose life, despite this peaceful eve,
 Has been no summer day, but wild and dark,—
 After the brightest morn and sweetest noon,—
 Am not less sure of such a grace for you:
 That you, who found no love in all the world,
 May find in Him what shall suffice for all
 Past loss and future need; ay, more, and give
 A beauty, such as only comes from Heaven,
 To all things earthly; not a mere content

And patience, but a beauty and a joy,
Making you glad to live.

Deep was the night
Before we parted ; and he went his way
Under a still 'dark sky that watched for morn,
And through the woods, wherein the new spring life
Seemed yearning in the silence as in prayer.

He left me with few words, yet these, the best,
That he would come again.

Again he came,
And often ; and at first, almost like one
Unmoved he listened, for he gave no sign ;
Yet had I hope, because he seemed to hear
And sought to stay. Then, after many days,
There came a change, as if the spirit of ill
Suddenly rose within him in great wrath,
Knowing his time was short. He set his soul
Fiercely in battle array, and hurled his darts,
Tipped with fine scorn, at every point, and watched
With eager, desperate eyes, as if the hour
Now were supreme for some full end. Anon
The fiend departed, leaving him half dead.
Not doubt now held him, but despair ; and Love
Seemed but too real, too high a heavenly flower
For him to reach and gather, and to wear
On such a heart alien so long. I said,
" The love of Christ is depth as well as height ;
It leaneth down so low to raise so high.
None lie so low, save those who will not heed,
But in the darkness they may find His hand,
And hear the calm, divine, pathetic Voice,
' Come unto Me. Deep was Gethsemane,
And Calvary dark,—did I not love thee ? Come.' "

But he would lay his head upon his hand,
With only this : " Too late ! it is too late. "

So the days sped. Spring passed, and in her place
Stood summer, all as sweet and thrice as fair ;
Yet was there, ere she came, one awful hour,
Brief but tremendous ; such a storm it seemed,
As if the wintry spirits that yet lurked
In nature, gathered in their parting hour
To tear the world.

That night he stood and watched
At the wide window of his ancient house
The writhing woods and rushing broken heaven.

Then, as the darkness and the conflict grew
Deeper and wilder, on his soul there fell
A light and calm.

At first he did not dare
To trust it; but it grew—the light more clear,
The calm more deep: no sudden ecstasy
Or rapture was it, but a still repose,
The strength of quietness and confidence
Stronger than passion.

Louder roared the storm,
And thicker fell the darkness. Then he knelt,
And with full eyes, that saw not the near storm,
But far away the perfect peace, he prayed,
“So late, so late, yet bless me! I believe,
LORD JESUS, I believe in Love and Thee!”

And so, while thus in legion from the woods
The winds, like evil angels mad with loss,
Rushed with ten thousand shrieks and beat themselves,
As in a vain despair against the walls,
Past that black night, up to the awful throne,
Through all the pealing praise of myriad worlds,
Pierced that low prayer; and round about the throne,
And through all infinite spaces of the heavens,
The holy angels heard it and looked down;
And lo! the rapture of their endless song
Caught a new note—joy for another soul
Won to the sweet obedience of Love,
The kingdom and the glory of the Lamb.

TRUE PASSAGES FROM A GERMAN PASTOR'S FAMILY CHRONICLE.

BY THE REV. E. FROMMEL.

I. INTRODUCTORY.

WHEN I was still a little boy, and, like other little boys, carried my satchel day after day to school, where so much sense and so much silliness used to meet together, I heard our old head-master make a speech one breaking-up day, which, being short and to the purpose, obtained my fullest approbation. The worthy old gentleman (peace to his ashes!) spoke in particular of one among the many fancies which boys pursue with especial ardour, as the "collecting mania." And he was right enough. One climbs like a cat up tree after tree to get birds' eggs for his "collection," and makes it complete in his own notion by buying an ostrich's or a humming-bird's egg as a rarity he cannot provide from home resources. Another rushes after butterflies till he has pinned a specimen of every sort into his boxes, and spares no labour to accomplish his purpose. Another collects different sorts of stones, wandering about from hill to hill with a little hammer in his hand, and makes no scruple of even chipping off a favourable specimen from the marble pier-table in his mother's drawing-room, counting the cuffing he gets for doing so as "only in the day's work," or as part of his separate collection of such experiences; while a fourth "goes out for" rarities and antiques, and would give his very dinner for one of the teeth which the brave Huon drove down the Caliph of Bagdad's throat. "Now," continued the doctor, "I think it would be far better spent labour to collect something more enduring than birds' eggs and butterflies, that only serve at last to harbour vermin; and what I should suggest would be that you should gather up the history of your fathers and mothers, of their fathers and mothers, and, in fact, of your whole ancestry as far as your materials and paper permit."

And the old gentleman was very right. For by this means the young unconsciously learn to associate themselves with the history, not only of their own family, but of their own country;

just as the German village lad gets into the ancestral confirmation-coat, tucked up as it is in the skirts a couple of hand-breadths for his use. By this means they look through their family history as through a peep-hole at the records of their nation and the world itself, and find themselves acquainted with history they know not how, but at all events without tears and "impositions;" and the history of the past lives once more before them when they learn how perhaps their great grandfather carried a musket under old Fritz (Frederick the Great), and their mother's father saw the storming of the Bastille and the raising of the guillotine; how their father's father was ill-treated by the French, and their mother's mother hid her children in the year '13 from Calmucks and from Cossacks of the Don.

From the time of my old schoolmaster's address I planned such a little collection of family records, and listened with all my ears when my father or my grandmother told any stories of the good or evil days gone by. And though there may have been some of them which, sacred in themselves, are not fitted to become public property, yet possibly my recounting of those here printed may suggest to others the following of a course which has afforded much enjoyment to myself.

II.—MY FATHER'S CHILDHOOD.

Despite of modern changes of boundary, any one who has studied geography to good purpose will know that the Hunds-rücken (*Anglice*, the "Dog's Back") lies to the north of Kreuz-nach. The biggest dog's back, doubtless, in the whole universe it is, and it is by no means a matter for lamentation that this is only the dog's back and not the dog himself, or many a one might have good cause for terror. This Dog's Back is broad enough to bear upon it towns and villages, fields and forests, and amongst others the town of Birkenfeld, with its castle on the hill above it. In the last century it belonged to the Margraves of Baden, who were also Lords of Sponheim, a title they still bear, though Sponheim be no longer theirs. The district now belongs to Oldenburg. The castle of Birkenfeld was occupied conjointly by the margraviai chief forester and the margraviai architect, which latter functionary was my paternal grandfather.

The town of Birkenfeld lies at the foot of the castle hill, and with its bays and turrets, its slated roofs and green painted shutters, presents a very comfortable aspect. The castle itself

was spacious and massive, furnished with watch-towers, and enclosing within its walls an ancient Gothic church. Notwithstanding its martial air it was peaceful enough within, no troops being quartered there; the family wash of the forester's lady and the architect's lady used to be spread to dry on the walls; the sparrows had made their homes in the loopholes, and the more aristocratic jackdaws in the watch-towers, and lived merrily at free quarters. In the afternoons the two officials used to get together in their brocaded smoking-gowns, and puff their long pipes over their coffee; and towards evening either the "gentry" of Birkenfeld in scarlet and silks, or in gold embroidered coats, long queues, and powdered hair, came up the hill to the castle, or the "gentry" of the castle went down the hill to the town, the ways down and up being exactly of the same length; so they visited and chatted of good times and bad times, of Franklin and Washington, or of the Sultan far away in Turkey, as the case might be; and all were sociable and pleasant in the quiet little place.

My grandfather, beside his official duties, occupied himself with farming and grazing, or "œconomie," as it is elegantly styled in these days, when people are getting ashamed of calling a farmer a farmer. He kept a number of farming men and maids in the house to attend to all the cattle. Those were happy days for the children, who had not, like those in towns, to count their slices of bread and butter, and could always have a delicious mug of milk to quench their thirst, for all things were in abundance round about them. Such was the life of the architect's children up at the castle. And well it was for them; for a child, like a plant, must have light and air around it, and should have somewhat too to look at, or it will be slow in gathering ideas. And much there was to see and learn about that old castle. Looking down from the watch-tower they could see the bright sun rise and set above the wide-spreading Hundsrücken land; and at evening all the men and maids sat singing round the great linden tree in the courtyard, and on market-day visitors trooped up from the town. It was a joyous life. The children might study natural history after their fashion over the jackdaw's nests in the tower; or listen in the yard to the shepherd, who was supposed to be so wise as to be able to hear the very grass grow; and in the old Gothic church, with its stained glass windows and its ancient monuments, they had an exhaustless und of novelty to interest them.

But they were destined to witness another novelty still, and by no means a pleasant one, in the coming of the French. Our readers, of course, know well how these restless spirits tried and executed their king in the year '93; and how the leaders of the imperial German army, in undertaking to punish them for this crime, were foolish enough not to count the cost beforehand, but were content with publishing a great proclamation to the French people, supposing the rest would follow of itself. They were, however, grievously mistaken: the French nation rose, the Imperialists were beaten, and the Frenchmen crossed the frontier, and returned their visit in a far from pleasant way.

And in their course they reached the peaceful "Dog's Back," which was guiltless enough of any harm to them. It was in '95 that the tidings spread "The French are coming!" They brought such an indifferent character with them, that all who could preferred avoiding their visit, and my grandfather determined to take his children to Coblenz, where their mother had already gone before. It was the depth of winter, the snow creaked under the heavy waggon wheels, and almost every sound of voices filled the children with terror. Their flight continued by Kirchberg to Coblenz, but there also the French were expected, and the fugitives only found a safe shelter at last in a little village on the banks of the Moselle. After many weeks the French were reported to have left, and the family set off homewards; but on their arrival at Birkenfeld they found the castle garrisoned by Austrians, swarming with soldiery, and looking like a little fortress. Mass was read every morning by a chaplain in the courtyard, all the troops kneeling down in their ranks: the band played each day during dinner, and the soldiers drank and gambled in the evening. They formed the gayest imaginable spectacle; Croats, Pandours, scarlet-cloaked strangers with long pistols, and curved and damascened scimitars. All were in dread of them except the children, whom they carried about and danced with, or spread out their red cloaks for them to sit upon. The more the children liked the soldiers, the less their father did. His oxen and sheep were slaughtered one after the other, and the taps in the wine-casks had no rest; while instead of paying him they politely told him to "charge it all to their most gracious master the Emperor,"—a proceeding about as profitable as whistling for it might have been.

But my poor grandfather had more than this to lose. One morning heavy firing was heard beyond the hills. The Im-

perialists marched out to meet them, and after a short struggle the victorious Frenchmen, led by a general and twenty officers, took their places. These remained about a week, and on their advance were replaced by another general with the rearguard, a ragged, stockingless rabble, chiefly consisting of lads from fifteen to seventeen years of age, many of them unprovided with muskets. So many detachments of these succeeded one another, that the country folk nicknamed them "the gudgeons," from their marvellous multiplication. These behaved far worse than the Austrians, seizing on everything they saw, plundering the peasants' barns and stalls, and killing their pigeons and poultry, which they let fly about bleeding to death, on their cook's assurance that they afforded tenderer eating if so treated. And at last even the children's merriment was turned to tears, for a murrain broke out amongst the cattle from over-driving, and the poor starving country folks came from all directions around crying for a morsel of bread in God's name.

At length these vagabonds moved on, and General Ney relieved them with fresh troops, who behaved themselves somewhat better, and these again were succeeded by the Prussians. The night after the French left the whole sky was lighted up with the flames of the town of Kusel, which they set fire to in their retreat. The Prussians remained the whole winter, and left in the spring, and the poor Birkenfelders thought themselves safe at last. But one night a troop of French hussars came clattering into the castle yard. The children were all asleep; my grandfather was the only one of the household still about, and he opened the door on their summons. They forced him into the sitting-room, and with sabres brandished over his head demanded his money. On his quietly replying that he was already a ruined man, and had nothing more to give them, they became more violent, and passed from words to blows. My grandfather, seizing a chair, defended himself with it against six of the ruffians, while others proceeded to ransack the house. My father, then a child of six years old, awakened by the noise, and hearing his father's voice, divined the danger. He darted out of bed, and crept in his night-shirt under a huge press which divided his bedroom from the sitting-room. As he got his little head out he saw one of the hussars raising his sabre to cut down my grandfather. He sprang from behind like a cat upon the soldier's back, who, startled at the attack, missed his stroke, inflicting a tremendous though a bloodless gash upon the arm of the

sofa, instead of his opponent's head. Astounded at the courage of the child, who, his feat accomplished, sprang upon his father to defend him further, the hussars suspended their attack, and finally contenting themselves with what little food remained in the castle, withdrew in the course of the night. My grandfather clasped his child in his arms, regarding him, and rightly, as the saver of his life, and devoted as he was to all his children, clung to that one with peculiar affection till the day of his death.

This was the last terror they had to endure at Birkenfeld. The burdens of the war had reduced my grandfather from the position of a wealthy proprietor to that of a struggling architect. His wife's health, always delicate, was entirely broken down by the terrors she had undergone, and when, not long after, he removed from Birkenfeld to Carlsruhe, on his appointment as councillor of architecture, she survived the change but a little space.

Many a time as he sat at work a shade of gloom came over him, but it always cheered him to recall to mind his happy life at Birkenfeld Castle, his struggle with the Frenchmen, and the courage of his child which had preserved his life.

My father, when over seventy years of age, wrote down the particulars of this story for his children. He had travelled in his time all over Italy, Germany, France, and England, but no time and no place could ever awaken in him a happier remembrance than the days of his childhood at Birkenfeld Castle on the "Dog's Back."

III. MY FATHER'S NARGILLY.

My father never was a smoker, and yet possessed a pipe. He avoided smoking for the simple reason that he considered it an abominable habit, an opinion in which my good mother most heartily concurred. And yet he attached especial value to his one peculiar pipe. The tube was very long and twisted, with a great amber mouthpiece at one end, and a splendid Turkish head inlaid with gold at the other.

If any of us young ones happened to be by when my father opened the top drawer of his secretary, he was sure to hear many questions, and we to obtain few answers. In that drawer lay letters grown yellow with age, dried flowers, a beautiful rosary, brought from Jerusalem, specimens of old coins, and the wondrous

Nargilly; and great was our curiosity to know why our father kept these things so carefully, locked them up so closely, and always turned aside our inquiries with the words, "My dear children, this is no concern of yours."

In short, however eagerly we fixed our gaze on the mysterious drawer, our curiosity remained unsatisfied. When I came back from college, where, amongst other branches of my course in arts, I had become a proficient in that of smoking, I felt a raging desire to try the taste of the Nargilly. So, with most judicious caution, I took an opportunity of drawing the conversation to the subject, casually mentioning how much healthier and how much more economical it was to smoke a long pipe of the kind, and so forth, and so forth. My father smiled quietly as he divined my meaning, and made a little grimace as much as to say, "All very well; lad, but you're not going to get my Nargilly;" and when all my eloquence was expended he gave me absolutely no answer whatever; and it certainly is most provoking to get no reply to a long speech. At last, however, at my mother's request he broke silence, and gave us the following reasons for wishing no one to smoke his favourite pipe:—

In the beautiful island of Sicily, which lies like a lapdog at the feet of Italy, stands the city of Palermo, reared on high with its tall towers and palaces and spacious squares. In his young days, while on a tour in Italy, my father, himself a painter, had arrived there with two German compatriots, both architects, one of whom afterwards built the Ludwigskirche, and the other the Auerkirche, in Munich. These three were studying that great book, whose characters consist of plains and mountains, churches and palaces, instead of letters, and in which each morning marks a comma and each night a period. Two of the party, the painter and one architect, were of slender bodily frame, but the other architect was a broad-shouldered, strapping fellow, whose fist and stick were always ready for a fray. One evening the three were sitting in front of a *café*. An awning was stretched above them; round about them stood oleanders and aloes in full bloom, and coffee, ice, and the usual refreshments of the place were on a table at their side. The three young Germans, in broad Leghorn hats, turned-down collars, and long curling hair, were chatting on all sorts of subjects,—of the rights and the wrongs of the world, of merchants' wealth and artists' poverty, of the Sultan at Constantinople, and perhaps even of the high bailiff of Little Balingen in the Black Forest; when suddenly they heard a tremendous

tumult in a side street close by, whistling, yelling, screaming, and shouting, and amidst it all the plaintive and imploring voice of an aged man. It was a Palermitan mob, consisting of men, women, and children, yelling like a pack of hounds in full cry. The quarry they were pulling down was a poor old Jew, with a long grey beard, wearing a black and yellow caftan, and a white turban on his head. The venerable features of the old man were distorted with fear and terror, and he trembled in every limb as the mob drove him onwards, spitting upon him and buffeting him at every step. His crime was that of having come out from his own quarter of the town and lingered beyond the permitted hour, whereby he had fallen into the hands of the rabble who were now driving him back to the Jewish quarter. For in Palermo, as in Rome, the Jews were compelled to inhabit a separate division of the town, beyond the bounds of which they were not allowed to pass except during certain hours of the day.

As the rabble hunted the poor old trembling Jew past the coffee-house where the young Germans were sitting, they divined at a glance the state of affairs. Without a moment's consultation the three friends started from their seats. Broadshoulders, shaking his locks as a lion might his mane, sprang into the midst of the crowd, brandishing his heavy stick, and drumming on the pates and backs of the Palermitans as if they had been hides and he a tanner. The two others followed swiftly through the lane he made, playing their part in pounding the astonished rabble, and, while their companion continued his fantasia, seized the old Jew by either arm and dragged him out of the throng, rating the ruffians meanwhile in a voluble mixture of German and Italian. The cowardly mob soon dispersed, and their comrade rejoined them in a high state of perspiration and excitement.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "what a refreshing brush! Dear, dear! it's not every day one gets such a charming chance on this poor planet of ours! Now, old gentleman," he continued, turning to the Jew, "forget the treatment you have been receiving, and if you tell us where you live we will escort you home."

The poor man hardly knew what to do between profuse obeisances and ejaculations of gratitude, and inquired in a diffident tone "whether the gentlemen were Jews themselves, to have treated him as they had?"

They burst into a loud laugh. "No, son of Abraham," they answered, "we are no Jews; but we are human beings and Christians, which is our reason for defending you."

The Jew gazed at them in astonishment, a feeling which showed itself still more strikingly among the families clustered on the door-steps in the squalid Jewish quarter, when the old man was seen passing homeward, accompanied by the three sturdy young Germans.

"They saved me from the Gojims," the old man cried, unceasingly, "though they are Gojims themselves!"

At last they reached his dwelling. A tribe of dirty black-eyed children sprang forward to greet their grandfather, stroking his beard and leaping up to kiss him; while his old wife, anxious for his safety, hurried out with her grown up children to receive him. His remaining so long absent had made them already look upon him as lost. In a few words he narrated the events of the evening, while the young artists contemplated the scene around them. They saw how the dark eyes of the man's son blazed as those of Judas Maccabæus might have done at the sufferings of his people; but when the old man pointed to his defenders (who could not understand a syllable he spoke), they all thronged round and kissed the stranger's hands as if they never meant to leave off, until at last Broadshoulders lost all patience, and cried in German, "For goodness' sake do have done with all this tomfoolery," which the grateful family may possibly have understood to mean "Good-bye, my friends; glad to have had the opportunity of being useful," or any civility of the kind.

The three went their way, light-hearted and glad in the consciousness of having done their duty as men should, and many a blessing resounded after them as they left the Jewish quarter: and several days passed, and they had naturally enough almost forgotten the occurrence. But the remembrance of the blows they had distributed made them shun the coffee-house they had formerly frequented; for they felt it scarcely safe, as knowing how often the crafty Italian will use a knife where he will not face a stick. They allowed a fortnight, therefore, to elapse before they visited the *café* again. They had not long taken their seats when they saw their old friend in the caftan and turban approach them, accompanied by three tall young fellows of his nation. "The God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob be praised," he cried, "that I have found you again. For the last fortnight I have come here every day in the hope of being able to see and to thank you; but all seemed in vain, and I could only pray that the God of my fathers might bless the strangers.

who, though not of Israel, had done good unto Israel. I have but little worthy of your acceptance," he continued, "but I have heard that the Tedesci are as fond of smoking as the Mussulmans across the sea. And I have still remaining by me of what I brought from my home—ah! there is no place like home—these three Nargilly pipes, which are genuine and costly, and which I pray you to accept from me. I know not what else I have that could afford you pleasure to receive. And as often as you smoke these perhaps you will recall to mind that the Israelite is not forgetful of his benefactors."

So saying, he raised his hands once more in a blessing over the three friends, and was gone almost before they had time to express their thanks. They looked after their departing friend, then at the pipes, and then at each other, in silence. What became of the two architects' pipes, I know not; my father's was always kept carefully locked up, as I have related; and from the time I heard its story I regarded it with increased respect, and never again felt a desire to smoke it. We called it thenceforth the pipe of toleration; a calumet which may be smoked by any of my readers, male or female, if they will, though without mouthpiece, tube, or inlaid Turkish head.

IV. MY GREAT-GRAND-UNCLE AND SCHINDERHANNES THE ROBBER.

Between 1790 and 1800 my great-grand-uncle was pastor of a parish we will call Gersau, in the Dog's Back country, a post to which he was appointed by the Baden Government. His parish extended far beyond the limits of the village, as it included sundry outlying farms and two hamlets. As this made his keeping a horse necessary, he bought a handsome dapple grey. Every Sunday, after his service at the mother church, he mounted the grey, and rode over to officiate in his hamlet, his sermon being neither made better nor worse by his ride, since he stuck as firmly to his subject as he did to his saddle. Dinner was always placed on the table the moment his wife caught sight of the returning grey rounding the corner from the wood. And this became an invariable routine, since as sure as the horse appeared the parson appeared as well, until that memorable occasion I am about to tell you of, when the horse came back without his master.

One fine day the parson was leaning on the cushion placed

outside his window-sill, smoking his long pipe, and deep in thought, as he looked afar over the wide-spread landscape before him; when he saw a light cart coming down the road, occupied by several green-coated gendarmes, armed with carbines and sabres, in charge of a prisoner who, though ironed hand and foot, could still contrive to hold his pipe to his mouth. They had apprehended him in such a hurry that he had had no opportunity of persuading the gendarmes to allow him a minute or two to make his preparations; in short, he had come to the end of his tobacco, and was reduced to sucking his cold and empty pipe.

As they drove slowly past the parsonage, and he caught sight of the old gentleman in thorough enjoyment of his afternoon smoke, the poor wretch's mouth watered, and looking longingly up to the window, he cried, "No offence, your reverence, but couldn't you spare me a pipeful of your baccy? I do want a smoke most dreadful bad; and I see you know what a comfort it can be." Well, the parson called to the gendarmes, begging them to stop a moment,—since to get their prisoner five minutes sooner or later into gaol could be of but little consequence,—and went and got an entire half-pound parcel of tobacco, which he gave to the culprit along with some kindly counsel, wishing him a good journey and a better life.

When the parson's wife heard what he had done, she could not help saying that she thought a pipeful would have been enough; that that sort of fellow should not be indulged in smoking, and so forth. But the old gentleman laughed in reply, and said he should never forget the prisoner's look of gratitude.

Well, several years passed, and late one evening the pastor was sent for from one of the hamlets to administer the Lord's Supper to a dying man. He immediately ordered the groom to saddle the dapple grey to bring him over. His wife, however, had her little word to say in the matter. "My dear," she said, "hadn't you better wait till morning? You'll have to go through the forest, and the sun is just down, and you know it's far from safe; for Schinderhannes and his gang are about, and you may meet with an injury from them." But he replied, "Make your mind easy, mistress, I am going on God's business; the poor man is dying, and my Master can take care of His servant." So he put on his silk cassock and shovel hat, put the communion cup and paten into his pocket, mounted the grey, and started.

His road lay through a defile to the wood, with a long descent through the trees, and then a long climb upwards to where the

sick man lived, who rejoiced greatly at the spiritual consolation he received. For he was like Elijah when he lay under the juniper tree, and said, "It is enough." And the clergyman appeared to him as the angel, saying, "Arise and eat; because the journey is too great for thee; and in the strength of this meat thou shalt go unto the mount of the Lord." So the two spoke and prayed together, and the pastor's heart was so lifted up that he forgot every earthly care and anxiety, and never gave a thought to Schinderhannes and the dangers of his road.

When about to take his leave the sick man's son came to him and said, "Sir, my father has still something burdening his mind; has he told you of it?" The pastor looked hard at old Nicholas and said, "My friend, you should have told me of this before receiving the communion." "Pray forgive him, sir," said the son; "it's a great grief to him, and he was unwilling to trouble your reverence about it." "Well," answered the parson, "tell it me now, and ease your mind of it."

The dying old man looked at his minister and said, "You know, sir, I have another son, who was confirmed¹ by you. He turned out badly, and always loved the tavern better than the church. Years ago he had his share of his mother's property and went off, God knows where. I knew this was a trouble to you as well as to myself, and that was my reason for not mentioning it. But now I am dying, and shall see my son's face no more. If he ever comes home, promise me to tell him that though he made his poor father's death-bed bitter, I heartily forgive him all, and hope he will strive to meet me again in heaven."

As he was starting the son said, "It's very late, sir; I'll go with you part of the way; if you take the hill path you'll find it safer and shorter than the high road." The parson made no objection, and as they went the young man told him how often his father in his delirium had called upon the name of his prodigal son, and how much more happily he would die after having unburdened his mind of his grief.

When they reached the top of the hill, from whence the church tower could be seen across the valley, the parson said, "Now, George, I'm close to home; you had better go back to your father, who will be wanting you." The son was unwilling to leave him, but the old gentleman insisted on it; so they shook hands and parted. The pastor rode slowly and carefully down the hill.

¹ The rite of confirmation is administered in Germany, not by bishops, as with us, but by the parochial clergy.

The moon was shining through the trees, but the road was none of the best. He had about reached the middle of the ravine when a loud voice summoned him to stand. The parson preferred trusting to his stout steed, and clapping his heels to the beast's flanks put him to a smart gallop. As he did so, however, a pistol-shot was fired behind him, and the bullet whistled past his shovel hat and rattled through the branches. The gallant grey, startled by the report, made a tremendous bound to one side, flung his master off, and galloped homeward as fast as his legs could carry him.

The parson had happily fallen into some thick bushes, from which the robbers easily disengaged him. Their faces were blackened, and they were armed to the teeth; so, seizing the struggling parson, they incontinently relieved him of his watch, his money, and the sacramental plate. He, for his part, thought it wisest to attempt no resistance. His horse had escaped, he himself was safe from his fall, and he felt he had cause enough for thankfulness in escaping with whole bones to care little about his watch or his money. But when they took the communion plate he could not resist saying, "Consider what you do in taking that; it cannot fail to bring a curse upon your heads." These words, as well as his possession of the plate, betrayed the fact of their prisoner being a parson; and the ruffians deliberated in their thieves' Latin whether to let him go or to keep him with them. At length they decided on taking him to their captain, in order to extort his ransom from the farmers. Having bound his hands, they marched him in silence between them deeper and deeper into the wood. The poor parson considered his condition, thought of his wife and children, and the terror they must undergo at finding his horse come home without him, then of his wife's dissuasions; but he always came back to his first conclusion,—that he had gone on God's work in the path of duty, and that it was well for him to have comforted old Nicholas' death-bed.

After leading him a long way the two highwaymen blindfolded him—a sign that they were near their home. Taking him by the hand, they led him down some rickety steps, when, on their removing the bandage, he found himself in a dark cavern. At a whistle from his companions a trap-door was opened, and he saw about thirty fellows seated in a circle around their chief, whose place of honour was an upturned barrel.

The new comers were received with shouts of welcome.

"What sort of bird have you caught hold of now?" asked one. "It's got on a shovel hat and cassock! Why, if it bean't a parson! we'll get a sermon out of him, shan't we?"

This sally drew a loud laugh from all the gang except the captain, who commanded them to bring their prisoner forward.

"What business have you to meddle with parsons?" he said. "I'll have nothing to do with them. One of them gave me so much trouble once, that I'll never forget it as long as I live."

"Why, captain," said one of the captors, "you're going crazy! We'll get a good ransom for him from the farmers. It's not every day we catch such a fowl as this."

"Hold your tongue!" shouted the captain, "or I'll drive half your teeth down your throat.—What place are you parson of?" he continued, holding up a lighted pine match to his face.

The parson answered firmly, in his deep voice, "I am pastor of Gersau, not far from here."

"Of Gersau?" answered the captain, in surprise; "I think we are old acquaintances then?"

"I have not the honour," said the pastor, drily.

"Well, if you don't know me, I do you," rejoined the captain, "and you shall have your reward for it. Think a little, where have you ever seen me?"

The poor parson grew hot and cold. He tried to remember whether he had ever reported any rogue to the police. Such a thing might possibly have been, and be now about to be avenged.

"My life is in the hand of God," he said; "do with me as you will, the day of judgment will bring all things to light."

"Aha! I told you so," cried the first who had spoken. "He's going to preach us a sermon, and tell us how hot hell is!"

But the captain said, "No, parson, on my word you mistake my meaning. Do you remember how you once brought down a packet of tobacco to give to a poor prisoner on his way to jail?"

"Yes, I remember that," said the pastor.

"And shouldn't you know him again?" rejoined the captain.

"No," was the reply.

"Well, look at me. I am that prisoner, and I've never forgotten your kindness; and now I say you are free. If," he continued, turning to the two captors, "you have taken anything from him, hand it over, if you value your lives."

Very reluctantly the two robbers gave up the money, the watch, and the communion plate. When the captain saw this last he said, "For what purpose had you this about you, reverence?"

"I had taken it to administer the holy sacrament to poor old Nicholas Holz, and his lying at the point of death was my reason for going at night-time. I wish from my heart you and your followers could all die as peacefully as that poor old man. He had only one trouble left, which I need not tell you of."

"Sir," said the leader, "there's no use in making us downhearted. We're doomed anyhow to axe or gallows, we needn't care which. But we've never robbed a poor man, and we only plunder greater thieves who plunder others, and yet are not pursued by their neighbours or the police."

"Oh, captain!" cried the pastor, "taking the law into your own hands is as bad a business as you can engage in. You burn your own fingers, and run the risk of losing your own souls. God grant, if any of you do come to the axe or the gallows, that even then, if not before, you may find there is some cleansing for your sins."

"Knock the old psalm-singer over," cried some from behind. "It's just what we might have expected, that he'd begin to lecture us, and there's the captain going to catch his trick."

During the tumult to which this interruption gave rise, one of the band whispered to the captain, who, nodding in reply, shook the pastor's hand, and said, "It is only right, sir, that I should let you go. Now bring yourself home to your wife with Schinderhannes' best respects."

Then, indeed, the pastor shuddered. For Schinderhannes was a man who, not content with firing many a mill and plundering many a merchant, had the guilt of murder on his soul.

The pastor with his guide passed out of the cavern between the ranks of the robbers. It was already midnight, and the moon high in the heavens. The two walked without speaking till the robber broke the silence with the question, "Your reverence, was old Nicholas Holz alive when you left him?"

"Yes; he is alive now, but he cannot last long. But why do you ask? Do you know him?"

"I ought to know him," said the robber, hesitatingly.

As he spoke, the moon breaking out from some clouds gave an increase of light, and the pastor looked keenly at the blackened face of his companion. "You are his son Andrew," he cried.

"God forgive me, I am," was the answer.

The pastor sighed deeply, and began to relate the circumstances of the old man's death-bed sorrow, and the promise he had exacted from him; and the poor thief's heart was moved, he broke quite down, and wept like a child.

"Oh!" he cried, "could I but get free from them! But 'tis more than my life is worth!"

"Not at all," cried the pastor, turning upon him; "if you wish to leave your course of sin. Surrender! I arrest you in the name of justice! Give up that dagger and your pistols!"

The pastor's old catechumen, robber though he was, was so confounded that he mechanically obeyed: his captor stuck the dagger into a beech tree, and pocketed the pistols. As they drew near the border of the wood they saw a number of torches and lanterns approaching from the village. The return of the horse without his rider had convinced the parsoness that some accident had happened, and at the same time the news came that the miller had been robbed on his way home from market. She had the constable summoned, and the alarm bell rung, to gather helpers to seek her husband; and the villagers, assembling with flails and reaping-hooks, had divided into detachments to search through the forest. One of these met with the object of their search, and his prisoner. The parson thanked them heartily, without satisfying their curiosity as to his strange companion. I need not attempt to give the lady's detail of all her fears, or to say what words of warning and prudent counsel poured from her lips with a volubility which left her goodman scarcely room for edging in a word of reply. However, he managed to help Andrew to wash himself and get to bed. And when he told his wife his adventure, and whom it was that she had got under her roof, she shuddered in her turn. But when she thought of the opportunity of saving the poor prodigal, and saw how it could only have been granted in the way events had happened, she confessed her husband had been right, and said, "My dear, 'tis very true; you went in God's way to do God's work."

At early dawn news was sent to old Nicholas of the finding and repentance of his son, and a few hours afterwards he died in perfect peace. Andrew underwent his punishment, which, however, was a merciful one, in consideration of the facts that no bloodshed was alleged against him, and that he had given himself up. Schinderhannes and his gang were captured shortly afterwards, their seizure of the pastor having created excitement enough to stir up the chief of police, who, in case of failure, could not hope to get off so well as my great-grand-uncle.

And so our family was brought into contact with Schinderhannes in a fashion it need never be ashamed of.

HOT DAYS NEAR ROME.

BY MRS. F. ELLIOT.

TOWARDS the middle of June the heat fairly drove us out of Rome. We could bear it no longer: we seemed to realize the sufferings of the poor dogs, who howled when they ran along the pavement. Our feet were burned also, and refused to carry us. Except towards evening no carriages were to be hired. People slept all day, and lived at night. This dreamy existence not suiting our English activity, we looked out for an abode in the mountains near Rome. But the question was, where? A query not easily answered, for no large city can possibly be more wanting in suburban resources,—a want arising from the vast extent of the Campagna, clasping the city with an arid girdle where neither man nor beast thrives, and the night exhalations are so pernicious in summer as to drive away even the cattle from their pastures. Sixteen or eighteen miles must be traversed before man can find rest for the sole of his foot. At that distance rise the beautiful chain of mountains surrounding Rome, and thither we betook ourselves among the Alban hills.

But the journey—can I ever forget it? Our luggage was to be conveyed away at some unknown hour in a most primitive cart drawn by great milk-white oxen, and at six o'clock we started. I will say nothing of the Campagna except that it looked calcined, and that the very air burnt one like fiery vapour; but as we ascended the lower spurs of the hills fair and pleasant scenes opened around us; cultivation reappeared, and olive-grounds bearing promise of rich fruit, and vineyards on the sunny sides of the hills, stretched downwards towards gushing streamlets. An old ruined tower stood on a mound beside a picturesque bridge spanning a sullen but rapid river; above rose the mountains, shooting straight upwards, and tinted with every changing hue, chequered with light and shade as the morning clouds flitted above. The poor horses, hot and weary, rest for a moment before an osteria, a locality where fleas abound, and *salame* would be dressed swimming in oil,—ideas which alarm us so much, we refuse to get out. Again we are off,

plunging into cavernous lanes, along roads broken by such sheets of rock, they must have lain there since Horace visited his Sabine farm. But if the roads are rough, how lovely is the matted tangle of flowers and moss on the high banks, the clematis, the vine, and the fair convolvulus wreathing every stone and branch! How delicious is the air, sweetened with the earthy scent of natural perfumes!

This road is interminable; it becomes worse and worse; we seem to sink deeper and deeper between the rocky banks. At the narrowest part we are met by a long line of loaded carts drawn by buffaloes; they snort and look vicious: immense screaming, swearing, and beating ensues. The horses plunge, the buffaloes kick; there is a rush and we are free, and emerge into a boundless forest of splendid chestnuts,—a rare old wood, with lofty mountains hemming us in, all draped with the same leafy mantle. The sun shone brightly on the silver trunks, and lighted into a golden glory tall plants of yellow broom, forming a glittering underwood beautiful to behold. On the hills above, in the wooded chasms, deep down in the valleys, following the watercourses above, below, around, waved the gilded shrubs, relieved by the tender green of the surrounding foliage.

A steep ascent lay before us; a little opening in the over-arching boughs disclosed our villa, high on a mountain peak, a grey, mysterious pile, looking down spitefully, as if mocking our efforts to reach it. It positively looks as distant as it did from the Campagna. How the poor horses strive to pull the carriage up the endless hill! and the noonday sun shoots down on our heads and almost blinds us!

A great rusty gate, impossible to shut, with an execrable road, at last becomes visible. We turn in, passing down an avenue of poplars. Here is the villa, once white, now grey; the steps, the balustrade, the lemon trees in great pots,—the whole scene *de rigueur*. This, then, is our home, like a drop scene in an opera.

But the view,—we could neither eat, read, nor speak, gazing at that view. The very universe seemed lying at our feet. I thought of Satan and the exceeding high mountain, and wondered if it presented a vaster horizon. Woods, green and yellow, melting lovingly into golden plains, which in their turn fade into a city backed by mountains, blending in the dim ærial distance with the ocean, in its turn absorbed into the heavens. Beneath lay the Campagna, a soft desert, waving, undulating, billowy, reflecting every impress of the passing clouds,—now

darkened with masses of shade, now dancing in the burning sunshine, an earthy main, changeful and fitful as its prototype, the sea. There were corn-fields, emerald pastures, wildernesses of barren grass, with here and there a sombre tomb, a ruined tower, or columned villa, leading the eye to Rome, throned on her seven hills, some glistening point recalling portico, dome, or obelisk,—the whole vague and undefined as that eternity with which her existence is so mysteriously linked.

HOT DAYS IN OUR VILLA.

We are settled in our new home, which English readers would think passing strange. A great gaping door, big enough to accommodate a coach and six, opens into a boundless hall, a cross between a dungeon and a cellar, where the horses stand and the boys play at morra, one! two! three! everlastingly. Stone stairs, rarely swept, mount to a kind of Babel altitude up various stories, each story being considered a separate house, and treated accordingly, having its door and bell. On the first floor some Italians are enjoying their villeggiatura, dividing their time between sleeping and eating, the latter occupation announced by a most potent smell of garlic. Their windows are always closed, and they never go out, so they must have a deadly-lively time of it. One of them is a contessa, brown and dried up as an old walnut; after having passed a life of divertimenti and made much scandal in her day, has now become a widow, and receives the tender addresses of a certain marquis of the Pope's Noble Guard, as poor as Job and as extravagant as the prodigal. When his purse is light he mounts and rides to his ancient Phyllis, who with rapturous welcomes gives him both money and love. Both favours received, the gallant knight rides back to Rome, leaving the venerable contessa inconsolable until next time (which soon comes), when the young rascal's pockets want relining. Such is life, even amid the forests.

Besides our servants there is a mixed and heterogeneous crowd always loitering about. First and foremost among our originals is Maria, a stalwart contadina, with the ruddy look of a rustic Hebe. She carries all the water used in the house in a great brass vessel on her head, and carries it nobly, with the air and step of a nymph, from some unknown depths where the stream oozes from the rock, down long, long flights of stairs

Maria flaunts about with a red handkerchief floating from her head, her hair pierced by an arrow, long, sharp, and dangerous,—a weapon she can use too, if need be, for a dark devil lurks in Maria's flashing eyes. Round her neck are long strings of coral, giving her, as connected with the brass vessel and the water generally, a mermaid character. On Sunday and festas Maria puts on a smart red petticoat with green ribbons, and a gorgeous pair of purple stays trimmed with a profusion of white lace; she has gold earrings and a cross, which may be taken off, but the coral I believe she sleeps in.

She is married to a species of Nimrod, who divides his time between wandering in the forest and drinking in the little osteria, from whence it was "his custom of an afternoon" to return home dead drunk, and to beat Maria fearfully. Maria who was a comely girl, and might have married better but for an unhappy hankering after this unworthy hunter, bore it meekly for some time. But she was Italian; hot fever blood flowed in her veins, and desire for vendetta pulled at her heart-strings. Continued insult and ill-usage wore out her love little by little; love, that brilliant orb which irradiates a woman's life, set at last to rise no more, and the dark shadows of sombre, gloomy neglect stole on her spirit. She would have vengeance—vengeance on the man who had so basely ill-used her.

The opportunity was not long wanting. Ferdinando soon staggered into their wretched hovel royally drunk, and flung himself on the nuptial couch (*Anglice*, the only bed they possessed). Maria, in ominous silence, had waited his return. She rose, and taking her working implements—needles and scissors, the weapons of our sex (bequeathed to us by the wise Minerva),—she sat down beside the bed, on which lay, wrapped in a bestial sleep, her debased husband, and began to sew. Yes, to sew. Stitching the two sheets firmly and securely together, her hand did not tremble, but there was a deadly look in her black eyes all the while, pregnant of evil. She sewed until Ferdinando was entirely wrapped in a net, then she rose and proceeded to a certain corner where he kept his guns, and sticks, and knives. Her hand fell intuitively on a bright stiletto knife, but it trembled a little, and was withdrawn. She paused, then firmly clutched the largest and heaviest bludgeon there, with which she strode off to the bed where her husband lay, bound hand and foot. A Satanic smile came over her face as she raised the heavy stick and dealt him a portentous blow; another and another came from that indig-

nant woman, dealt with the might of rage and vengeance, and a heavy sense of wrong, until the drunken man, suddenly sobered by pain, writhed and swayed in agony as he lay weltering in his blood. His piteous cries and groans aroused the neighbours, who came bursting in. They shrunk back appalled at the ghastly sight; for Maria, now wild with passion, stood like an avenging Fury over her husband, remorseless, unsexed, maddened. She was seized from behind, and the weapon forced from her grasp. Recalled to herself, she swooned away. Her husband, when extricated from the sheets, was all but dead. Months passed ere he recovered, a cowed and humbled man, who shrank from Maria like a beaten cur. Poverty forced them to live under the same roof, but they rarely spoke. When we came there a year had passed, and Maria looked jovial and happy. She had conquered, and but for the dark flashing of her eye I should not have believed so dire a tale.

We have a farmyard behind the villa, more like an English one than any I have seen in Italy. There are great stacks of firewood, and poultry, and some melancholy geese vainly wandering in search of water in the heats of an Italian summer; and horses that come down from the wood for their evening feed, and dogs that lie all day asleep in the sun. But, after all, it is not English; for down comes the quiet farm help towards the Ave Maria in the pleasant evening-time, followed by a troop of grey oxen with mighty horns, and strings of mules laden with wood, and horses carrying on their backs, in piled-up sheaves, the sweetly scented hay from the upper pastures. There is the long *pergola*, too (arbour), draped with young grapes, where they play at *boccio* in the evenings, and the sound of the low chant from the monastery below, as the monks meet for evening prayer. The Fattori rules in the farm—a solemn, majestic peasant, swelling with a sense of conscious dignity, the whole crowned by a ponderous white hat. His wife, the Fattoressa, generally presents a gorgeous appearance; but when we arrived, a deep cloud of gloom overshadowed her brown and wrinkled face, by reason of her silkworms, of which she has a large establishment, having lately developed an entirely new disease, with which her pharmacopœia is totally unable to cope. This disaster is generally supposed to hang heavily on her spirits, and renders her life a burden to her.

Regina, the village belle, walks about all but smothered in her big hat. She is only fifteen, and has no necklace, but decks

her raven hair with honeysuckle or mountain daisies, flowers as sweet and simple as herself. She came brushing swiftly through the long grass and stood before us, with the wild untutored grace of a sylphid. She is tall and slight, with a pale olive skin, dreamy black eyes, and masses of brown hair coiled round her head. She lives "deep, deep in a forest dell," in a cottage overgrown with pomegranates. Her father is keeper or ranger (as he says), and wanders all day in the woods, armed with a gun, which, for size and construction, resembles a small cannon, to make sure that no muscular Christian tears up the chestnuts by the roots, and walks off with them under his arm; while Regina stays at home and bakes cakes of chestnut flour between two slates in the ashes, and carries on a little trade in silkworms.

Ernesto, the carpenter, lives at the farm, and brings out his bride on Sundays, decked in her strings of pearl. A pearl necklace is a *sine qua non* among the peasantry, quite as necessary to marriage as the ceremonies, the blessing of the priest, or the consent of parents and guardians. Shoes, houses, and other minor articles are looked upon as agreeable adjuncts to married life; but without a pearl necklace, or at least coral, or some kind of jewellery, no honest woman could dare to look the world in the face as a bride, be she the poorest and raggedest *contadina* labouring in the fields.

To-day Ernesto gave a dance, for, being lately married, the cares of life hang lightly on him. His bride is the envy and admiration of all comers, in consequence of being the first who has imported into these Sabine solitudes that much maligned article of dress known here as "a circle" (*Anglice*, hoop). So she is looked on as a model of polite society, and the dances they give are assiduously attended. It was a *festa*, and was ushered in by ringing of bells from the monastery below, and the firing of some minute cannons from the terrace before the villa. The *contadini* appeared in all their gala clothes, said their prayers to the madonna of the wood, dined, and finally assembled in a great empty sort of barn, hung round with wreaths of Indian corn, at the farm. Ernesto performed with much spirit on the violin, accompanied by his lame brother on an instrument of native manufacture, very harsh and discordant to unpractised ears.

The married women, oppressed by the weight of babies, heavy jewelry, and their general sense of dignity, sat round the walls discoursing noisily among themselves whose child was the fattest

and finest, eyeing each other's finery with sharp and envious eyes during the pauses of talk.

The laughing maidens gather with the village youths in the midst of the floor; gleesome happy maidens these, their eyes already gleaming with incipient passion, their girlish forms rounding into voluptuous womanhood. By and by the tarantella is to be danced. Ernesto reposes, and Elena, the fair-haired daughter of our landlady, seizes the tambourine, which she strikes with a grace worthy of Terpsichore, sending out the lusty whirring sounds that the excitable Italians love so well. Little Giuletta, who has an harmonium, accompanies her with some simple long-drawn notes. Then the bright-eyed couples come quickly pressing through the door, all anxious to share in the favourite round. They begin, Carolina with Michele sounding the merry castanets, encircling each other,—now, near, now distant, now rejected, now accepted; till at last Michele kneels, and Carolina dances round in triumph.

After the dancing had fairly begun, each excited the other to exertion; now Ernesto's violin with its creaking accompaniment, now the tambourine passed from hand to hand, and many a graceful measure was threaded. Maria was there, and danced fast and furiously for a while, as became her passionate nature. She stamped on the floor, and flew round and round with vehement energy; then, as if a vision of the past had suddenly revealed itself, she covered her face with her hands and rushed home. "Poor Maria!" said her forsaken partner; "she has suffered much." Regina and her little sisters came down from the mountains, and was treated with the distinction her position of belle commanded; but her modesty made her receive all compliments with an almost chastened grace, which was wonderful to behold, and might read a lesson to many a capricious beauty in a very different sphere.

After the dance they partook of the wine—good, *sincere* wine of the country, sweet and creamy like champagne,—and eat *salame* and cakes, and then the merry girls ran home; the heavy matrons shouldered their babies; the rustic Corydons hurry round the doors, sending kisses after their loves; the tambourine was heard ever and anon, fainter and fainter descending the hill, until distance bore away all sound, and night and silence reigned supreme.

HOT DAYS IN OUR VILLA.

We have now been long enough here to become accustomed to the peaceful, dreamy atmosphere of an Italian summer, and even to like the dulness of the long, placid days, when, lying under the shade of some wide-spreading chestnut, nothing breaks the intense silence but that strange music of nature all who have lived much in woods well know—a silence made up of a chorus of sounds too low and inarticulate to be heard unless carefully listened for. The cicada is indeed painfully audible, the wood-pigeons coo, and the song of the peasants labouring in the vineyards is wafted upward in the hot breeze; but these are exceptions to the mysterious silence which has something almost religious in its intensity.

Our landlady, the Sora Lena, considerably amuses our idleness—a huge, bulky woman of forty, who passes her leisure in drinking the good, sincere wine all day, indicating her diurnal pastimes by a certain unsteadiness in her legs, and a vague, misty expression in her eyes, when she comes out into the wood to stare at our encampment under the trees. A gaudy handkerchief, flying like a flag from a topmast, decorates her head. She grunts out a few inarticulate words, quite incomprehensible to any one but her geese—her disconsolate geese, ever on the vain search for their native element—and the fowls, who all flock around her in a joyous chorus, and jump on her head and shoulders,—a delicate attention she much appreciates and rewards with corn. Her wanderings generally end by settling down finally near the hen-house door in a comatose state, and faintly calling at intervals for Rosa, her maid (whose care it is to tend the garden vines, and bind the delicate tendrils to the supporting canes). Rosa, seeing the state of things, gently leads her home and puts her to bed.

Her husband is a *nouveau riche*, who began life as a shepherd, but, either finding a treasure or egregiously cheating his employers, suddenly became possessed of an immense fortune, with which he bought the large old villa where we live, and lands, and woods, and flocks, and herds, becoming a Marquis de Carabas, without the wildest notion how to spend or to enjoy his money except by grinding and oppressing the surrounding poor. He has skulked about for weeks to escape being murdered in the woods by those he has injured, dozens of men having sworn to take his life.

The Sora Lena is very fond of Maria's children ; they share her affection with her poultry, and gather about the doors, roll in the dust, or sleep on the bare stones—hardy little wretches, as ignorant of soap as of algebra. Lingi, the eldest, has his mother's eyes, that gleam like two coals—a real little beauty, fat, round, and graceful as a Cupid, if he were only cleaned from the dirt contracted during his two years' life. He is always to be seen flourishing a large table knife, threatening *felo de se* when he rolls from the top of a certain flight of steps to the bottom,—a feat he contrives to perform many times a day, amid lamentations and cries for mamma, to whose pity he appeals, pointing to his head in gestures eloquently expressive of the pain he feels there. His great delight is, like the Sora Lena, to sit in the midst of the cocks and hens and the misanthropic geese, who come crowding round him with unwarrantable freedom, pecking at the morsel of bread he is munching,—a liberty he repels by lustily screaming, and brandishing his table knife with the gesture of an infant Hercules. He would swear, that urchin, if he could speak. Besides tumbling down the steps he has an immense predilection for water (except for ablutionary purposes), which evil passion led him vagabondizing, the other day, under the hill to the fountain, where he was suddenly discovered with his head down and his heels in the air, almost drowned. Great was the indignation of Maria, who, seizing his heels, administered a revivifying thump, held him in the same position in the air until all the water he had swallowed escaped from his mouth, when she brought him home, crumpled up in her apron like a dead rabbit. Next day he was valiantly fighting the dogs, the same devil-may-care imp as ever, with those gleaming black eyes under his yellow curls.

Unless strayed in the forest, or on some aquatic excursion, he has a pleasant enough life with his little sister, whom he beats unless his young aunt Filomela—a tall well-favoured lass, who counts some fifteen summers, and carries loads of bricks all day to the labourers below repairing the wall—does not catch him in a quiet corner, when she fails not maliciously and secretly to express her practical opinion of his conduct and principles, with such stinging arguments in the shape of blows as to cause poor Lingi to wake the deepest echoes of the woods. A wicked little soul is Filomela, and quite up to mischief; but an agreeable holocaust to Lingi's feelings is speedily offered by Maria, who, rushing down at the noise, beats

her sister in return and sends her off, wishing her "a thousand accidents," to carry more bricks on her head.

I have often mentioned the geese, distant relatives, most likely, of those antique cacklers of the capitol who saved the city, and still live venerated on the same classic site sculptured in bronze. I pitied the poor geese whose lives, like the wandering Jew, aimless and wretched, were doomed to end in a *real* tragedy while searching for that "certain something unpossessed," namely, a mossy pond such as is seen in a shady English lane, but withal quiet and uncomplaining as they increased and multiplied. It fell out in this wise.

The Padrona Lena, who sacrifices each afternoon, as I have said, to the jolly Bacchus god, in a drunken frolic, descended with her three attendant Furies, or rather, Fates, her maids (for it was a black edict of Fate, to the poor cackling geese). They seized on the devoted birds quietly reposing on the grass, and cast them headlong into a pool of water used to irrigate the garden, a high walled-up place from which there was no escape; there they left them, laughing and yelling like evil spirits at the frolic. The geese, unaccustomed to the cold of the unwholesome tank, struggled valiantly to escape; plaintively they cackled, and beat their snowy wings with dumb but piteous pleadings; all in vain—their fate was sealed. No more the bright August sun would shine for them, no more would they pick the scented grasses under the wide-boughed chestnuts. Clotho had drawn their brief thread of life; Lachesis had turned the wheel, and Atropos with her fell scissors cut the slender thread. The poor geese all died in the cold tank. But they died not unlamented, for their decease caused such dolorous sympathy in Filomela and Maria's children, that after roars and sobs of grief around their snowy corpses, after wreathing and garlanding them with flowers, they buried them under a rose bush in the rocky garden.

We have a convent below our villa, and one of our party went down to see it, and, being caught in a thunderstorm, remained the night. The good monks were full of compassion, and installed him in the great saloon overlooking the Campagna. This room was furnished like a feudal hall, and lined with pictures of founders, benefactors, Popes, and saints, all good and holy men, whose images are thought to confer a general blessing on the community. The monks led our friend through corridors bordered with cells and dormitories (each bed with its small crucifix lying on the sheets) into a beautiful garden, uncultivated, but

like a lovely wilderness. Here cypresses, the Virgin's tree pointing towards heaven, and ilex, and fresh oaks, and sycamores overshadowing broad terraces, and ruined fountains where white water-lilies filled the stagnant basins. On one side the garden was enclosed by mediæval walls (the convent had once been a fortress), castellated and turreted, the walls overhanging trackless woods. On the other side of this antique garden uprose the living rocks on which the convent stood, moss-grown and grey, and rifted and ravined into fantastic crevices and glens, with deep caverns going no one knew whither. About this quaint pleasaunce the sedate monks crept noiselessly, their black robes and monkish cowls, sandalled feet and hempen girdles, harmonizing with the weird aspect of the place.

When supper was ready the monks, twelve in number, assembled to the sound of a bell, in the refectory, spread with little tables, each table being laid for two persons; in the centre was bread and native wine. The superior took his station at the top of the room, an eagle-eyed, sharp-featured man, wearing spectacles, with an inveterate habit of putting away everything in the overhanging folds of his right sleeve. At his little table was seated a friar from Assisi on a visit. When the superior had pronounced a Benedicite the supper was borne in by the lay brethren, servile specimens of the Friar Tuck pattern, fat and oily, and orthodoxly dirty. The supper consisted of broth omelette, salad, and roasted quails, washed down by wine of the noblest quality. Ye heathen gods! had ye left behind a sample of Bacchus's sparkling cup when ye fled from these Sabine woods! So spoke our friend, who raved about the wine, and said that the good monks greatly enjoyed its flavour. One monk entering late, after the grace, kneeled on the floor before his superior with his hands clasped; the superior, hotly engaged in an argument with the visitor from Assisi, not perceiving him. He remained motionless, like a penitent ghost come to be shriven, until the abbot turned, making the sign of a cross over him, when the brother took his allotted place. The evening was passed in cheerful talk, and with the assistance of a well-thumbed pack of cards, which must have taught *le wisk* to many a generation of tonsured friars. When night came and the monks retired, our friend turned into his berth, the saloon, where, lulled by the soft night breezes rustling in the forest, under the custody of the stern old images, looking down from the walls in the moonlight which streamed through the uncurtained windows, he slept.

“THE VEXED QUESTION,”

CAN I MARRY ON £300 A YEAR?

BY HUNTLEY SMYTH.

CHAPTER VI.

LADY MALVERN'S CROQUET PARTY.

THE day was a lovely one ; we were now verging towards the end of August. My dress arrived in good time, Miss Dent having kept her word about it ; so after extracting a promise from Sidney to join us late in the day if he could, and bring me home, I departed. Sidney told me not to be disappointed if he did not make his appearance, having many duties to attend to. There was a report that fever had broken out in a distant part of the parish, and he thought he would walk there and inquire as to its truth.

At my mother's I found both the girls ready, and awaiting my arrival in the prettiest of summer toilettes, and in colours corresponding with their complexions,—dark and fair.

I must not pass on without describing Lilla as she stood at the window in all the beauty and freshness of her nineteen summers. London that day could hardly, I think, produce a fairer sight. She is rather taller than I am, with skin transparently fair, and generally of a perfect paleness, except if startled or excited, when a delicate pink, like the inside shade of a shell, steals over her cheeks, and gradually deepens to the richest carmine ; brows, lashes, and eyes very dark, the latter sometimes grey, sometimes hazel, and at times very black, according, I always thought, to the mood she was in. Her hair, which turned back from the temples, wreathed round the classically shaped head, and fell over her shoulders in rich clusters of golden curls ; the small, straight nose and faultless mouth, ever dimpling into smiles,—this, with a look about her of candour and freshness quite indescribable, is the portrait of my sister. It stands fixed in my memory as a sun picture ; in strong relief to the many sorrowful events which followed. I must not, however, anticipate.

We set off for Malvern House, found a large party assembled there, and received a warm welcome from its mistress. I was congratulated on my reappearance among them by many old friends. It was pleasant to see so many familiar faces, and the kindly greetings I everywhere received showed I had not been utterly forgotten.

The grounds at Malvern House are very pretty; its parterre beautifully laid out. The *déjeûné* was spread partly on tables on the lawn, and partly in tents, which were everywhere scattered about, each surmounted by a bright-coloured flag. These, with the profusion of exquisite flowers in beds, in vases, in rustic baskets, or trailing up arches and poles, scattering everywhere their rich perfumes; the long row of fountains on the terrace, their waters playing and sparkling in the sun, the merry music from the band stationed under the trees at a little distance off, and the groups of gaily dressed fashionables, made it altogether a brilliant scene.

The ostensible business of the day was croquet, that wonderful game which at present seems to occupy so large a part of the attention of the United Kingdom. There is no necessity for my giving any description of it; every one is aware of its existence, and almost every one can play it. There are parties—masculine, of course—who say the reason women like it so much is because it is an excuse for them to show off their ankles, also a great help to flirtation; certainly a man has splendid opportunities of paying many delicate little attentions, for he can play his partner's game as well as his own. But my opinion is that the popularity of the game is caused by its being the only field where men and women can meet on equal grounds. It is rather a graceful game, too; a girl looks to great advantage if she plays well, and keeps her temper though she may miss a hoop. There have been some scandals told of failures in this respect, but I hope they have been got up by an enemy, or have been exaggerated.

There were many sets quickly formed, one party consisting of Lilla and Augusta Vesey, a Miss Dalzell, a very pretty girl, but in strong contrast to my sister, being little and a brunette; the fourth lady was a friend of hers, whom I had never before seen. The gentlemen were Mr. Lexington, a man I met everywhere in the days I went out with Lilla, and whom I always particularly disliked,—I think because I feared she regarded him with rather the opposite feeling; Hugh Chandler, Sir Compton Roubrick, a consequential looking little man, whom Miss Dalzell and her friend

seemed to make a great fuss over, and Mr. Malvern, our friend's son, completed the set. I did not play, but sat looking on, and after a little while it appeared to me as if the game lay principally between Mr. Lexington, my sister's partner, and Sir Compton, Miss Dalzell's cavalier, and they seemed animated against each other by a spirit of rancour and rivalry that croquet, spiteful as the game often is, could hardly have engendered. Once the little baronet's ball came in my sister's way. Mr. Lexington said something to her which I did not hear, but she laughed, placed her foot on the ball, raised her mallet, and roqued it off the ground, across the path, and far off among the shrubs, where Sir Compton had to go and seek for it. He came back looking very hot, indignant, and injured, and I overheard him say to Lilla as he passed her, "That was very unkind, Miss D'Arcy; I had spared you." That stroke, however, lost him his game; he was not able to recover his position, and Mr. Lexington's side won.

As soon as the game was over we strolled about the grounds in different directions. Augusta, Hugh Chandler, and myself, set off to see a little Gothic temple recently finished, Lilla following with Mr. Lexington. I do not know why, but I never liked to see that man paying such marked attention to her; to-day he seemed to haunt her like her shadow. My companions chatted away merrily, but I felt sad and dispirited; some vague foreboding of evil seemed to oppress me that I could not shake off. I kept wishing that Sidney would arrive, and wondering what had detained him. He had said there was a great deal of sickness amongst the poor in the neighbourhood. The last two or three evenings he had come in looking tired and ill. Just then flashed across my mind the remembrance of that fever he spoke of in those dismal lanes. Could it be?—but no, I would not think of that. It was too terrible.

Lilla and her companion soon separated themselves from us. We did not meet again until a bugle summoned back the whole party for what was to be the finishing amusement of the day. Sir Compton had gallantly presented an arrow in gold and turquoise, which was to be shot for by the ladies at a target on the terrace in front of the house. Just as we approached, out of one of the shrubberies near came Lilla and Mr. Lexington; she looked flushed and agitated, and he—but no one could tell from his aspect what he thought or felt; that impenetrable countenance defied all scrutiny. The only expression I ever read there

was a sort of habitual sneer, which was to me particularly irritating.

"Lilla," said I, "pray do not go off in that manner again, for after this shooting is over I intend returning home."

I felt quite cross, and am afraid spoke so. Lilla looked surprised, and was going to reply, but checked herself; then John Malvern came up and took her away, as she was one of the competitors in the approaching match.

Twelve ladies were to compete. As Lilla took up her bow, she turned with a smile to Sir Compton and, to my intense surprise, said, "I owe you some reparation for that very vicious roquet, and so appoint you my cavalier to pick up my arrows." He looked quite flattered and delighted, and said "the honour more than repaid him for his previous disappointment."

Lady Malvern, Hugh Chandler, and myself, stood watching the match; but it was soon easy to perceive that the shooting lay between Miss Dalzell and my sister. They had outstripped all competitors, and stood head of the score. What mysterious sense was it then that made me wish Lilla would not shoot so well? The consequences that followed the winning of that prize I never dreamt of nor could ever have foreseen, and yet—and yet I kept hoping she might miss.

"They are neck and neck now," whispered Mr. Chandler to me; "the next gold must win. It must be Miss D'Arcy's; the little one is losing her nerve."

"Who is Sir Compton Roubrick?" said I, abruptly. "I never remember having met him anywhere before my marriage."

"A Lancashire man, with no end of money. A millowner, I believe, much sought after and rejoiced over by the mothers of England. Lexington dubbed him Sir Cotton, and, as the small baronet has heard of the *mot*, you can understand the feeling between those two being none of the friendliest."

I looked at Lilla. She was busily engaged, with this gentleman's assistance, in tightening the string of her bow. She seemed quite calm; but there was a cold, strange look in her face I had never seen before, and could not bear to see now. Miss Dalzell was excited and visibly nervous. It was her turn. She took up her bow. Her first arrow only touched the target at the outer rim. The second was better, but still wide of the gold. At the third we could all see that her hand shook, and she missed altogether. Now it was Lilla's turn. Every one pressed round to watch. Her first arrow sped right into the very centre.

Whilst placing the next, she hesitated and looked round. Mr. Lexington stood a little in advance. He was returning, bringing back to their owners some of the arrows that had missed. Their eyes met. What she read in his I cannot guess, but it seemed to decide her; for she let the second arrow go and it struck the target hardly an inch above the first, and the third went right between the two.

Loud acclamations proclaimed her the winner. Sir Compton looked delighted and very consequential as he handed her the prize, which she received with a winning smile and, in a very unnecessarily gracious manner, saying—and suiting the action to the word,—“I shall put it in my hair, Sir Compton, and wear it in memory of this charming day.”

Mr. Lexington heard her—she intended he should I am sure. He bit his lip, and said, with almost a sneer, “You are fortunate in your shooting, Miss D’Arcy. Your arrows hit the gold.”

“Miss D’Arcy is ‘*hors de concours*’ in all she does,” said John Malvern, who happened to overhear him.

“It was mere luck,” said Lilla, with a careless laugh. “Miss Dalzell generally shoots much better than I do.” Taking Sir Compton’s arm, she went in with him to one of the refreshment tents. I followed slowly with Mr. Malvern.

“Am I to congratulate you?” said he.

“Please do not,” said I. “There is surely nothing more intended than mere gallantry in Sir Compton Roubrick’s attentions.”

“Or in your sister’s,” said he, slyly. “My dear Mrs. Ward, it has been visible to every one that Sir Compton has been quite *épris* for some time past, but until to-day he never met with the slightest encouragement from your sister, who was insensible to all his attractions, *purse-onal* and otherwise; but her manner just now on the archery ground, coupled with the appearance of throwing over Lexington, has put the finishing stroke to the baronet’s captivation. She has, be assured, by this time received the offer of his hand, and what he facetiously terms his heart.”

“Pray do not speak so. Lilla could not——”

“Could she not? Be so good as to look there.”

I turned round. Lilla and Sir Compton were standing near the door of the tent, close to some citron and orange trees. He had cut off a spray and was in the act of presenting it. As she held out her hand to take it, the colour fled from cheek and lip, and she shivered as though a chill had suddenly struck her.

She looked up with a wild terrified glance, as if for help; but it passed almost as soon as it came. In an instant she was calm and self-possessed as usual, and accepted with a sweet and gracious smile the raptures and protestations that were now evidently being poured into her ear.

"Oh, Lilla! Lilla!" I could not help saying.

"Do not be so distressed about it," said Mr. Malvern. "After all matters might be worse. I have long observed with regret Lexington's attentions to your sister. We men know one another, Mrs. Ward, in a way women never can, and I would rather see a sister of mine in her grave than in Horace Lexington's hands. The worst that can be said of Sir Compton is that he is a fool. His reputation, morally and commercially, stands well enough. Believe me, there are not two women here to-day who would refuse him. The man has been shot at, danced at, sang at for the whole season. It is really a relief to have him go off quietly at last."

I could not answer, nor could his words bring me any comfort. Lilla, my fair young sister, how can you so belie the promise of your girlhood as to barter your self-respect, your heart's integrity, your youth, for this man's wealth and title, whose very name I never heard pass your lips before to-day, and whom John Malvern, even in trying to make the best of, has acknowledged to be a fool?

The guests were now all departing, our carriage was called, and we left, kind Lady Malvern having made me promise soon to spend a quiet day with her.

CHAPTER VII.

EARTH-BORN CLOUDS.

ON reaching home I found Dorothy at the door looking out anxiously for my arrival. "I am so glad you are come, ma'am."

"Where is your master?" I exclaimed.

"Up-stairs, ma'am. Somehow, I don't think master well—leastways, he looks uncommon bad. He came in an hour or two back, and wouldn't take no dinner, though I sent him up as tender a cutlet as I seen this year, and his favourite soup. He seemed chilly like, so I made him a fire in the dressing-room."

I hurried up-stairs and found Sidney sitting quite over the grate, and looking most miserably ill.

"You truant!" I said. "Why did you not come and look after your wife?"

"My intentions were very good; I returned early for the purpose; but when I came to dress I found I was not 'up for it.' I got a shivering fit, and felt ill; so I made Dorothy light a fire."

"But you have eaten nothing all day, Sidney. Dorothy feels quite aggrieved at the slight put on her cutlet."

"I could not manage it; I felt no appetite for anything."

"Sidney, you are, I fear, in for a bad cold. I will order tea up here, and a good strong cup will revive you, and you must try and eat something."

"Do not ask it, dear; I am not really capable of the effort. I will have a warm bath, go to bed, and hope to be all right in the morning. Now tell me about your day, Kate. How did you get on without me?"

"Very badly indeed. I wanted you so much." I then told him all that had happened, and my sad misgivings about Lilla. He looked very grave, and said,—

"It is a step she will repent of during her entire life. Girls cannot dream of the misery they insure themselves by marrying like this. To the heartless, worldly ones it is not a matter of such moment; they find a kind of happiness in the luxuries and vain show of life, and in the gratification of all their tastes and whims; but in Lilla's instance, warm-hearted and refined, with that ardent, loving nature, the mistake would be fatal. I know that Sir Compton Roubrick well. He is a hard man, coarse-minded, and without religion. What is there reliable in such a character, or what to fall back on when sorrow and trial come? We must try and prevent it at all hazards, Kate."

"I feel quite wretched about it," said I, "and greatly fear that there has been some dark influence at work to have brought it about. When I see her to-morrow I shall find out all, and will implore of her to pause ere she thus madly links her fate with a man of whom, beyond his mere individuality, she knows nothing possibly." But, alas! when the morrow came Lilla was secondary in my thoughts.

Sidney passed a restless, feverish night, with a few snatches of sleep, moaning and muttering through them. I felt extremely uneasy, and longed for the morning, to know what ought to be

done for him. I rose directly I heard a stir in the house. Sidney awoke before I left the room, and in reply to my inquiries said his head ached very much, and he complained of a stiffness in his limbs. He sat up for a moment, but felt so giddy, he was obliged to lie down immediately.

"You must not attempt to stir," said I; "I will go down-stairs and ask Dorothy what is the best thing to do. She has great experience about illness."

When I told her I feared her master was very ill, she replied, "I ain't a bit surprised. He looked mortal bad when he came in yesterday, and there's a deal of sickness hereabouts."

"Oh, Dorothy, if he has taken the fever, what will become of us? I feel so useless and inexperienced."

"Don't you go and be down-hearted, ma'am. I shall just step across to Doctor Gaskell's and fetch him up. The people all speak of him as very skilled in these parts."

"Do so," said I. "Miss Barker also has spoken of him to me several times, and in the highest terms. I will write a line and beg of him to call here before he goes on his daily rounds."

I then went up-stairs to prepare Sidney for his visit. "I am glad you sent for Gaskell," he said. "I have great faith in him. We have often met lately. Kate dearest, I fear I am very ill. Do not look so scared and terrified, but sit down here and let me look at and speak to you while I can. I do not ask you not to nurse me through this illness, love; I know it would be useless; but you must promise me to run no heedless risks, or fatigue yourself unnecessarily, and to obey the doctor. Remember there is a precious little life depending on yours now."

"Oh! Sidney, Sidney," I exclaimed, as I threw my arms around him, "I will try to be brave and good, but do not speak as if you thought you were going to be very ill; I cannot bear it."

"You must bear it, love. Remember in whose hands we are. Let us put ourselves into His keeping, never doubting but He will fulfil His gracious promise, 'I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him and honour him.'" I laid my head on his shoulder and tried hard to keep back my tears. We remained in silence until the doctor arrived soon after.

He at once pronounced it to be fever, but the symptoms comparatively mild at present. "He hoped to expel the enemy before it could make any head. Meanwhile a mild diaphoretic treatment was all that was required." He wrote

down the necessary prescription; then turning to me,—“You must keep up your spirits and husband your strength, Mrs. Ward. You will require both, for this illness is likely to be a tedious one. If gentlemen will run into danger, and risk ‘the very doubtful atmospheres where I have met my reverend friend here, they must expect to suffer from the certain consequences, that is all.”

“We were in the same boat, doctor,” said my husband, smiling. “I think you were pretty well my precursor in most cases.”

“Well, well, a soldier must be at his post, you know. Now you are to obey orders and remain perfectly quiet.” Addressing me, he said, “Let him have plenty of fresh air. Nothing in the way of nourishment at present, only barley water or lemonade can be allowed, and give the remedies as directed when they arrive. I shall see him in the evening.”

I went down-stairs to give the servants instructions to keep the house perfectly quiet, and told Dorothy what things were necessary to be procured. She insisted on my taking a cup of coffee, which, to please her, I swallowed, and then returned to Sidney. He lay in a kind of doze. I sat down by the bedside and tried to think, but could not. Pictures of the past and present came crowding in my mind; my memory seemed filled with the echoes of what I had heard; but to try and single out one idea, and individualize it, was impossible. It was all confusion, with a dead weight of care and misery. At last the perfect stillness of the room restored, and in some measure calmed me. Sidney’s words kept repeating themselves in my ear,—“Let us commit ourselves to Him.” I tried to do it, but the doctor’s start and grave look when he first saw Sidney! I knew well he tried often to appear more cheerful and sanguine than he really felt. I thought too of Lilla, who was to have come in the evening “to tell me all.” I felt I must write at once to forbid it. And also to Mrs. Ward. The dean had been ill, and still remained in a very precarious state, which causes her much anxiety, and but for this I know that the very first intelligence of Sidney’s illness would have brought her to help me to nurse. My own mother’s delicacy quite prevented anything of the kind; if I allowed her to come I should only have another source of anxiety.

Day after day glided by, each bringing its own hopes and fears, but no decided change in the invalid. I had a mattress put down in a corner of the room, and Dorothy and I divided the night watches. About the tenth day the doctor seemed, I

thought, more than usually anxious in his inquiries, and that evening he said, when leaving, "Should there be the least change in the symptoms send for me at once." But for some hours after he left, Sidney lay quiet as usual. I read to him that beautiful thirty-fourth Psalm, and he repeated after me, "Great are the troubles of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of all." "He keepeth all his bones, so that not one of them is broken." And then, "All they that put their trust in Him shall not be destitute." He asked me to read the Church prayer for the sick. "Now go on to 'where there appeareth small hope of recovery.'" "Sidney," I cried, "I cannot read that, it would break my heart." "Read it, love; those words compose and quiet me like nothing else. I may be taken from you, Kate; it may be His will to part us; but you will come to me, darling, will you not?"

"Oh, Sidney, I am not good as you are. I cannot say it. I do not feel resigned."

"You must pray and help me too, Kate. God is no hard task-master. He will ask no more than we can give. Now, dear, leave me for a little; I think I could sleep."

I left him and went into the next room and leaned out of the window. The night was clear, soft, and motionless; not a sound or breath of wind disturbed the atmosphere. It was the hour for thought and prayer. Holy influences seemed hovering near, soothing the vexed spirit, the quiet stars looking down as if pointing to the bright homes above, and telling of the rest for weary overtasked mortality. I felt weighed down with this heavy burden laid upon me, "greater than I could bear." For a moment the rebellious thought came across my mind, What had I done that all this sorrow should have come upon me? I felt miserable about Lilla. I had that morning received a letter from her, saying that her marriage with Sir Compton Roubrick was arranged. She had accepted him and could not retract. I did not like the tone of her letter; there rang a strain of bitterness through it so unlike my sister. These debts of mine were another source of annoyance. The architect sent for the money for the greenhouse; it came to fourteen pounds,—not ten, as I thought he would have done it for; and the dress-maker's bill amounts to £11 5s. for making and trimming my dress, and the bonnet that was to have been so reasonable. Sidney had no ready money. I looked over his accounts and found he had exhausted his resources relieving the wants of his poor during this terrible fever which had now laid him low

While thinking it all over and trying to form some plan, I heard a strange sound in the next room. I flew in and found there was indeed a change in my patient. The burning crimson of fever was on his cheek, his eyes rolled vacantly but incessantly around. The throbbing of the arteries of the head, the muttering words, without, alas! sense or meaning, showed all too plainly that the symptoms had set in which the doctor seemed to fear. I roused Dorothy and sent her off at once for him. When he arrived he looked at him gravely, and said, “I dreaded this all day. I did not like that dry, parched skin; it showed the diaphoretics were ceasing to act on the system. It is now running into typhus.”

“Dr. Gaskell, is he in danger?”

“There is always danger, Mrs. Ward,” said he, “in disease of this kind; but we’ll hope, and with God’s help we will pull him through. We must now use every effort to strengthen the system for the struggle before it.”

CHAPTER VIII.

CONVALESCENCE.

ON those weary, terrible days that followed! It is a sad sight to see a strong man bowed down by sickness, helpless and prostrate; but far sadder is it when accompanied by the wreck of all mental power. The eyes wide open without the least speculation; dreadful words without the slightest meaning. He was never attacked with violent delirium, but rather a total want of power in body and mind.

One night the doctor sat by the bedside for hours, it seemed to me, with his finger on his pulse. It was then life or death. The dreadful stillness—interrupted only by the fearfully laboured breathing—maddened me. I could bear it no longer. I got up and went into the next room. I tried to pray, but in vain. I could not say, “Thy will be done.”

“O God,” I cried, “take all, but leave me him. I cannot, oh! I cannot give up my husband. But do Thou help me.”

I know not how long I remained on my knees, when I heard a step; a hand touched my shoulder. I drew one long breath,—looked up,—better to know all at once; but the kind doctor, seizing my hands, said, “He is saved; he has sunk into a calm, refresh-

ing sleep, and will awake, if undisturbed, out of all danger." There and then for the first time I gave way; the unnatural tension of the nerves, too highly strung, failed me at last. I felt something snap, and then sight and all were gone. I fell senseless.

When I recovered I was lying on the sofa, and dear Mrs. Ward sitting by my side.

Sidney was still sleeping,—natural, comfortable sleep. I must be very quiet. She had come to nurse him.

"My poor child, you have had sad trouble during this weary time, bearing the burden of all alone. You must be looked after now."

"Oh, it is all right. Sidney is out of danger, and you are here. God has been very good to me. But may I not go to him?"

"No; you are to lie quietly here, and be good. You can trust him to me. He may sleep for some hours. I shall come for you when he wakes."

She settled me comfortably on the sofa, threw a shawl over me, and with fond words kissed and left me to the sweet consciousness that I might now rest untroubled; we were watched over by loving and tender hands; and this the first great sorrow of my life was passing from me.

How the hours of that one day went by I could never tell. I remember Mrs. Ward coming in and wanting me to lie down again after I had had a cup of coffee; but no, I must go to Sidney. I remember seeing my Bible lying open on the little table near, and reading these words,—*"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits: who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction."*

Ay, there are times when God's precious promises seem to us to bear a deeper, almost a holier meaning than we have ever before drawn from them; when words that we have frequently read over with comparative indifference now seize upon our hearts, as it were, and look as if especially addressed to ourselves, bringing with them the blessed assurance that God's hand is over us,—that the work He has commenced He will perfect.

My heart overflowed with thankfulness when, on entering my beloved husband's room, I found him lying composed and quiet, and his eye, which so eagerly sought mine as I entered, with the blessed light of reason in it.

I knelt down beside him. I slipped my arm under his head,

and nestled up close to him. I felt his breath on my cheek and the touch of his lips on my eyelids. We neither of us spoke. It was not a time for words. Deep feeling is and must be silent. He lay happy in the consciousness of my presence, too weak to realize more; I in the blissful recollection that he was restored to me. It was an hour of quiet, dreamy happiness. My head lay on his arm,—that poor arm so wasted by this terrible disease. The world and all beside were nothing to me then. My husband was restored. God had given him back to me from the grave's brink. I could bear anything now without a murmur.

But earthly cares, alas! must be thought of; mundane wants looked after. Sidney was to be nourished up; the wasted strength renewed. Brandy, port wine, champagne, and beef tea, and every other nutritive that could be thought of, were to be administered now.

I must chronicle how Mrs. Ward made beef tea—so very different from the greasy stuff so often given to invalids under that name. Here is her receipt,—“The beef is cut into dice, and put into a crock, covering it over. This is placed in boiling water and left to simmer till all the essence of the meat is extracted. Sometimes a coffee-cup of water is added. It is then strained off, and a little salt added to taste.”

He had jellies of all sorts, including chicken, wine, and porter. This latter makes a nice variety, and tends, I think, to give strength more than either of the other kinds. I do not think it is generally known.

But champagne, port wine, and brandy must be paid for. The one terrible dread of my husband's danger was past (for Sidney was very good, did everything he was bid, and so got stronger and better every day); and way was made for these lesser troubles and anxieties to come worrying on. I must bear them alone. Sidney cannot be tormented about money matters, or told anything to excite or throw him back. I must find some way to meet the difficulty and pay off these demands. There are many favoured ones who will smile at the idea of my applying so big a word to what would be to them a mere bagatelle. But, alas! to me it was no trifle. These debts lay on me like an incubus. As soon as Sidney was better, I knew the first thing he would do would be to look after the expenses. Meantime I must do my best; get the money somehow, and confess the whole matter to him by and by. I had amongst my wedding presents a necklet and bracelet in emeralds and opals;

also a diamond locket. These were, I knew, worth double the sum I required. I came to the resolution to dispose of them. The architect that very morning had sent rather a rude message for his debt, and this fixed my determination. That evening at dusk I put on my dark travelling cloak, and sallied forth on my errand. About two or three streets off there was a man who I knew purchased jewelry; I had seen the fact set forth on his door; so thither I first bent my steps. My heart rather failed me on entering his place of business. I did not like the look he cast at me as I presented the case to him, and asked if he would purchase the contents.

"How much do you expect for them?" said he.

"Fifty pounds," said I, boldly.

"I wish you may get it," said he, insolently; "but not here, I can tell ye."

"They cost double the money I ask, and that very recently."

"May be so," replied the man; "but if they were bought yesterday they're second-hand now. Next place, we run great risks in buying things of this sort. One never knows how they are come by. A man incurs ugly chances in these transactions sometimes."

"They are my own," said I, indignantly.

"So you all say," said he, with an insolent leer. "Come, I'll give you fifteen down, and run all hazards."

"Give them to me," I said. "If you were now to offer ten times that you should not have them." I took them from him, and before he could know what I was about I was at the door, where he followed me, repeating his offer, and added, "Come, come, don't you be offended at what I said. Perhaps we may deal in this matter yet. Lor' bless ye, thousands like you come here with their ladies' things selling (that was flattering to me!); perhaps I might say five more."

"If you think they are stolen," said I, "it would be foolish in you to incur any risk about the matter; but I could have no confidence in dealing with you after your own admission."

I left him and went on to the next street, where there was a shop of the same description. This man looked them carefully over and weighed them; and civilly said,—

"These are very handsome, ma'am. It is a pity to dispose of them, for I cannot give you half their value, as I must sell them again at second-hand."

“Can you let me have fifty pounds for them?”

“I will give that at once,” said he. “The locket alone cost more. I’ll tell you what I’ll do, ma’am. I will keep them here for a year if you like to repurchase them, making me a due allowance of course.”

Agreeing to this, I thanked him. He gave me the notes and a receipt, which he bade me keep carefully. While putting the money in my purse I caught sight of a face looking in at the window. I quickly remembered; it was the man I had seen in the other shop. He was watching, and had evidently followed me. The street I had to pass through in returning was not a very nice one, but I had some knowledge of it in visiting the wife of a tradesman during a long illness. If I could get as far as their house I was all right. Daniel, the husband, would, I knew, gladly see me home. Meanwhile I took the precaution of slipping unobserved the notes into my glove, and replacing the purse in my pocket. I wished my friend good night, and set off homewards.

Turning into Ryder Street, where these poor people lived, I was accosted by a beggar asking alms. He was very importunate, and followed me some paces, relating a most piteous story, the truth of which I rather doubted. Meanwhile the man whom I had seen looking in at the window walked rapidly past, jostling the beggar, who by this time had come quite close to my side, so roughly as to cause him to stumble against me. The whole thing was over in an instant, and both men went off at a rapid pace. I felt for my purse: it was gone, of course. It was what I call my house purse; had cost me about ninepence, and perhaps contained a threepenny piece. “It was a pity,” I thought, “the gentlemen risked so much to gain so little.” I was now quite close to Daniel’s, who was fortunately at home, and who saw me safe to my own door. Most thankful was I to have got so well out of the affair; and I felt thoroughly delighted with the courage and presence of mind I flattered myself I had displayed on this trying occasion.

THE IRISH CHURCH.

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II. THE CONDITIONS OF THE PRESENT CRISIS.

AN attempt was made a year ago in the pages of this Magazine to bring to the notice of the public the growing importance of the Irish Church question. In the opening words of that article the author of the present paper ventured to use these words:¹— "To all who have of late studied the signs of the times it must be evident that before long the present and future condition of the Irish Church will become one of the most prominent questions of the day. It will probably be the battle-ground on which the *verata questio* of the connection of the Church with the State in that kingdom will be fought and decided." That probability is now changed into a certainty. The Irish Church question is without doubt "the most prominent question of the day," and we have the authority of the First Minister of the Crown for asserting, that the union of Church and State in England as well as in Ireland is involved in the issue of the contest on which we have now entered. There can, however be little doubt that the exigencies of party warfare have had much to do with the sudden prominence thus given to the Irish Church question. Had Mr. Gladstone been in possession of the Treasury bench, he would doubtless have been glad to allow the question to sleep, not only till the meeting of the Reformed Parliament, but as long afterwards as possible. But finding that the air of opposition was not conducive to the political health either of himself or his friends, the urgent importance of the Irish Church question, and the great necessity that existed for its immediate settlement, was suddenly perceived; whilst, by a strange coincidence, it happened to be the only political question on which there existed a good hope of reuniting the divided sections of the Liberal party. We have thus already had this session

¹ Dr. Lees first paper on the Irish Church will be found in the part for May, 1867, of this magazine.

two great debates on Ireland,—the one on its general condition, the other almost exclusively devoted to the Irish Church. The result has been the reunion of the Liberal party under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone, and the emphatic declaration by that statesman of his deliberate intention to subvert by every means in his power the Established Church as at present existing in Ireland. “I hold,” said he, “that in the settlement of the Irish Church question, that Church, as a State Church, must cease to exist.”

This, then, “is the clear and intelligible issue” now before the country. It is proposed by the leader of a large and powerful party, commanding a clear majority in the present House of Commons, to alter the Protestant constitution of the country,—to destroy as an Establishment the Irish branch of the United Church, and to leave that portion of the United Kingdom, as far as the State is concerned, without any religion whatever. In other words, the English people are now called upon to renounce the principle of religion as an element of our political constitution, and to inaugurate, for the first time in our history, a system of government in Ireland which, “dismissing the sanctions that appeal to the higher feelings of man,” would cause our government there “to degenerate into a mere system of police.”

It is not too much to say that such a crisis in our history as a nation has not occurred since the revolution of 1688. It is, therefore, scarcely possible to overrate the gravity of the position in which we now stand. It is one which specially requires to be considered apart from party feelings and party prejudices, and yet there is the greatest possible danger of this question being discussed, not only in the House of Commons, but by the nation at large, as a party question,—as one which will determine the rise and fall of ministries, as one upon which votes will be given, not on the abstract question as to whether it is right and just and for the benefit of the empire, to maintain or remove the Established Church in Ireland, but to determine the infinitely minor question, whether Mr. Disraeli, or Mr. Gladstone, shall sit for a time in the House of Commons on the right or left hand of the Speaker’s chair.

Such being the danger that is undoubtedly before us, it becomes of the greatest consequence that the English public, with whom the final decision of this gravely important question undoubtedly rests, should in every possible way have clearly set before them the real conditions of the problem they are called upon to solve; the true issues involved in its solution; and the consequences

that will assuredly follow should the Imperial Parliament ever be induced to dissolve the union that now exists between the Church and the State in Ireland.

It is hoped that the following remarks may tend in some measure to show the true position in which this question now stands.

The existing House of Commons, after only eight days' notice, scarcely a month after a new Premier had assumed the reins of office—after a four days' debate, in which the real questions at issue were scarcely once touched upon,—has, to say the least, adopted by a large majority the principle of Mr. Gladstone's resolutions. The constituency who elected this Parliament, at the time of the general election, had not the remotest idea that this vital question would ever be seriously considered by its members. It was elected to support the general policy of Lord Palmerston, and before it had even assembled for despatch of business, Lord Palmerston was no more. Having enacted its own annihilation by the Reform Act of 1867, it is now asked in its last session, almost itself *in extremis*, to do its utmost to annihilate the Established Church in Ireland also. It is evident, therefore, that the country at large has never as yet been consulted in this matter. That party in Parliament which is ever proclaiming its trust in the people refuses absolutely to postpone the consideration of this question, which affects the very foundation of our constitution, till the people shall have been adequately consulted respecting it. With a lack of generosity, averse alike to our character as a nation, and happily rare in our parliamentary annals, without allowing time to the new Minister to mature or develop his policy, an impetuous, mistimed, and unseemly attack has been made upon the Government, which, although so far successful as to obtain the sanction of a majority of the House, will in the end find no favour with a people who remember well that the burning zeal for "justice to Ireland" that now enflames the breasts of the Liberal party has only been engendered since it found itself in opposition, and was a flickering flame of feeble growth during the many years in which they sat on the Treasury bench and directed the destinies of the empire.

Bearing then, in mind, that the country at large has never as yet expressed an opinion on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, let us now proceed to consider how this question really stands.

It is said with preposterous confidence by those who know nothing of the true state of Ireland, or of the Irish character, that the destruction of the Irish Church as an Establishment will produce peace in Ireland, and will satisfy the Irish people. We have already the clearest evidence that it will do neither, although it is proverbially true "that there are none so blind as those who won't see." The destruction of the Established Church will not produce peace in Ireland, for it will not satisfy the wants, the aspirations, the demands of the Roman Catholics of Ireland. Have the English people ever seriously considered what those wants and those aspirations are? The destruction of the Established Church is but the first of a long series of such demands. The Church gone, an end is to be put forthwith "to the inglorious reign of landlord avarice" and "peasant serfdom." "There must be equality in all the departments of primary, intermediate, and university education." Trinity College, Dublin, and the endowed schools, all alike founded by Royal charter for the express purpose of fostering the Reformed faith in Ireland, "must be opened to all;" and we are assured by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Cloyne (Bishop Keane) that the day is not far distant when "Ireland with irresistible power will *demand* from England all that she is entitled to." The bishop naïvely adds, "The Church question is now the first because the ripeſt for solution;" but whilst accepting "as an act of justice the disestablishment of the Protestant Church," he is careful to remind those to whom he wrote, "that in the present position of the tenant farmers is found the 'question of questions' for Ireland." ¹ In other words, we are forewarned that the destruction of the Established Church will produce no peace in Ireland. Far from it, it will be the signal for fresh agitation. Having obtained so much, "the Irish people" will more eagerly, more imperatively demand that "the question of questions"—the land question—be settled in accordance with their wishes. In the Church question the priest and the agitator are chiefly concerned; it is the land question which directly and personally concerns every peasant in Ireland. But what hope can England have, if she succumb to the present agitation against the Church, of settling the Irish land question, save at the price of a revolution? After the chief link that now binds the two countries together has been rudely snapped, after her warmest friends in Ireland have been

¹ Letter to National Association of Ireland, April, 1868.

rendered alienated or indifferent, whilst the Irish Protestants are writhing under the galling effects of a recently inflicted spoliation, which, Lord Russell has been careful to warn them, "will place them in a position of political inferiority with respect to their Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen,"¹—when all this shall have been accomplished, will England be in a better position than at present to secure peace and contentment in Ireland? Assuredly not; for Protestant discontent will then have been added to Roman Catholic discontent, and the difficulty of the conditions of the problem to be solved will have been increased a hundredfold. And even if the land question were settled, still more remains behind. The words of Mr. Roebuck in the late debate on this point are entirely true, and worthy of attentive consideration. "Disendow the Irish Church," said he, "arrange the land question how you will, even in the fashion which the Irish people want it, still you will not have done that which the Irish people demand, or without which they will not be satisfied. What do they want? They want separation from England. We may hide it as much as we please from ourselves, but the fact is, that until you have separated Ireland from England and made her independent, you will not have satisfied the wishes, the intentions, or the projects of a great portion of the people of Ireland."² And as that separation would involve the immediate descent of England from a first-rate to that of a second-rate power, whatever policy would tend in the slightest degree towards such a calamity must necessarily be resisted by England with the full weight of its influence and authority. We ourselves believe that the disestablishment or disendowment of the Irish Church would be a distinct step towards the final separation of the two countries, and as such to be strenuously resisted by all who desire the integrity of the British Empire to be maintained.

These remarks make it the more evident that the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland is not so much an Irish as an Imperial question. The results that will flow from it must affect, not Ireland only, but England and Scotland also. The most strenuous efforts are now being made in certain quarters to persuade the public that it is not so, and even Mr. Gladstone has condescended to attempt on this point to throw dust into the eyes of the British people. He would have us believe that because the English Church is the Church of the majority of the English nation,

¹ See *Hansard*, Third Series, vol. 42, col. 1178.

² *The Times*, April 3rd, 1868.

therefore its future position is secure. But, nevertheless, he does not hesitate to use such language as the following:—"There are many who think that to lay hands upon the national Church Establishment of a country is a profane and unhallowed act. I respect that feeling; I sympathize with it; *while I think it my duty to overcome and repress it.*"—(Speech in debate, March 31, 1868.) And if a few years hence the necessity of the case seems to him so to require, what is to prevent Mr. Gladstone, who has already trampled underfoot the only true principles on which a Church Establishment can be defended, deeming it to be his duty to overcome and repress "the feelings of English Churchmen," with whom, nevertheless, "he will fully sympathize," whilst he lays his unhallowed hand on the Ark of the English Church, to deal out to her a similar measure of "justice" to that already meted out, by the selfsame hand, to her Irish sister?

There is one point, however, of singular importance in considering the bearing of Irish Church disestablishment on the future of the English Church, which, as far as we have seen, is scarcely ever brought forward in considering this part of the question.

The future security of the Church in England as an Establishment, depends, not so much on its members comprising a majority of the English people (which, however, some of her enemies already deny to be the case), as upon the far more important question, in a political sense, of her being able to command a majority in the House of Commons, in favour of her retaining her status and property as the Established Church of the country. That position is already bitterly assailed. For years past the Liberation Society and its allies have been actively engaged in undermining it. Now, at length, an opportunity is afforded them of inflicting on the English branch of the United Church a deep and permanent wound, by the destruction of the temporal position and status of the Irish branch of the Church. Hence we find that the most active agitators against the Irish Church in England are the Liberation Society's agents. They are fully aware that the question of Establishment in each of the three kingdoms is bound up in the Irish Church question, and they act accordingly. Already, on the side of "religious equality" in England, they can reckon a strong body of English Radicals, all the Scotch Voluntaries, and to a man every Roman Catholic member in the House. These, taken together, form a large and compact body, far more numerous and

powerful than English Churchmen in general are now aware of. At present these are kept in check by the whole Conservative party, including a contingent of between forty and fifty Irish Protestant members, who now, on all occasions in Parliament, support the interests of the English Church. But if the time should ever come when the Irish Church shall have been spoliated and degraded, and so-called "religious equality" established in Ireland, no one who knows the Irish Protestant character can doubt that no M.P. will then be permitted to represent an Irish Protestant constituency who is not prepared to vote in favour of "religious equality" in England also. And if this should be the case, what must immediately follow? That which now would be considered a strange phenomenon in the House of Commons—a united Irish vote on a religious question—and, as a necessary consequence, a majority in favour of the disestablishment and disendowment of the English Church. This is, in truth, one of the chief dangers to which the Church in England, as an Establishment, is exposed by the present agitation against the Irish Church. Every effort is now being made by the chiefs of the Liberal party to prevent the friends of the English Church from perceiving this necessary result of the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland. Any one who will take the trouble to read through the late debates will see this clearly enough; and when once the English people see it clearly also, not all the skilful ingenuity of Mr. Gladstone, or the bitter sarcasm of that "master of aversion," the Right Honourable Member for Calne (Mr. Lowe), will prevent them from realizing the danger that, through this Irish Church question, now besets the oldest, the most beloved, the most highly valued of English institutions, the Church of their forefathers and their own.

The ignorance of the facts of the case displayed by some of our most accomplished orators when discussing Church questions in the House of Commons is almost proverbial; but it has scarcely ever been more glaringly exemplified than by the Right Hon. Robert Lowe in the late debate. Providence has bestowed on that gentleman wonderful natural powers of oratory; he possesses almost perfect command of language, and is never at a loss for the means by which to smite an adversary; but he is not always careful in the selection of those means. The other day he was anxious to deal a heavy blow against the Prime Minister for having used in his celebrated letter to Lord Dartmouth these memorable words:—"In my opinion the crisis of England is rather at hand;

for the purpose is now avowed of destroying that sacred union between Church and State which has hitherto been the chief means of our civilization, and is the only security for our religious liberty." In reply to this statement what is the course which Mr. Lowe pursues? "Observe," said he, "the words 'now avowed by a powerful party of destroying that sacred union between Church and State.'" "What Church and what State? Of course it is perfectly clear it is an inference of his own that the right hon. gentleman has put forward here. What we avow is an intention to break the union between the Irish State and the English Church, or rather, the Irish branch of the English Church, and that is represented as if we had announced our intention of breaking up the union of Church and State altogether. Now 'the sacred union between Church and State' *was effected in the year 1800 by the Act of Union*; it was not obtained by sacred means at all. Perhaps the right hon. gentleman opposite will take a note of this, and in due time prove how a thing *which did not exist before the union, and was created by the Act of Union*, can possibly be sacred, and whence the inspiration came." And this statement, we are told, was received with cheers. We scarcely think honourable members knew what they were cheering, or they would have held their peace. There has been an Established Church in Ireland connected with the State for 700 years. The Church was first connected with the State by Henry II. in 1172, and this connection was confirmed by Henry VIII. in 1537, and has ever since been preserved complete and inviolate. The Treaty of Union did but place the temporalities and states of the Church in Ireland on what was then considered to be a firm and permanent footing. The very words of the fifth Article of the Act of Union themselves refute Mr. Lowe's theory. That Article enacts "That the Churches of England and Ireland *as now by law established* be united into one Protestant Episcopal Church, to be called 'The United Church of England and Ireland.'" And it would still be possible to dissolve this Act of Parliament union, and leave each of the Churches as before by law established, with the same status and privileges as they possessed previous to the Treaty of Union of 1800. So much for Mr. Lowe's statement that the union of Church and State in Ireland "did not exist before the union, and was created by the Act of Union."

In the same debate Mr. Gladstone stated "that there is not a syllable about property in the Act of Union." Can any unpre-

judiced man doubt that the following words of the fifth Article of the Act of Union which did not appear in the original draft of that article as proposed by Mr. Pitt in the English House of Commons on January 31, 1799, but which were subsequently added by the Irish House of Commons, and finally approved of by the English Parliament, were intended by its framers to protect the property as well as the status of the Church? "and that the continuance and preservation of the said United Church, as *the Established Church* of England and Ireland, shall be deemed and taken to be an essential and fundamental part of the Union." For be it observed the uniformity "of doctrine, worship, discipline, and government of the said United Church" had been provided for in a previous part of the same article.

Another important point was raised by Mr. Coleridge in his clever speech, which we shall do well to notice. The argument to which he referred is one which is commonly used by those who know little of Irish Church History in general and less of the particular subject to which they refer.

It is as follows:—"The Church of Ireland was not ecclesiastically united with the Church of England previous to 1800; the union effected at that date was merely a parliamentary union, therefore there is no real union at all, and never has been, between the two Churches." It was the knowledge of this mode of reasoning, doubtless, that urged Mr. Coleridge to inquire, "When have the Churches of England and Ireland been united? If the word Church be understood as signifying a religious body, I apprehend that the fifth Article of the Union could not unite the Irish to the English Church: and if it could not unite the two, what an Act of Parliament has done, an Act of Parliament can undo. (Hear, hear.) If you speak of the Churches as religious bodies I want to know when they were united, for certainly no Convocation or recognised organ of the Churches was ever consulted in the matter." ¹

Now if Mr. Coleridge, who is a lawyer well skilled in ecclesiastical affairs, had first investigated this portion of the subject on which he had undertaken to speak, he would have found that the Churches of England and Ireland have been ecclesiastically united since A.D. 1172, and that the Act of Union was merely a parliamentary sanction given to the ecclesiastical union which had existed for so many centuries. The Synod of Cashel, held in A.D. 1172, was "a plenary council both national and eccle-

siastical," which was convoked "for the express purpose of bringing the Irish Church into exact conformity with the English." The seventh canon of that council enacted "that all divine matters shall for the future in all parts of Ireland be regulated after the model of Holy Church, *in accordance with the observance of the Anglican Church.*" From that time to the present the Church in Ireland has followed the general laws which have governed the Church in England. Irish Acts of Parliament have recognised the intercommunion of the two churches, and Irish archbishops have assisted at English councils. Irish bishops have taken part in the consecration of English prelates, and bishops have been freely translated from sees in Ireland to sees in England, and *vice versa*.¹ Previous to the Reformation "the Sarum ritual" was generally adopted by the Church of Ireland, and in the reigns of Edward VI. and Elizabeth, the Irish Church synodically received "the Book of Common Prayer." Moreover it is a remarkable fact exactly bearing on this point, that at the Council of Constance in A.D. 1414, the English Church was declared to be entitled to vote as a separate National Church, and to take precedence of the French bishops at that council on the ground "that the English and Irish *were one National Church*, and that the number of their bishops together exceeded the number of the French Church." (See Labbe and Cossart, "Concilia Generalia," vol. xii., Col. 1727. Ed. 1672.) It is also worthy of observation that on all committees of this council, the Anglican Communion was represented not by an English prelate but by "Patricius, Bishop of Cork." So complete and entire was the union of the Churches, ecclesiastically, previous to the Reformation.

In official documents of that date frequent mention is made of the Churches of England and Ireland as "one Church." In the Injunctions of Edward VI. in 1547, that monarch is spoken of, as "Defender of the Faith, and on Earth and under Christ of *the Church of England and Ireland* the Supreme Head. In the thirty-sixth of the Articles of 1552 agreed upon by the Convocation of Canterbury, and published by the king's authority in 1553, the same expression "Church of England and Ireland" (*Ecclesia Anglicana et Hibernica*) is used.² In the Injunctions of Queen Elizabeth, A.D. 1559, "the form of bidding the prayers" ran thus:—"Ye shall pray for Christ's Holy Catholic Church . . .

¹ Dr. A. J. Stephen's "Opinion on Twenty-ninth Canon," pp. 44, 45.

² Sparrow's "Collections," pp. 48, 49.

and specially for *the Church* of England and Ireland; "and to add no further proofs at present we will but mention that the title of the first of the Irish Canons of 1634 is "of the agreement of *the Church* of England and Ireland in the possession of the same Christian religion;" and the Canon itself then goes on to declare the agreement of the Church in Ireland with the Church in England "in the confession of the same Christian faith and in the doctrine of the sacraments."

We think, then, notwithstanding Mr. Coleridge's assertion, that it is abundantly evident that the Churches of England and Ireland were one Church canonically united in full communion with each other under the same Sovereign, centuries before and up to the passing of the Treaty of Union in 1800.

We have thus been careful to investigate the accuracy of some of the statements made in the late debates, because in so doing we have been enabled to touch on several of the points which are now freely discussed throughout the country, and on which information is generally desired.

We pass on now to consider briefly one or two other important subjects, directly connected with this question. It seems to be thought by many that the disestablishment of the Irish Church means the complete emancipation of the Church from the control of the State, including the withdrawal of the Royal Supremacy from all connection with its affairs, and the consequent appointment of its bishops and clergy, and the management of its own internal concerns in such a manner as its own members, after due consultation, may agree amongst themselves to be most expedient. Under such circumstances doubtless this would be the only fair and legitimate course to pursue. But it is by no means certain that if the Church is disestablished such results will follow, and the danger is already manifest of our losing the advantages of Establishment which we now possess, without gaining the freedom of a purely voluntary body. We ask the earnest attention of those Churchmen amongst us who seem to favour the idea of separation from the State, both in England and Ireland, to the consequences which may possibly ensue from such a separation, and which may prove more injurious to the Church than any from which we are now suffering.

In the *Times* of April 10th will be found a very able letter from Professor Brewer, of King's College, on the exceeding rashness of Mr. Gladstone's proposals, and also a leading article

commenting on this letter. Professor Brewer had used in his letter the following language:—"Disestablish the Church, it will remain as before; but, not under State control as before, at liberty to be as strict, defiant, and intolerant as it pleases. . . . Left to itself, as Mr. Gladstone proposes to leave it, will it become more tolerant to Roman Catholics? Stung with a sense of wrong, degraded from its position, out of deference to them will it become more moderate? Have we no evidence in our own times or in past times, what Churches can and will do when left to themselves? Is our experience of Free Churches such that we should wish to multiply the experiment?" To this the *Times* replies, "It is commonly assumed that another effect of disestablishment must be the transference of the power of appointing bishops from the Prime Minister to some other authority. *There is not the slightest necessity for it.* The Anglican Churches in the colonies have never been established, yet their bishops have been in fact approved, if not chosen by the Colonial Secretary. *Disestablishment may be complete without what Professor Brewer calls emancipation.* If Parliament in its wisdom preserved the nomination of Irish Bishops as at present, but provided that the Protestant bishops should occupy a position precisely similar to that of Roman Catholic bishops, disestablishment would still be perfect." That is to say, it is quite open to Parliament to plunder and degrade the Irish Church, and still leave it without any more freedom of action than at present. It is true that the *Times* finds it convenient to forget that the clergy in Canada and New Zealand elect their own bishops, and so far its argument is invalidated; but there can be no doubt that there is a certain small but active political party who would vigorously oppose what "An Hertfordshire Incumbent" in the columns of the same paper calls "the creation in cool blood of a most formidable *imperium in imperio*." And it is well for those who think the disestablishment of the Irish Church a comparatively easy matter, to be reminded by the same correspondent that the "transition from the present position of the Irish establishment to that which the liberators contemplate is a harder problem than any of which history records the solution."

The danger, moreover, to which all tithe property is exposed by the proposed aggression on the Irish Church has by no means received that attention which it so eminently deserves. In certain quarters the theory is becoming more and more boldly

advanced, that tithes are not church property, and as such inviolable, but simply a revenue at the entire disposal of the State, to be disposed of in such a manner as Parliament shall see fit to direct. By no one has this most dangerous and revolutionary doctrine—for such it is—been more clearly and forcibly put forward than by the Duke of Argyll, in the Irish Church debate in the House of Lords, on June 24, 1867.

“I ask,” said the noble Duke, “what are tithes? I venture to maintain, against the authority of the noble and learned lord (Lord Cairns), although I am not sure that he committed his authority upon that question, that tithes are a fund, not strictly a tax, but rather a reserve in rent, charged upon the land of the country, *which are entirely at the disposal of the supreme legislation of the country*. They are not private property, not even corporate property—not, as Sir James Graham argued in 1835, trust property—but a revenue at the command of the State, to be disposed of with that consideration of prudence and of respect for existing rights which Parliament ought always to follow. . . . I maintain that tithes are the property of no one, but they are at the absolute and free disposal of the State *for any purpose* to which the State may think fit to devote them.”

Now compare this speech of a leading member of Lord Russell's late Government with the strikingly similar language used by Mirabeau in the French National Assembly on the 10th of August, 1789, previous to the confiscation of all church property in France; and must it not be evident to all, save to those who wish not to be convinced, that the course upon which Mr. Gladstone is now inviting the nation to enter is nothing less than one of revolution? “No, gentlemen,” said Mirabeau, “tithe is not a property; property is that which a man can dispose of; this the clergy never could do; they never had more than a life interest in their tithes. Tithes are a sort of tenure, a sort of enjoyment from year to year; they are merely possessions revocable at the will of the sovereign power” (“entirely at the disposal of the supreme legislature of the country,” said the noble Duke). “Nay, more, the tithe is not even a possession as it has been supposed to be” (“the property of no one,” says his Grace of Argyll); “it is a mere contribution devoted to that part of the public service which concerns the ministers of the altar; it is the subsidy with which the nation provides for the salary

of those who are to take care of their morals and instruction.”¹ And subsequently when the discussion took place respecting the framing of the decree, Mirabeau, who knew well the value of phrases, cried out in reply to a proposal made by the celebrated Talleyrand, “Say rather in your decree, not that the possessions of the clergy belong to the State, but that they are *at the disposal of the State*,” in which phrase he has also been accurately followed by his noble imitator.

It is then abundantly evident that the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland is no mere Irish matter, but one which is necessarily and emphatically an imperial question. The Act of Parliament which deprives the Irish Church of its inherited privileges and long-enjoyed temporalities will shake to the very centre the foundation on which the ecclesiastical endowments of every part of the United Kingdom rest. The destruction of the Irish Church Establishment cannot be effected without admitting principles of parliamentary legislation in Church matters which must in the end be applied to all other religious endowments in this country. The Liberation Society and its allies see this plainly enough, perhaps no one of them so plainly as Mr. Gladstone himself. The *Nonconformist*, rejoicing over their last and most distinguished convert, thus prepares its readers for the final consequences of the movement just begun:—“The Irish Church question will not be finally disposed of before the public mind will be prepared to entertain proposals in reference to the Scotch Kirk and the Church of England. As it has been with one Establishment, so probably will it be with the others. Their time is fixed. An impulse will come unexpectedly and from an unanticipated quarter. The ordinary barriers will be broken down. What is taking place now is full of encouragement to such as are content to labour and to wait. They need not ask, ‘Who will roll us away the stone from the sepulchre?’ In the appointed hour they will be relieved of their perplexity by the intervention of some unlooked-for messenger from heaven. *Mr. Gladstone is but now treading on the verge of a wide region of change.* He knows not yet whither his convictions will ultimately impel him. He may be regarded as raised up and qualified by Divine Providence for great and beneficent purposes.” Not so very long ago had it been suggested to Mr. Gladstone that he would have taken the command-in-chief in a parliamentary attack intended

¹ Professor W. Smythe’s “Lectures on the French Revolution,” vol. i., p. 289.

for the destruction of the Irish Church Establishment, he would have indignantly replied with Hazael of old, "Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this great thing?" And yet now we find him at the head of extreme Radicals, Nonconformists, Liberationists, *et hoc genus omne*, leading on his motley crew with headlong and impetuous haste to an assault on what for the greater part of his life he has held to be most sacred and most venerable. Already he is raising around him a political tempest which it will be soon out of his power to moderate or control. He must either go forward with it to the utmost lengths that it may carry him, or at last, his conscience compelling him to withstand it, he will, as a statesman, perish. He now tells us, indeed, as regards the Irish Church,—

"Venit summa dies et ineluctabile fatum."

But we are free to confess that, if he is permitted to finish the course he has so rashly begun, he will too soon give good reason, not only to the friends of the Irish, but also of the English Church, to say,—

"Fuimus Troes, fuit Ilium, et ingens
Gloria Tecrorum; ferus omnia Jupiter Argos
Transtulit."

At present Mr. Gladstone has a large majority in the existing House of Commons. But we believe, when time shall have been given to our countrymen to consider the question on its true merits, the sound common sense and sterling honesty of the English character will supply the counterpoise now so much needed. The hour may, indeed, have come to remove with unsparing hand the anomalies which time and circumstances have developed within the Irish Church; a sensible reduction may be made in the number of her benefices without depriving any of her people of the benefit of her spiritual ministrations, thus removing many of the causes on which the ostensible cry against her is founded; the income of her future episcopate may be considerably diminished, though in no case should its number be reduced, but rather, as in the case of Clogher and Kildare, increased. These and such like changes the circumstances of the times may justly demand, and a wise and patriotic government proceed to carry out. But to go beyond this; to spoliage rather than reform, ruthlessly to destroy what wisdom would direct us to cherish and maintain, may indeed be the destructive policy which may commend itself to the advocates of a rash and inconsiderate progress, but which those who are

well acquainted with the Irish character, and the past circumstances of Irish history, will be slow to approve. They know well—for past experience has taught them—that it can neither be of advantage to the intellectual and moral progress of this country, nor conducive to its material welfare, that Ireland should be delivered over socially and religiously into the hands of Rome. They know, also, that the Irish are an impulsive, easily led people, whose leaders, whilst clamouring for equality, are really labouring for supremacy. They see that, for more than three centuries, the only power that has successfully resisted the unceasing attempts of Rome to obtain political and religious supremacy in Ireland, has been the Established Church. They see plainly enough that the removal of such an organization must, in a very few years, hand over “Ireland to the Irish” in such a manner as to cause floods of bitterest strife to overflow the land. And knowing and seeing these things, they are determined to resist, by every legitimate means in their power, a measure which they consider to be fraught with danger to the future stability of our Constitution and the permanent continuance of our rule in Ireland; but, above all, as tending to subvert that Reformed Faith which for more than three centuries it has hitherto been the pride and boast of England to cherish and advance.

HYMN FOR CONFIRMATION.

(Tune—ORIEL.)

BY THE EDITOR.

HOLY Spirit, Lord of glory,
 Look on us, Thy flock, to-day,
 Meekly kneeling at Thine altar,
 For Thy sevenfold gifts we pray;
 Guide us, all our earthly journey,
 In the true and narrow way.

Foes on every hand are round us,
 And our hearts are weak and frail
 Gird us with Thy Heavenly armour,
 Never let us yield or quail;
 Give us victory in the struggle,
 When the hosts of sin assail.

Blessed Jesu! draw Thou near us,
 As before Thy cross we bow,
 Help us to be true and faithful,
 Seal our sacramental vow;
 We Thy soldiers are and servants,
 Hear our solemn promise now!

Lead us by Thy Hand so piercèd,
 Through the waste, with evil rife,
 Feed us with the Heavenly Manna,
 That we faint not in the strife;
 Slake our weary spirits thirsting
 With the Wine of endless Life!

Looking ever unto Jesus,
 Leaning on His staff and rod,
 May we follow in His footsteps,
 Tread the path that Jesus trod;
 Till we dwell with Him for ever
 In the Paradise of God!

AMEN.



· Holy Spirit, Lord of Glory,
Look on us, Thy flock, to-day,
Meekly kneeling at Thine altar,
For Thy sevenfold gifts we pray " -Page 328

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets. Lectures delivered to Students for the Ministry on the Vocation of the Preacher. By E. PAXTON HOOD. London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder.

THIS large volume, with its sensational title, is dedicated to Mr. Spurgeon, who we suppose, in the estimation of Mr. Hood, is Lamp, Pitcher, and Trumpet, harmoniously combined.

The lectures contain much that is sensible and good, but the arrangement is most bewildering, and the seven hundred and odd pages are just four hundred too many.

Mr. Hood's charitable judgment of the preaching-power of the clergy is somewhat amusing. He says, "Most of the sharp, shrill querulousnesses [*sic*] against the pulpit have come from Church organs; and certainly of nearly the twenty thousand clergymen in the English Church few enough give full proof of their ministry" (p. 20). A retort after the same fashion is more than easy. Where amongst the ranks of modern Dissent are preachers to be found who in any sense, save that of time, can be called successors of the great Nonconformist divines and preachers of days gone by? There is indeed Mr. Spurgeon, with his ready jokes sending his congregation into convulsions of devout laughter; and Mr. Newman Hall, who is, be it cheerfully acknowledged, a gentleman and a Christian. But where are men who can be compared for a moment with such preachers as the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Liddon of Christ Church, the Deans of Cork, Canterbury, Ely, and Westminster, Mr. Woodford, and a host beside of living preachers, who for accurate scholarship, deep Christian learning, and genuine earnestness and eloquence, are second to none of their predecessors in the great and solemn work of declaring the whole counsel of God?

Mr. Hood is especially hard on Dr. South, whom, he says, he can neither love nor respect. It may be that the witty and learned old Prebendary dealt somewhat too plainly and forcibly with the eccentricities of Dissent to find favour with his modern critic. It is evident, however, that Mr. Hood is unable to estimate aright the giant intellect and marvellous logical precision of that distinguished theologian, and cannot forgive him for his striking sermons against "long extempore prayers."

If the contents of this volume are samples of the ordinary instruction afforded to the students of Mr. Spurgeon's College, we can only add that these unfortunate young men are entitled to a large amount of sympathy and compassion.

Poems from New Zealand. By FREDERICK NAPIER BROWNE.
London: Houlston and Wright, Paternoster Row. 1868.

WE have only to remark in regard to these so-called "Poems from New Zealand" that it is a wonderful pity they ever left that distant colony and found their way to England. Could not the whole edition be sent back to the author? The book is simply useless here.

A Study of the Works of Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate.
By EDWARD CAMPBELL TAINSH. London: Chapman and Hall,
193, Piccadilly. 1868.

ALL true lovers of the works of the greatest poet of our own times may well thank Mr. Tainsh for the admirable volume before us. He has entered thoroughly into the very spirit of Tennyson's poetry, and his long and appreciative acquaintance with it has enabled him to bring out into striking prominence its principal characteristics.

We are sure that the work has been a labour of love, and it will be impossible for any one to read the last chapter, "A Few Days with the Poet Laureate," without catching something of the warm enthusiasm of the commentator for his author. We are not able always to agree with Mr. Tainsh, as, for instance, where (p. 157) he tells us that the idea that "our dear dead are unconscious of us and of all things," is to his own mind "the most probable and the happiest faith concerning the dead." Surely Mr. Tainsh forgets the grand declaration of Him who is Himself the Resurrection and the Life, when, after affirming that "God is the God of Abraham and of Isaac and of Jacob," he adds, "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living, for all live unto Him;" and on the Mount of Transfiguration there appeared Moses and Elias, "talking with Jesus." And to add but one more proof which ought to be decisive, St. Paul tells the Thessalonian church that "Christ died for us, that whether we wake or sleep," that is, whether we live or die, "we should *live* together with Him." Surely a state of unconsciousness cannot by any stretch of phraseology be described as "life."

There are some errors in the printing, which a more careful revision of the proofs would have prevented; as, for example, p. 243, in the fourth line from the bottom the word "affection" has come to utter grief. Very cordially, however, we recommend the book to all lovers of true poetry, and thank Mr. Tainsh for his loving-hearted and intelligent labours.

The Churchman's Shilling Magazine & FAMILY TREASURY.

A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN BLYTHE.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEED OF THE FUTURE HARVEST.

Thus far my task has been an easy one. Painful it might be to live over again in memory the scenes of my childhood, but not difficult. But how write down the next events of my life? Language is so weak, so powerless, as I seem to stand once more face to face with the terrible reality—so terrible that even now, though I look back through all the haze of distance, everything seems clear and distinct there; and I cannot wonder at the life-long results of these events, though I recall them with bitter sorrow and shame.

Vincent had appointed a day for me to meet him in the glen, before he left, promising that if anything prevented him coming, he would contrive to communicate with me in some way. With a beating heart I set out. It seemed such an age since I had seen him, and I had so much to say, I could not bear to think of the possibility that he might not be there. Nor did I need to think of it: very soon I was in his arms again.

"Now let me look at you," he said, as he held me off from

him. "Kate, I declare you have grown more beautiful in the last two months. What have you been doing to make yourself look so lovely, you little coquette?"

"It is only because I am so happy at seeing you again, Vincent."

"Have you kept the secret quite safe, little one?" he asked, with a shade of anxiety in his tone.

"Didn't you tell me to do so?"

"Yes."

"Then why need you ask the question?"

He smiled and kissed me again, and then we wandered up the glen; but the days were drawing in, so the ramble could not of necessity be a very long one. He told me, however, that he had made all arrangements for me, and named the time and place he had fixed for our marriage. I found it would be as I had hoped. I should go while General Fairfax was away, and then I thought I would write and tell him how sorry I was to have appeared to deceive him, and the reasons which had compelled me to act as I had done.

"What are you going to do to-morrow?" Vincent asked, as we stood together at the bottom of the glen.

"I'm going to Deanswood."

"What time?"

"I am going to have luncheon there, but I shan't come home till dinner-time."

"Then you cannot come here to-morrow?"

"No, not very well. Do you want me to come particularly?"

"No, it doesn't matter. Perhaps it is as well not. I can spare you better now, pet, as I shall have you all to myself so soon."

"Shall I come up the next day?"

"No, I am engaged that day and the following. Come the day after, and I will give you final directions for the next day. Just fancy, within a week you will be a wife, Katie. What an absurd idea, such a child as you suddenly transformed into a sober matron!"

With a parting kiss I was turning to go, when he called me back.

"Are you quite certain to go to Deanswood to-morrow?"

"Yes, quite, unless it should be very wet."

"Very well. Good-bye, child."

"A wife within a week!" I thought as I walked home. I felt

half frightened at the thought; yet what a good wife I would try to be, for Vincent's sake! I wonder what his thoughts were as he walked home that night?

General Fairfax was a very accomplished draughtsman, and he had promised to give me a drawing lesson the next day. I was to go to Deanswood in time for luncheon, and have the lesson in the afternoon. A merciful Providence, watching over an erring child, must have altered that arrangement. In the morning I got a note from General Fairfax, telling me a business engagement would oblige him to go out directly after luncheon, so I was to come over early, and have the lesson in the morning.

I did not feel happy that day at Deanswood. My conscience would not let me rest, and every kind word from General Fairfax seemed like a stab. I knew I was not only going to do what was wrong, but that it was ungrateful; and not even my full reliance in all Vincent had said could make me feel happy about it.

"Katie, what is the matter?" General Fairfax said at last.

"Nothing is the matter."

"Yes, there is, my child. Something is troubling you."

My only answer was to burst into tears.

General Fairfax looked very grave and anxious, and continued to question me, until I at last admitted that something was troubling me.

"But what is it, my child?"

"I can't tell you—I mustn't now, but I will very soon."

"How soon?"

"I will write to you this day week, and tell you all about it."

"I wish you would tell me now."

"No, I can't do that."

"Very well; I must wait."

I think my promise to write and tell him all so soon rather reassured him, but still he looked very anxious when we parted, which we did as soon as luncheon was over.

I had the whole afternoon before me when I reached home, and as the afternoon was very bright and warm, I got a book and proceeded to establish myself in a favourite corner, among some shrubs not far from the house, where I often spent an afternoon reading. It was a quiet, secluded corner, where no one was in the least likely to disturb me.

I had not been there very long when the sound of footsteps

on the gravel walk, just the other side of a large laurel, under which there was an old half-decayed bench, roused me; and then I caught the sound of a voice which made my heart beat wildly. It was surely Vincent Trevor's voice. I could not be mistaken. The steps passed along the walk close to me, and I started up and cautiously peeped through. It was no mistake. There was Vincent walking with my uncle, and evidently in deep and earnest conversation. What could it mean? A half-hope rose in my heart that some unexpected occurrence had ended all need for concealment, and that that had caused his visit.

Presently I heard their steps returning again. They were evidently walking up and down the gravel walk. I did not like this. I had no fancy for eavesdropping, yet, unless I knew what had happened, I dared not meet Vincent in my uncle's company. I decided I would wait for the next turn, and then contrive to escape as soon as they were far distant enough not to hear the rustling of the bushes. I caught a few words as they passed—something about money, and I waited impatiently for them to pass again. In a few moments I heard their footsteps returning, but then, to my utter consternation, they seated themselves on the bench. I dare not move now. They were within a few feet of me, and must have heard the least movement. Listener I must be, whether I would or not. As they sat down I heard my uncle say, in an agitated tone,—

“I tell you it is useless. I cannot do it.”

“And I tell you, my good friend,” replied Vincent, “that you must.”

“But it is impossible,” repeated my uncle. “By no power could I get the money out of the wreck of my property. You little know how entire the ruin was that came upon me so many years ago.”

“Nonsense, Marchmont! that won't do with me. My father took the liberty then of making some little inquiry into the circumstances of the case, and I tell you plainly it is no use your trying to come poverty over me. I know too much for that. You are not going to escape. I've had trouble enough to hunt you up, and trouble enough with you since, and I tell you I won't stand it any longer.”

An agonized entreaty for further delay was my uncle's only answer. I could not see his face, but I could well judge by

the tones of his voice how terribly in earnest he was. Still Vincent was inexorable. The conversation continued for some time in the same strain. I could not altogether understand it, there were so many allusions to events of which I knew nothing. But this much I gathered,—that my uncle and Vincent's father had been intimately acquainted in years gone by, and that, in consequence of some transactions which took place then, my uncle was in some way completely in Vincent's power; and that he was demanding some very large sum of money, but whether as the price of silence or in payment of some long-standing claim I did not know. Vincent boldly declared that he knew my uncle's poverty to be only affected, and steadily refused to listen to his abject entreaties for delay. I listened in gradually increasing terror. There was some terrible mystery here. Vincent had evidently been in constant communication with my uncle all the time he had been so steadily insisting on my keeping our acquaintance a profound secret. There was a coarseness, almost brutality, about his tone, too, as he talked, as new to me as was the fawning servility of my uncle's answers.

At last a sort of sullen despair seemed to take possession of my uncle, and he said in a gloomy tone,—

"Very well. Name your terms."

"Ah, that looks more like business," replied Vincent. "Now look here, Marchmont. I only wanted to bring you to a full perception of how completely you are in my power. Now that you quite understand that, I will suggest to you a method of compromising the matter."

"How?" demanded my uncle.

"You have got a very charming niece," replied Vincent, in an affectedly careless tone.

"What, Kate?" exclaimed my uncle. "She is beautiful, certainly. But what has she to do with this? or what do you know about her?"

Vincent laughed—but such a laugh!

"My good friend," he said, "there are very few days during my long stay in this neighbourhood that I have not seen her."

"You are not in earnest?"

"I am indeed. Did she not tell you of an adventure which befell her in the woods some months ago?"

"I don't remember."

"What, not about being nearly knocked over the crag into the water?"

"Oh yes, she did. But she said the man's name was Trevor."

"Exactly. Just what I told her. You see the prospect of a long residence in country quarters was rather gloomy, so I got leave to fish and shoot up there, and that day I so nearly annihilated her was one of the first days I had been there. You may imagine how the first sight of her struck me, and a short conversation convinced me that good luck had thrown in my way, just at the moment I stood most in need of a little amusement, the loveliest little piece of innocent girlhood I had ever come across, and that much alleviation of my lonely condition might result therefrom. I found she was very romantic, so, not exactly caring to give my real name, I suggested that of Vincent Trevor. I thought it sounded well. I very soon contrived to meet her again, and since then we have wandered pretty constantly about that glen. I never came across such a refreshing little creature. It would make even an old octogenarian like you die with laughter if I were to tell you some of the confidential communications which she has poured into my ears."

"She is a perfect child," said my uncle, "but what has all this to do with our business?"

"I'm coming to that directly. You see, there was a great deal of excitement about all this. It was so confoundedly awkward sometimes to arrange my visits to you without coming across her. I have had the narrowest escapes more than once; and the end of all this is that I am tremendously in love, and that if you choose to accept the compromise, I'll take the lovely Katherine in place of the tin."

"Do you mean to marry her?" asked my uncle.

"Ah, my ancient friend, there's the rub. Had that been my intention, I should have taken the liberty of acting without consulting you. But you see, unfortunately, one wants something else in a wife besides beauty—at least, I do; and I happen at this moment to be engaged to an exceedingly excellent and decidedly plain young woman, with a considerable fortune, whose adoring husband I am to have the honour of becoming in the course of about six weeks. Under these circumstances I am sure I am entitled to a little suburban consolation, don't you see? and as I am convinced my bonnie little Katie will be a perfect houri in a few years, I have a strong desire that the tender blossom should expand under my own particular train-

ing. No, don't interrupt me," he said (my uncle having, I suppose, shown an inclination to do so). "Hear me out, and then you can decide. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that my plans are all arranged. Katie has promised to elope with me, to be privately married, and, for sage reasons which I have explained to her, to be my wife secretly until such time as the death of an imaginary individual shall enable me to declare her as such. In fact, the day and hour for the elopement are already fixed. So far so good. But then it occurred to me that, should you raise a tremendous storm, and seek the aid of the police, it might result in very unpleasant consequences for me; so now I make you this offer,—Let me have my own way, and I will free you: refuse, and I will have the last farthing, and expose you as well."

"You may have the girl, and welcome," replied my uncle, in a tone of relief; "only promise me one thing."

"What?"

"That you won't cast her entirely adrift afterwards."

"No, I won't do that—I'm not quite so bad as that. I suppose my devotion may cool in time, though I don't feel as if it would; but in that case I promise you I will make some provision for her."

"And you will keep me clear, will you?—never let her know?"

"Not a word. All is perfectly safe. You see all has really been settled without you. She will disappear, and in a day or two you will receive a note from her, dictated by me, informing you that she has become the wife of Vincent Trevor, privately, for various excellent reasons; and further detailing how she had constantly met the said Vincent Trevor, after that first encounter, and learnt to love him, and all that. Neither you, nor any one else in the neighbourhood, ever having heard of Vincent Trevor, save her mention of him to you some months since, you will of course be completely thrown off the scent, and the whole thing will look extremely natural. I, in the meantime, shall convey my prize to France, where I shall devote myself to her education for a short time, and then leave her in safe keeping while I come over to England to be married; and then I shall make such arrangements for her as shall seem best afterwards."

A little further discussion followed as to arrangements about making over the papers, and then they separated, and my uncle returned to the house.

I sat motionless for some time after they had parted, and

when I got up I staggered so much, I had to grasp a branch for support; and it was some little time before I could steady myself enough to dare to attempt reaching the house. When I did attempt it my course was a very unsteady one. By aid of the balustrades I crawled up to my room, and then threw myself down on my bed. I cannot tell what I felt, but I don't think I felt anything very distinctly. I was too much stunned to be conscious of anything beyond a sense of utter, hopeless desolation. Little as I was capable of understanding then the full meaning of all that I had heard, I knew enough to know that I had been infamously sold to pay some debt, by the man whom I had regarded in the light of a father, and that the man who had proposed the vile bargain was the man to whom I had given my whole heart, against which his likeness was resting at that moment; that all his professed love had been assumed to lure me on to ruin; and that he was on the eve of becoming the husband of another woman. Just as I had found before that great danger, in imagination, was a very different thing from the same thing in reality, so did I now feel how different the tender, gilded vice of romance was from real cold-hearted villany, such as that with which I now stood face to face. There was nothing attractive about the substance, however much there might be in the gorgeously arrayed shadow. Gradually, amid my bewilderment, rose the remembrance that I was completely in the power of these two men. My heart seemed almost to stand still with terror at the thought; but how could I escape? I sat up and tried to think, but my head throbbed, and I felt giddy and confused. I had read of novel heroines being carried off by force; and my imagination, quickened by terror, suggested that men capable of arranging such an infamous scheme as I had heard settled that day would not be likely to stop short at any means for carrying it out. Then suddenly hope came,—General Fairfax would save me—"Sybil's child" was in danger now. Amidst all the wreck of my trust in human beings, I never doubted him, and my dread subsided a little.

It was drawing near dinner-time. Go down I could not. But how avoid it? Then I remembered that, as no one had seen me come home, they would think I had stayed at Deanswood; though General Fairfax had never, since his return, allowed me to stay there in the evening; why I did not know. Still they would think I was there; so I lay down again on my bed, and



"The sudden revulsion of feeling produced by the conviction of safety, which the mere sight of General Fairfax brought me, was too much. I threw myself into his arms in strong hysterics."—Page 339.

buried my throbbing head in my pillows. I think I must have sunk into a sort of stupor, for the dinner-bell made me start. I jumped up, and gently opening my door, I listened. I heard my uncle ask, as he crossed the hall, "Where is Miss Katie?" and to my great satisfaction I heard old Andrew answer, "She hasn't come back from Deanswood, sir;" and then the door closed. I was safe now, and it was quite dark. I put on my hat with a trembling hand, and gliding down the stairs, I fled as if my dreaded foes were close behind. Then my excited imagination presented another phantom, — what if General Fairfax should have been kept late, and not have returned home yet? The thought made me shiver.

At last I reached the house and rang the bell.

The footman started as he saw me.

"Miss Legh!" he exclaimed.

"Is General Fairfax come home?" I asked, in an almost choked voice.

"Yes, Miss. The General has just finished dinner."

"I must see him directly," I said. "Is he in the dining-room?"

"Yes, Miss."

I crossed the hall without waiting to be announced, and entered the dining-room. General Fairfax was sitting with dessert still on the table, reading. He looked up as I entered, and then started from his seat with an exclamation of astonishment.

"Katie, my child, what is it?"

I had made a tremendous effort to appear calm and collected in the presence of the servant, but the sudden revulsion of feeling produced by the conviction of safety, which the mere sight of General Fairfax brought me, was too much. I threw myself into his arms in strong hysterics.

He gently soothed my excited entreaties that he would save me, with promises of protection; but it was some time before I could give him even an incoherent account of what had passed. It was so hard to tell it. I soon saw that he was thoroughly alarmed, though my account was too confused to let him clearly understand what the danger was. I forgot, in my excitement, how much that had been every-day life to me was entirely unknown to him.

"Katie, my dear child," he said at last, "you must contrive to make all this more clear. Begin and tell me all about it from the very beginning, just as if I knew nothing."

I obeyed. He heard me in silence to the end ; but he bit his lip, and I saw he turned very pale as I told him what I had heard that afternoon. I think he could hardly believe at first that it could be true, for he questioned me again and again.

"Scoundrels!" he muttered through his clenched teeth; and then he rested his forehead on his hand, and seemed lost in thought. "What can be done?" he said, at last.

I misunderstood his words, and clung to him again in terror.

"Oh, don't desert me!" I said. "You will save me, won't you?"

"Save you, my child?" he replied, folding me in his arms, "how can you doubt it? It is only as to the method I am hesitating. I confess there seems to me only one means. But, Katie," he added, more gravely, "I cannot say you are free from blame. How came you to carry on this clandestine acquaintance, and promise to run away with this rascal? Did you not know you were wrong?"

"Yes," I faltered.

"Then how came you to do it?"

His question brought back the reason to my mind in all its bitterness; and my tears came fast as I said,—

"I loved him so much."

"Poor child," he said, stroking my head, "poor child, it is very cruel!"

And then he got up, and walked up and down the room in deep thought for a long time. At last he came and sat down again beside me, and said,—

"Now, Katie, you must listen to me, for there are very great difficulties in the way of my helping you. In fact, I see but one way under the circumstances, and I am not sure whether you will consent to that. But you must decide for yourself when I have explained it to you."

"Why are there difficulties?" I asked.

"Listen and I will tell you. You know your uncle is your legal guardian. Until you are of age, which will not be for four years, the law gives him full power over you."

"What!" I exclaimed, in horror, "to do as he has done to-day?"

"No, no. That proved would bring him within reach of the law himself; but there would be many difficulties in putting the law in force, and probably much delay, during which you would be still in his power; and your remaining that for

twenty-four hours longer is not to be thought of. You must be got away at once."

"Oh yes, do take me away," I said. "Can't you take me somewhere where he could not find us, and let me live with you?"

"No, that must not be."

"Why not? Why shouldn't I live with you as well as with him?"

"Because the world would not forget, my child, that you are really a child no longer, nor that you are fast growing into a very beautiful woman. It is a sadly complicated matter. You see, I have a double task,—to defend you from more dangers than one, and from some dangers about which you know nothing."

A dim half-perception of his meaning kept me silent for a few moments. Then I said,—

"But you said you saw one way."

"Yes; I do see one way, and only one," he answered, and then he paused.

"What is it?" I asked.

"That you should give me a legal right to take you away from your guardian."

"Oh, then, there is no difficulty," I exclaimed, "if I can do that."

"You can only do it in one way, child."

"What way?"

"By becoming my wife."

"Your wife!" I repeated, half bewildered. I could hardly take in his meaning.

"Yes, Katie. I have sometimes dreamed of this; but I never meant it should be more than a dream, or that you should know it. Dearly as I love you, I never would have asked you to tie your young life to mine, were it not that I cannot see any other way of rescuing you unscathed from your present position. Are you willing it should be so?"

"I don't care to be any one's wife," I said, my thoughts going back to my shattered idol; "but I do love you very much, and I had rather live with you than with any one else in the world. I had rather be your wife than any one else's."

"Do you think you can be happy as my wife?"

"I am sure I can."

"Then so be it. But, Katie darling, you must keep carefully in mind all that has happened, and all I have said to you this evening. You cannot understand it all now, but you will

before very long; and then—unless you remember all that has passed—you may be tempted to think I have selfishly taken advantage of your youth and inexperience, and of the terrible position in which you stand. If you keep all the past in mind, you will understand how it is that I cannot act otherwise than I am doing.”

“I shall never think you anything but good and kind; and, indeed, I do wish to be your wife, only I am so unhappy just now.”

“Yes, my poor child, I know. But now, dear, you must not stay here.”

“Oh, don’t send me back to the manor.”

“Yes, my child,” he said, firmly, “you must go. I will take you down. You need not be afraid, Katie; you are quite safe for to-night; and you shall not spend another night there. You must trust me, dear. Do you think I shall not take good care of my future wife?”

“And will you come and tell him”—I couldn’t call him uncle—“to-morrow that I am going to marry you, or shall I tell him?”

“No, no, my child,” he exclaimed; “you must not say a word. You will have to run away to be married now. As you are not of age, he could prevent the marriage.”

“But then can’t he take me away afterwards?”

“No, he cannot do that. He could stop the marriage beforehand; but as you are past sixteen, no one can take you away from me afterwards. You become wholly and entirely mine the moment you are my wife.”

“I am so glad,” I said, clasping both hands round his arm.

He smiled rather a grave smile, and kissed me, and then we set out for the manor.

“Are there not some secret staircases about the manor?” he asked as we walked along.

“Yes; there is one runs up to the room next mine.”

“Does that room communicate with yours?”

“Yes.”

“Can you fasten the door between?”

“Yes.”

“Then be sure you do. Bolt both that door and the door of your room. And now listen, Katie. You must not undress to-night. Lie down on your bed ready dressed, and if you hear the least noise like any one trying to open either door, get up at once and open your window.”

"And what then?"

"You will know when you have done it. Will you obey me, child?"

"Yes, I will do exactly what you bid me, though I don't understand."

"Very well. Mind you don't fail. And now take this little bag, and as soon as you have done breakfast to-morrow morning, tell your uncle you are coming to see me, and shall not be back to luncheon. Then put any little things you value in the bag, slip quietly out, and come up to Deanswood."

"What am I to do that for?"

"Because you will never go back to the manor again. Please God before night you will be far away, and out of your uncle's power. But be sure you don't either say or do the least thing to make him suspect you know anything that happened yesterday, or it may ruin all."

I promised to obey, and we parted at the gate.

CHAPTER IX.

RESCUED.

I DID not sleep that night. I did not even care to lie down. I sat by the window, watching dark masses of cloud driving across the moon, and making vain attempts to realize my own position. But I felt too bruised and stunned—if I may be allowed to use such an expression in a mental sense—to understand anything clearly. I had left my room that morning the plighted bride of a man I loved with all the strength of a first love. I entered it again that night pledged to fly the following day with another man, and that man one whom I had always regarded almost in the light of a father; while between these two extremes lay a "horror of great darkness"—for it was very like that to me at the time. I shrank almost involuntarily from any attempt to remember distinctly what I had heard that day, with a sort of vague dread lest to fathom fully the depth of the villany to which I had so nearly fallen a victim should utterly overwhelm me. At last, after morning had dawned, I fell asleep in my chair, with my head resting against the window-frame; but it was a dull, heavy sleep, which did not seem to do me any good, and I woke feeling very ill.

It was still quite early, and as my eye fell upon the little bag General Fairfax had given me, I thought I might as well put up such things as I cared to take. They were but few. Most girls of my age would have had heaps of treasures, but I had hardly any; and those I had I did not feel as if I cared for now. Some beautiful presents General Fairfax had brought me from India, and a few other things he had given me, were nearly all the mementoes of the past which I cared to carry with me into my new life.

As soon as I had finished this task, and carefully concealed the bag, I proceeded to change my dress and get ready for breakfast, and at last I came to the arrangement of my hair. I had been very careful of that ever since the day Vincent had talked to me about it in the wood. The morning sun shone full upon my window, which was half covered by straggling boughs from some of the creepers which ran almost wild over the manor. These boughs, waving in the breeze on a bright sunny morning, made a quivering pattern of light and shade on the carpet, which was transferred to my head when I stood before the glass. Often I used to stand there, with my hair all shaken down, and watch the light dancing over its rippling waves, and sending a sort of golden shimmer over its bright sunny brown, and glory in its beauty for Vincent's sake. As the light fell on it that morning, the old familiar feeling came back involuntarily, and then the sudden revulsion that followed was too much; hot tears came rushing to my eyes—the last tears that ever fell for the sake of the man I had loved so dearly,—and I hastily drew down the blind, that the sunlight might not fall upon my hair.

How hard it was to meet my uncle at breakfast! He said I looked ill, and I do not doubt that I did. Once or twice I looked at him when he was not looking, and wondered how it was that I had never noticed before the sinister look of his face, and the mean, crafty expression of every feature. I could not look at him without shuddering now, and yet twenty-four hours before I had loved him dearly.

At last breakfast was over, and then I said,—

“I am going to Deanswood directly, and shall not be back to luncheon.”

“By-the-bye,” he said, “where were you last night?”

“I stayed at Deanswood. General Fairfax walked home with me.”

"And why are you going up this morning?"

"I want to see him again. He is going away directly."

"Ah, yes; I forgot. When does he go?"

"He has arranged to go to-morrow, I believe."

"And how long is he to be away?"

"Some time, I think."

"Good," he replied, in a satisfied tone. "Mind you come home to dinner."

"Very well," I said; and in another moment the door had closed behind me, and I had seen him for the last time.

I was soon on my way to Deanswood; but I paused for a moment at the gate to look back for the last time, and then a sudden dread came over me that I might be stopped even now, and I turned and almost fled through the wood.

I had not gone very far when I met General Fairfax himself. He looked grave and anxious, but that smile—his own smile—was ready for me as he took the bag from my hand.

"Is that all?" he said.

"Yes. There is hardly anything I cared to bring. But oh, General Fairfax! I quite forgot about any clothes."

He smiled again. "It is rather late to begin thinking of that, Katie; but it is all right. It is my place to think just now, not yours, my poor child," he added, in a sad tone.

We walked on until we came to where the path to Deanswood crossed a narrow lane. General Fairfax opened the little gate for me, and then said,—

"Down the lane to the right, Katie."

"Are we not going to Deanswood?" I asked.

"No. You have much further than that to go to-day."

"I don't think I can walk very far to-day," I said; "I feel so tired."

We turned a corner as I spoke; and General Fairfax, pointing forward, said,—

"That is the extent of your walk, my child."

I was too astonished to reply. A few yards down the lane a close carriage, with four horses, was standing, the postillions all ready in their saddles. A man, whom I recognised as General Fairfax's own servant, jumped down from behind as he saw us. There was a woman there too, but I did not know her. The man opened the door.

"Get in, Katie," General Fairfax said. I obeyed, and found some one else already seated in the carriage. It was Mrs. Marsh.

"Mrs. Marsh!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, dear," she replied; and I saw the tears rise in her eyes as she looked at me.

"Are you going with us?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied.

General Fairfax, who had been speaking to the postillions, got in at the moment, and we drove off.

The rest is like a dream to me. Even now I have no very clear or connected idea of what happened. I was so utterly confused by the shock I had received, and by being thus suddenly placed in scenes so different from anything I had ever seen. We drove for what seemed to me an immense distance—it was, in reality, nearly forty miles,—and then drew up at a railway station, a thing I had never seen before, for there was no railway near the manor. In a few moments the train came up, and we were off, and I thought we were never going to stop. At last we stopped for a time, and General Fairfax insisted on my trying to eat something, but I could not; and then we went on again. Night had closed before we stopped once more, and then—oh, what a scene it seemed to me!—I was in the middle of the glare and ceaseless roar of London—I, who had never been more than ten miles from the manor in my life. General Fairfax almost carried me across the crowded platform, and placed me in a carriage that was waiting for us. Mrs. Marsh followed, and we drove off to an hotel; but what between fatigue, excitement, and terror at the crowding and noise, I was quite hysterical by the time we reached it.

"This will never do, General," Mrs. Marsh said, in an anxious tone; and then she added something about nervous fever in a lower voice.

"It is partly want of food," he replied; and he was right. I rallied a little, after he had insisted on my eating something, and then he sent me to bed. The woman who had come up with us was waiting for me, and had everything I wanted ready for me; and I found Mrs. Marsh was to sleep in the room with me.

The next day we were off again early, and travelled all day. But I had really slept soundly the night before, so I did not feel so overdone that night; and when we reached our destination General Fairfax told me we were at home for a time, and that I should have time to rest and get quiet again.

That evening, after dinner, Mrs. Marsh made me lie down on

a sofa in the drawing-room, to try and sleep, while she occupied herself with a book at the further end of the room. After a time General Fairfax came in.

"Not asleep, Katie?" he said, seeing my eyes were open.

"No; I am not sleepy."

He came and sat down beside me, and talked to me for a little; and at last he said, "Have you no curiosity to know what is going to become of you?"

"I can't think," I answered. "Everything seems so confused, but I know I am safe."

"Don't you want to know when you are to be married?"

"Yes, I should like to know."

Then he explained to me the necessity for our being married by banns, and the consequent delay; and told me all the steps he had taken to mislead my uncle as to whither we had gone; and that we should stay where we were until we were married, and that then he should take me abroad.

"And why did Mrs. Marsh come with us?"

He smiled. "Because I wished her to be with you, dear."

"And will she stay with me after I am married?" I asked.

"No; there will be no need for her being with you then. Until you are married, Katie, you must consider yourself under Mrs. Marsh's care.

"And who was the woman who came up to London with us?"

"Moss, your future maid."

"My maid!" I exclaimed.

"Yes. She will go abroad with you."

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"In London, getting your trousseau."

My acquaintance with novel heroines told me what that was, but I began to feel rather uneasy. The idea of my possessing a lady's-maid and a trousseau was rather startling.

I have often wondered since, in looking back at that time, at the marvellous promptness with which General Fairfax had contrived to arrange everything. Accident had partly helped him, he told me once, when I expressed my surprise. His being on the eve of leaving home himself had facilitated some arrangements, and Moss happened to be a relation of Mrs. Squires, who was at the moment out of place. She had come down to Deanswood, to pay her cousin a visit, and General Fairfax, knowing her to be the very person he wanted, secured

her at once. Then, too, General Fairfax's wealth made many things easy which would otherwise have been difficult.

I had very few opportunities of talking to him all that time. I never saw him alone for a moment. Only in the evenings he would sit and talk to me in a low tone, while Mrs. Marsh was reading at the other end of the room. Once he went away for two days, and during that time we never left the house. We had only stayed at the hotel for a day or two, and had then moved into a small furnished house; but all is vague and confused to me. Mrs. Marsh always slept in the room with me still, and sometimes I almost felt as if I were a prisoner. Once I ventured to remonstrate with General Fairfax on the subject.

"Why may I not go about by myself, as I did at the manor?"

What a thrill his answer sent through me!—"Because, my child, if your uncle found out where you are now, he could take you away by force."

"But then why do I never sit with you, or go about with you, as I did?"

He smiled and kissed me. "You will do soon, darling, more than you have ever done before, but not just yet."

"Why not?" I asked; but another kiss was all the answer I got.

Very soon Moss came down, bringing packages innumerable; but I did not care about the things, though Mrs. Marsh tried to interest me in them.

"I do not like the state she is in," I heard her say one day to General Fairfax, when she fancied I was beyond hearing.

"Poor child," he said, "she has received a terrible shock, and she is still half stunned by it. I do not expect to see her recover for some time."

"That is just the very thing," Mrs. Marsh said. "She does not seem as if she felt it."

General Fairfax made no answer; but I wondered if he was right,—whether I really was half stunned, and that was why everything seemed like a dream, from which I should wake some day with a start.

That information about my uncle had quite reconciled me to being kept a prisoner, but still it was rather dreary work. At last, one morning, General Fairfax came up to me in the drawing-room, and putting his arm round me said,—

"Katie, your imprisonment is almost ended."

"Why?" I asked.

"You are to be my wife to-morrow."

I could not help a start; and a momentary thought of Vincent Trevor (for I still thought of him by that name) darted across me.

General Fairfax felt me start, and said very gravely,—

"Is it really your own will that it should be so, child? Remember, I could not *promise* to save you any other way, but I would try my best. If you feel any wish to draw back, say so.

"No, no," I exclaimed; "I wish for nothing but to be your wife, and go away with you, and try to forget the past."

"You will have a long piece of business to do this evening," he said.

"What?"

"To sign your name a great many times."

"What for?"

"Because I tell you," he replied, laughing. "Mind, I expect my little wife to be very obedient."

How I wondered what it meant, when I, and General Fairfax, and some one else, I thought, too, signed our names at the bottom of sheet after sheet of closely written paper!

"That is the first piece of business you have ever transacted in your life, Katie," said General Fairfax, "and you will only have to sign that name once more. You must be up betimes to-morrow, little woman, and let Moss pack your things."

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To Folkestone to-morrow, for a few days, and then to Paris."

Moss took me in hand early enough the next morning, and produced a dress I had never seen, which she said I must put on. It was a richly embroidered travelling dress.

"Is that dress for me?" I asked, in some consternation.

"Yes, Miss," she said. "You know your dresses will be quite different now from what they have been."

"Will they?"

"Yes, to be sure. This is one of your travelling dresses,—and such a dress for a young lady to be married in, to be sure!" she added, as if to herself.

Nevertheless I felt considerably awed by my own magnificence when I was dressed. Moss had arranged my hair, too, in a much more elaborate manner than she had ever done it before.

"Well, you do look beautiful, Miss," she exclaimed when I was dressed. "Dear! what a difference being properly dressed does make to a young lady!"

With this genuinely professional sentiment she turned to her packing, and I went down-stairs. I saw both General Fairfax and Mrs. Marsh start as I entered the dining-room.

I remember but indistinctly what followed. I know Moss put a bonnet on my head which seemed to me very gorgeous, and that I walked down to the church with General Fairfax and Mrs. Marsh. I have an indistinct recollection of some one in a white surplice, and of mechanically repeating the words he dictated, and of feeling General Fairfax place the ring on my finger; and then of signing my name in the vestry afterwards, but it is all very confused.

One thing, however, I do remember vividly. As we walked back from the church, just as we reached the house, a well-dressed man came up, and stopping us, said to me,—

“I think your name is Katherine Sybil Legh, is it not?”

“Yes, it is,” I answered.

“Then you must come with me, Miss, if you please,” he said, civilly but firmly.

I clung to General Fairfax’s arm, with a faint scream of terror.

“Don’t be frightened, Katie,” he said, gently; “you are quite safe. This lady has made a slight mistake about her name,” he added, turning to the man. “She is Mrs. Fairfax.”

“That’s all very well, sir,” replied the man, “but that won’t do.”

“Will that do, then?” said General Fairfax, drawing a paper from his pocket and showing it to him.

The man glanced over it, and then said, “All right, sir. I see I am too late.”

“Exactly. Just half an hour,” replied General Fairfax; and we entered the house. Then he clasped me in his arms with a shudder.

“Oh, Katie, my darling wife,” he said, “you have had a narrow escape.”

“What does it mean?” I asked.

“That was a police officer. Had he come an hour earlier he could have taken you away.”

“Can no one take me now?” I asked, in a trembling voice.

“No, no one. You are all mine now—mine ‘till death us do part.’ Don’t you remember what you said just now?”

I had a vague recollection of having repeated some such words, but that was all. In another hour I had parted from good Mrs. Marsh, and was on my way to Folkestone with my husband.

CHAPTER X.

CHANGED BOTH IN NAME AND DISPOSITION.

GENERAL FAIRFAX had intended to write to my uncle from Folkestone, and to tell him plainly the reason of our elopement; but a few days after our arrival there a letter came from him which changed my husband's intentions. He reproached him in the bitterest terms, taunted him with having made good use of my childish affection for him, and, finally, added some expressions of so insulting a nature, both to General Fairfax and myself, that the letter was thrown into the fire and left unanswered.

General Fairfax questioned me again closely as to the conversation I had overheard, and admitted that more than once a doubt had crossed his mind as to whether all I had told him could be strictly true; whether terror had not made me misrepresent. But my answers satisfied him that was not the case.

"I cannot understand it, Kate," he said. "It is such a contradiction to all that went before."

"How?" I asked.

"Why, your uncle, from your earliest childhood, seemed so bent on keeping you entirely in his own hands. I could not induce him to allow you to leave the manor for a moment; and it was only by making a promise that I would never let you come to Deanswood if any one was there, that I got leave to have you there."

"Why should he have cared about it?"

"I never could make out, and it seems more inexplicable still now; but probably we shall never know what was the cause, either of that or of his yielding so readily to such a monstrous proposition. 'There, we won't talk any more about it,' he added, seeing how I shuddered as the thought of all I had escaped came over me.

My uncle's ready acquiescence in such a scheme did seem to me most mysterious, even though I knew now much more about him than I had ever done before. General Fairfax told me he had known him when quite a young man himself; that he was then a most profligate character and an inveterate gambler. The news had reached my husband in India of his having suddenly disappeared from the world, and that many rumours were

afloat about some dark transactions ; but that nothing certain was known, save that he had gone to live at some old manor-house, the only remnant left to him of considerable landed property ; and that he seemed suddenly to have become as sordid a miser as he had originally been reckless spendthrift. General Fairfax cared little about it until he heard of my mother's death, and of my uncle having taken me to his home. Then he determined that on his return from India he would seek him out. This had proved, however, a more difficult task than he had expected, and he had nearly despaired of success when accident brought about the fulfilment of his wishes by bringing him to Deanswood. Still there was nothing in all this which would reasonably account for his being ready to yield, apparently without a moment's hesitation, to the proposal made to him ; and General Fairfax said he was convinced there must have been some motive for his conduct, of which we knew nothing. Nor did it at that time seem likely the mystery would ever be solved.

We had talked more than once of him, and of the vile bargain to which he had so readily consented ; but most carefully had my husband, I could see, avoided any direct mention of the man who had so cruelly deceived me. Acting on an impulse of his own noble, generous nature, he was resolutely silent on a subject on which he was not quite certain what my feelings were ; and it was not until after I had been married some time that we came to any explanation on that point.

It would have puzzled me, for a long time, to define, even to myself, what I did feel on that subject, or on any of those connected with my past life. It was many months before I recovered from the stunning effects of the shock I had received, and the bewilderment caused by the rapidity with which events had crowded into my hitherto eventless life. The change of position alone would have been enough to confuse me, even without all the startling circumstances under which that change had been effected. Like a dream, the quiet, monotonous life I had led from childhood had passed—a life which was hardly more than mere existence ; and I was entering life in the fuller sense of the word, I might almost say, in a double position—a mere child of seventeen ; but, at the same time, the very beautiful wife of a man of large fortune, and fully forty years older than myself.

We stayed a few weeks in Paris, and then travelled leisurely on towards Italy, where General Fairfax intended we should pass

the winter. Gradually, as I became more accustomed to the novelty of the scenes around me, and of finding myself surrounded by every luxury which wealth could purchase, I began to realize, though but slowly at first, the fact that I was little less changed than the scenes in which I was moving. Not that I then understood the cause; I could not then trace clearly cause and effect. I only felt the change.

If the blow which had annihilated all my girlish dreams had fallen on a nature both mentally and morally in a healthy state, I dare say its effects would have been but transient; but, alas! it had done anything but that. Moral training I had had absolutely none, and very little more of mental. All my ideas, on every subject on which I had any ideas at all, were the offspring of a naturally vivid imagination, at once morbidly developed and enervated by the wild and exciting romances which had been for so long almost my only study. Life I had pictured as a dream of love and happiness, with only a dash of romantic misfortune here and there to shade its brightness; and when the rude touch of reality, and of such a terrible reality, had dispelled the dream, I had naturally recoiled to the opposite extreme—although I did not know it at the moment,—and a hard, cold, bitter feeling had begun to spring up in its place; a feeling as yet only in its infancy, but a dangerous feeling to take hold of any woman, and more especially of one fully conscious, as I was, of the possession of great personal beauty.

This feeling, as yet, centred round one name—Vincent Trevor. He had been to me both the dream and the reality. The man I had loved so passionately had been as imaginary as the name he bore; all the love was gone with the dream; for the real man I had no feelings save the bitterest. My thoughts would keep dwelling upon all the circumstances of my acquaintance with him just because they were so galling. I could understand it all now; and a burning feeling of indignation and resentment would come over me as I thought of all the artless, childlike confidences which I had poured into the ears of that heartless profligate, and of the way he had drawn me on to tell him every thought that passed through my mind.

It was these bitter memories which at last brought me to an explanation on the subject with my husband. I had often shed burning tears over them in secret; but one day while we were at Rome he came in unexpectedly and found me crying bitterly. I was kneeling on the floor, with my face buried in the sofa

cushion, and did not know he had entered the room until I felt myself gently lifted up and folded in his arms.

"Katie, my love," he said, in an anxious tone, "what is the matter?"

For some time I could only sob, with my face hidden on his shoulder; but at last I faltered out some answer, of which, however, I believe the name of Vincent Trevor was the only audible part. I felt my husband start; but he only drew me closer to him as he said, in a low grave voice,—

"Are you shedding tears for him, Kate?"

I caught the meaning of the tone almost more than of the question; it brought me back the power of speech, and I told him all; told him, with burning cheeks and flashing eyes, of the things I had said, and the way in which he had drawn me on; and ended with such an outburst of fierce resentment, even of hatred, that my husband checked me with an exclamation almost of horror.

"Katie! Katie! my darling, don't speak so."

"Why not?"

"Because such words ill befit your young lips. You must not let such vindictive feelings gain the mastery over you."

"But how can I help it?" I exclaimed. "Can you expect me now, Walter, to think of all that calmly?"

"No, my child, not for a moment. No woman with a shadow of self-respect could feel otherwise than as you do, to a certain extent. It is not the feeling I condemn, but the excess to which you carry it. I must not have my beautiful wife turned into a beautiful tigress by vindictive feelings, however good cause there may be for them," he added, stroking back my hair and kissing me.

"But, Walter," I pleaded, "it is so hard to bear."

"So it is, my poor child; very hard indeed to think of a cold-hearted scoundrel like that taking a mean advantage of your childish confidence. You fell into the hands of one of the worst specimens of the worst type of men; but you must try to forget it, or to be thankful now, dearest," he added, "that it is no worse."

"And remember that I brought it on myself," I added, with a shudder.

"No, not that. You were to blame, perhaps; but knowing what your life had been, I cannot blame you."

I knew that I was more to blame, though, than he would have

allowed; more than, perhaps any one save a self-righteous woman, would have blamed me. No one besides myself could tell how instinct had warned me.

"Shall I tell you something which will rather surprise you, Katie?" General Fairfax asked, after a pause.

"Yes. What is it?"

"That though I do not approve of your feelings, I cannot help feeling half glad to hear of their existence."

"Why?"

"Because they show me that some fears I had were groundless."

"What fears?"

"I have had a lingering dread lest your affection for that man might not have perished entirely."

"Walter!" I exclaimed, starting to my feet, "how dare you breathe such a suggestion to me?"

He looked at me for a moment in silence, and then drawing me down on to the sofa beside him again, he said with a smile,—

"You are a true woman, little Kate."

"What do you mean?" I asked, in some surprise.

"That you look your loveliest, child, in the character of an indignant wife; but you quite misunderstood me. Do you think I could breathe a disrespectful thought to you? I only meant that I cannot quite forget sometimes how almost compulsory your marriage was, and what a child you were, and that then a dread will rise in my mind as to whether you did not act on the spur of necessity, without stopping to weigh your own feelings. But I shall not have any fear now I know what you feel about that man; though, indeed, you must check that vindictive feeling, or it will produce evil results. Will you promise me you will try?"

"I will try if you wish it; but I don't believe I shall succeed."

"You must try not to think of the past. Blot it out from your memory entirely."

I kept my promise—at least, as far as trying not to think about the past was concerned; but I was not very successful. My whole life had been so entirely under the guidance of feeling, that there was little chance of my succeeding in keeping in check any which had been so strongly roused as those had been. General Fairfax did not mention the subject again, hoping, I think, that if my bitter recollections were not kept up by any

recurrence to them, they would gradually die out. And so, perhaps, they might have done, but for after circumstances which it was impossible he could foresee.

We went back to Paris early in the spring, and stayed there a month, and a very gay one it was. General Fairfax had plenty of acquaintances there, both French and English, and almost every day was soon engaged. Of course, his young wife was an object of great curiosity. It was a new phase of life to me, and almost renewed my feelings of bewilderment at first. I had as yet been really as much alone with my husband as I used to be at Deanswood; and to find myself suddenly plunged into a large and constantly increasing circle of acquaintance confused me almost as much as the equally sudden change from my lonely life at the manor had done. I was positively appalled sometimes, when we returned from our afternoon drive, to see the numbers of visiting cards laid out in order awaiting me.

One afternoon when we came in we found Benson, the General's own man, waiting for us at the door.

"Monsieur and Madame de Martigny are waiting to see you, ma'am," he said to me.

"Waiting to see me!" I repeated in surprise.

"Yes, ma'am. Madame de Martigny was in despair at finding you were out; and hearing you would be likely to return home soon, she said she would come in and wait."

I turned to General Fairfax for an explanation as we went up-stairs.

"Who are they, Walter?"

"Count de Martigny is an old acquaintance of mine, Kate, in India. He did, about two years ago, what I have just done."

"What?"

"Married his granddaughter, child; but she is older than you."

"Walter, I will not have you say that!" I exclaimed. I did not like to hear him allude to the difference of age between us in that way.

"Very well, my pet," he answered, with his quiet smile; "I won't if you don't like it. I will try to imagine my little wife is quite an old woman. There, go on, don't keep Madame de Martigny waiting."

"What is she like?" I asked.

"A pretty, impulsive little Frenchwoman," he said; "and really in her way, I believe, very fond of her husband, who is a very nice fellow, though rather taciturn."

He opened the door as he spoke, and I entered the room. How distinctly, even now, I can recall the picture which presented itself before me !

On a low couch in the middle of the room, in an attitude indicative of the liveliest impatience, was sitting a very pretty animated little brunette, restlessly drumming on the floor with her little feet. Her dress was in the most perfect taste, and her whole appearance irresistibly charming. She sprang up to meet us the moment we appeared, exclaiming, in very good English, though with the prettiest accent possible,—

“ Ah ! there you are. I thought you would never come, and I have been dying with impatience to see you. You dear, naughty General, never to tell us you were going to be married. I would not believe it when I was told you were in Paris with—shall I say what ? ” she said, with an arch look at me,—“ with the loveliest wife in the world ; and when I found it was true, I counted the minutes till I could come, and then you were out. Ah ! I was ready to cry. Then they said you would soon be in ; so I said I would wait. But why don't you introduce me ? ” she added, impatiently.

“ I am quite ready whenever I can get a chance,” replied General Fairfax.

“ Ah, now, don't be severe. That is just like you,” she said, shaking her head at him. “ Dear Mrs. Fairfax, I am so glad to see you. Please let me look at you. Why, you are more beautiful than they said. You will make all the women die of jealousy.”

She had seized hold of both my hands, and was looking up in my face with the most unmistakable expression of admiration in her dark eyes.

“ You are not angry with me for saying so, are you ? I never can help saying what I think.”

I suppose my face displayed the surprise I felt, for General Fairfax put in a remark without giving me time to answer, which drew off the little woman's attention for a moment ; and then he introduced the Count.

“ There now,” exclaimed Madame de Martigny, as soon as the ceremony was accomplished, “ leave the two old comrades to talk to each other, and come and sit here and chat with me. I am dying to ask you a thousand questions.”

She drew me away to a seat near the window, and playfully pushing me down on to it, seated herself beside me.

"Now please tell me what your name is, Mrs. Fairfax."

"Katherine," I replied. I was beginning to feel greatly amused.

"Katherine!" she repeated, in a disappointed tone. "Ah! that is quite a common name; and I thought you are so beautiful, you would have some beautiful name. But do tell me about your marriage. We never thought the dear, grave, stern-looking General would marry. Are you not dreadfully afraid of him?"

"I afraid of General Fairfax!" I repeated. "I never dreamed of such a thing."

"No? I should be so dreadfully afraid of him if I was his wife. I hope he is not jealous. They tell me all Englishmen are jealous when they are a great deal older than their wives. Is it so, Mrs. Fairfax?"

"I am sure I don't know," I replied; "but I know my husband is not."

"Ah, I am so glad. The dear General!"

"Why should you be so glad?"

"Because it must be so dreadful, when one is quite young, to have a jealous husband. But I dare say you would never make him jealous. The count is such a dear, good old thing, he is hardly ever jealous, and I am *very* naughty sometimes. Then he gets a little bit cross, and I coax and kiss him till he is good-tempered again."

"I should not like to make General Fairfax jealous," I said, a vivid recollection coming across me of a look I had once or twice seen cross his face when he was displeased, though not with me.

"Ah, then you will have to be so good," she said, with a serious shake of her head.

"Why?"

"Because every one admires you so much. The men are all raving about 'la belle Anglaise.' And if you do not take great care he will get jealous. I am sure if I was as beautiful as you, the dear Count would die, though he is not jealous. I should be so naughty."

She rattled on, to my great amusement, now that I had a little got over my astonishment, until at last she jumped up, declaring she had stayed a great deal too long; and making me promise I would come and see her very soon, she departed.

"Well, Katie, what do you think of your new acquaintance?" General Fairfax asked as soon as we were alone.

"I don't quite know," I replied, dubiously. "She is a queer little creature."

"She is a thorough Frenchwoman," replied General Fairfax. "What did she say to you?"

I told him all that had passed. He looked a little grave.

"It is quite true, Katie, my love, you are immensely admired. But you must not let the pretty little Countess infect you with her ideas. I believe there is no harm in her, or I would not allow the acquaintance; but that sort of thing, though it is all very well in a Frenchwoman, does not do in an Englishwoman."

"Why not?"

"Because Englishwomen are apt to be too much in earnest about anything they set about."

"But, Walter," I said, after a few moments' consideration, "would you ever get jealous?"

"Not without cause, I hope, Katie."

"I think I should like to make you just a wee bit jealous for once," I said, looking up at him with a smile.

But there was no answering smile now. His brow contracted, and a pained look crossed his face as he said, earnestly,—

"For Heaven's sake don't let that idea get hold of you, Kate."

"Why not?"

"It is a very dangerous idea for any young wife to get into her head, and doubly so for you. As you value your own happiness never try that. We are but mortals; and dearly as I love you, my darling, I would not answer for it, under those circumstances, that I should act either wisely or justly."

His face had darkened more and more as he spoke, and he looked so stern and cold, that I felt almost frightened at him.

"Oh, Walter," I exclaimed, "don't look like that. I did not really mean it."

The look passed, and he bent down to kiss me, with a smile, saying as he did so,—

"Don't suggest such ideas to my mind then, even in jest, child. You are but a child, and you do not know what men can be if you rouse the passion of jealousy."

I thought I had no great wish to know, as far as my husband was concerned, if it could have the effect of making them look as he had looked then.

COUNTRY UNIONS.

BY CHARLES WHITEHEAD.

THE inquiry into the condition of the London unions has resulted in the thorough reorganization of the buildings, and in the establishment of an entirely new set of principles with regard to their requirements and management. The dismay of a few of the guardians of the poor, of the old type of Bumbledom, was grotesquely intense at the sudden uprooting of all their long-cherished axioms of pauper treatment. Red tape itself was paralyzed by the vigorous voice of public opinion, and the Poor Law Board was wise enough to carry out quickly and quietly the changes imperatively demanded by the spirit of the times. Philanthropy directed by science, and properly balanced on this occasion by common sense, routed routine, and inaugurated a new and a brighter era in the position of the sick and aged in the metropolitan unions. Praise is not due to the Poor Law Board, nor to its Inspector, for having found out the horrible evils of the old state: they were going complacently on in the old, old groove, and they would probably have continued in the same until the end of time.

The stereotyped questions were put, and duly answered, by the various Inspectors. Everything seemed right, decent, and in order, until the startling revelations were made which shocked society, and showed that the sick and infirm paupers in the unions were not much better treated than the convicts in the gaols. Then it was proved that the unions generally throughout London were utterly deficient in all decent accommodation for the bedridden and decrepit persons who crowded the dreary, dirty wards. Then it was seen that the whole of the buildings originally intended as the not too comfortable receptacles for sturdy paupers—the unlucky, the lazy, the improvident of mankind—must be completely reorganized and added to,—made suitable, in short, as large hospitals and infirmaries. These necessary changes have been or are being made in the metropolis, as a rule, and the Poor Law Board, having once been awakened, is working with praiseworthy zeal. The *Lancet* is

quieted on that head, and the Association for the Improvement of Unions, having done its good work in London, is now directing its salutary influence on the country unions.

The country unions require alteration and improvement in nearly as great a degree as those of London, inasmuch as they were likewise built for other purposes than those to which they are now applied. There is a wide field for the operation of the Association. They will find that, generally speaking, the wards are not fit for sick and bedridden persons. The ventilation is usually most imperfect, and the heating appliances quite incompetent to preserve a proper temperature for invalids. In the vast majority of cases the wards are dingy and gloomy, more like prison cells in their aspect; and the long, blank walls are unrelieved by any texts, prints, pictures, or other simple but effective ornamentations. There will be found a great want of attention to minor details of convenience, such as utensils, towels, basins; and the closets are for the most part simply disgusting, inconveniently situated, and most offensive to the nostrils. The nursery is deficient; but in many instances the guardians have obtained one or two paid nurses to superintend generally, and to take the worst and most urgent cases. The system of nursing by paupers prevails, however, to much too great an extent, and the consequences are, as they must plainly be, that there is no regularity nor certainty in the administration of medicine or food—that the patients get the minimum of attention, care, and proper assistance. It will be found, too, that in most instances there is not a separate ward and bedroom for idiots and imbeciles, and that too frequently these poor wretches are looked after or kept in order by one of the paupers, who has had no experience in the management of idiots, and is perfectly unfit for the charge of them. These poor creatures sleep, eat, and live in the same room with persons of sound mind; and, of course, they are teased, played upon, and worried in all manner of ways. It is a fearful infliction on the sane to have idiots perpetually thrust upon them, by day and by night, while the poor beings themselves are rendered ten times more idiotic and unmanageable by the treatment they receive. There ought to be either special accommodation for idiots and imbeciles in the union, or the line between lunatics and idiots should not be so sharply defined by the authorities, so that the latter might be sent to proper asylums. This is one of the most glaring of the evils of the present system, and it is refreshing to see that the Poor Law Board are

now just making inquiries on this subject, with a view, it must be hoped, of making proper arrangements for these much-to-be-pitied wretches.

The greatest only of the shortcomings of the unions have been pointed out briefly. There are very many others that might be recapitulated, as, indeed, the whole condition of things is so wrong and rotten that this Magazine might be filled altogether with the account. Whilst everything else in society has progressed, whilst all surrounding relation and external circumstances have changed, unions have remained comparatively unaltered. They stand out as cold and hard as they did when pauperism was fiercely rampant everywhere; and the same cheerless wards frown down upon old worn-out men and women, as were intended to disgust and awe the idle vagabond. They must be turned into hospitals, with hospitals' comforts, with hospitals' scientific appliances. They have practically done their work as workhouses, *pur et simple*. They have taught salutary but bitter lessons to past generations. They have done their part towards checking pauperism and systematic dependence. They must now put off the qualities of stern censors, and assume the attributes of a Samaritan charity. It would be well for the Poor Law Board and Poor Law legislators, now while this revolution is pending, before the heavy expenses are incurred of altering and adding to existing buildings, to look a little ahead, and to anticipate the grander changes which time is fast bringing on. Soon the entire scheme of the Poor Laws must be remodelled. The centres of operation will be much enlarged: instead of districts, there will be counties or half-counties; all restrictions on the movements of the people will be swept away; all local influences, class notions, personal feeling, and old-fashioned prejudice, will no longer guide or govern in the administration of relief. Union will not war upon union; re-administration of the law will be uniform, perfectly just and certain. It will not be left for this or that body of guardians to say, "Our house is convenient and comfortable enough;" "Our house is up to the mark." The buildings will be uniformly comfortable, and managed on one, the best possible and the most justly liberal, plan alone. The whole style of the buildings must evidently, then, be changed, both for the requirements of the centralization scheme, and as concerning the novel features of union accommodation that are so absolutely essential. It will be a serious mistake to spend large sums of money in patching up and adding to the

present establishments, without holding always in mind the sweeping alterations that will have to be made ere long.

It is too much the fashion to accuse guardians of the poor of cruelty, stupidity, and wilful negligence. Mr. Hart's Association has been too severe upon guardians. The press has been systematically unjust towards them, and the public, thus led away, have conceived great indignation towards them. After all, guardians are only fallible men; men full of other business, and engrossed with the cares of their own lives. They do not seek the office; the dignity is generally thrust upon them. The guardians walk round the house board day after board day in the same careless manner, asking questions, and invariably getting satisfactory answers from the inmates. Their argument is that the inmates are comfortable and happy because they do not complain. They see by their books that there are frequent instances of persons living for a very long while, and dying at a very advanced age, in their wards; and they not unnaturally conclude that their treatment is good enough. They have fixed in their minds their standard of a union house proper, which selfsame standard was handed down to them by their fathers' guardians before them.

It is not to be wondered at that they have not evolved from their own unassisted minds any better possible condition of things. When their great head, the Poor Law Board, had failed to discern the signs of the times, and to discover that the greater part of the conveniences and internal resources of the union was lamentably bad, it is not surprising in the least degree that the guardians were equally blind. When inspectors regularly sanctioned their proceedings, and gravely reported that all was well, it was not likely that the guardians would set their wits to work to discover blots in the system. Guardians are not unmerciful; it is a gross libel to say that they are. They do desire to care well for the old, broken down, and suffering. They have no sympathy for the able-bodied who have been dissolute, improvident, and idle; but they do regard, so far as their rights admit, the pleadings of those who have tried to help themselves, those bowed down by age, and the afflicted. They have too much shirked details, perhaps, leaving them to the master or to the doctor; but so have the inspectors!

To give an illustration. In one union the guardians did not discover that patients in the "foul ward" were using their utensils for ablutionary purposes! Nor did the inspectors!

The public like to have a scapegoat always, and they have now fixed upon the unlucky guardians to bear all the blame of the gross shortcomings of unions, and the accumulated evils of a long period of bad legislation. It is somewhat unjust; yet there is morally a certain amount of blame resting upon the shoulders of the guardians, which they will doubtless endeavour now to atone for by working heartily, and hand in hand with the Poor Law Board, to brighten and cheer the last days of the destitute and afflicted.

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE CHILD.

BY CHARLES LAWRENCE FORD, B.A.

PERCHANCE it is an idle thought,
 Yet fancy unproved may deem,
 That not alone for lessons taught,
 Pride-humbl'ing, scorning man's esteem,
 Visions of worldly hope to dim,
 He called the little child to Him.

But watching him at harmless play,
 With all unutterable love,
 He drew him with that glance away
 Which charms the seraphim above;
 And tender was the grasp that pressed
 That loving infant to His breast.

And sweet was the repose He found
 In childish nature, simple, free;
 While all around, with jarring sound,
 Rose the loud strife for mastery,
 From worldly hearts, as yet untaught,
 Of heavenly crown by suffering bought.

O Saviour! when our selfish pride
 Would cause Thy Spirit to depart,
 Be our affections mortified!
 Give us the little children's heart!
 Allure us by Thy mightier will,
 And put Thine arms about us still.

WORD GOSSIP.

BY THE REV. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A.

VII.—ON SLIPSHOD ENGLISH CAUSED BY FAULTY STYLE.

THE days are rapidly passing away in which no one travelled half a dozen miles in a railway carriage without some fellow-passenger informing him that "steam was a wonderful thing;" so also are those days departing in which, if any of us underwent threepenn'orth of an omnibus journey, we were sure to meet some otherwise worthy lady, standing, or rather sitting, on her dignity, disparaging the vehicle whilst enjoying its convenience, and giving the general public to understand that she was quite unaccustomed to this sort of thing, and, in fact, was only making a mere trial trip, positively for the first and last time. Custom and habit have much to answer for in sending as they have so large a class of our fellow-mortals off the earth, and leaving human nature shorn of one of its many distinguishing traits. But this is but a trifling accusation to bring against our time of rapid locomotion and lightning-swift intercommunication of ideas. Railways, telegraphs, and penny postage, if they have not changed human nature in its essence, have changed it in its exercise, and peopled the universe with *fast men* in at least one sense of the term. As different ages have had different names, of gold, of bronze, of iron, may we not call our own the age of mercury? And, in the leisure-devouring, time-filling race of life we are all running at our highest pressure, may we not, as it were, put our head for a moment now and then out of the window of our express train, even at the risk of losing breath in the proceeding, and take a rapid glance at the scenery we leave so quickly before it have quite faded from our sight? In such a view we catch here and there a glimpse of some charming landscape we might like to see again,—a sight grateful to the eye in passing, and pleasant to the memory when past, if life would give us leisure for remembrance; and we may here and there have the swift conviction

flashed upon our minds, that though we live so much faster in our modern times, and cram such multitudinous experiences into our short span as would have been impossible fifty years ago, all is not sheer gain and profit, and that some good things must be given up to leave our hands at liberty for laying hold on others which we may consider better worthy of our grasp.

The railway has its infinite advantages—speed, comfort, security (for a fair-sized man who avoids falling asleep opposite a possible Müller), and an average punctuality to which the best of coaching could make no pretensions; it has its winter shelter, its spring cushions, and its foot-warmers; and it saves time,—how much! and often of how great importance! But can its charms be compared by a man of leisure, on a sweet June day, to sitting on a coach behind (say) old spectacled Falkner and a tidy team, on that noble Portsmouth road which runs through so beautiful a country between Godalming and Petersfield? Can the lover of the picturesque be as happy dashing from side to side of his padded cage, to catch a glimpse through the engine's smoke or circling steam at "pretty bits" which pass him like the changes in a kaleidoscope, as in printing on his retina the ineffaceable pictures of beauty, which he can mark and measure in excited ease as the coach performs its furlong to the mail train's mile? And if the coach be pleasanter for sight, what must it be for sound? In the train, the roar of the engine, the scream of the whistle, the thump of the piston, the jar of the ill-closed "points," drive patient listeners to hypocritical pretence of comprehension, while the effort of the persistent talker results before long in an acute attack of "dysphonia clericorum." But what do we hear on the coach? The road is dry but still elastic; the dawn showers have laid the dust without provoking the mud; a pheasant now and then whirrs off from the grass siding, and spins down the Devil's Punch-bowl to her nest in that perennial public-house that needs no licence; the wheels murmur rather than rumble, humming a *sotto voce* bass accompaniment to the music all around. The coachman's cheery chirp, seldom varied by the whistle of his whipcord, makes the gay cattle dance and shake the jingling chains of trace and splinter-bar. On they go, straight as a line, their fine summer coats, dressed like satin, shining in the sun, the corded veins streaking their arched necks, and the team as evenly together as *coryphées* in a ballet; they seem to make no effort as they tread lightly on the sweet heath-scented air, and to

keep a merry trampling time to the pleasant music,—not with the heavy labouring plod of the underbred hoof, but as if their pleasure was to click gay castanets beneath their springy pastures; and all at once comes the blast of the guard's horn and —wakes me from my dream. They are gone, ay, literally "to the dogs." The silky skins were tanned ten years ago. The active limbs have hung raw and horrible on the branches of the oak beside the kennel, till piece by piece they found their last way into the hounds' broth; the mail degenerated to a stage, for the railway robbed it of its bags and red-coated guards; the thorough-breds yielded to their destiny, and hung their heads as poor "old stagers;" the harness rotted, snapped, met rough-and-ready mending with twine and whipcord, and "went" at every buckle-hole, and then went altogether,—where? I suppose into the boot of the coach, when that went off the road for ever, destined no more to look for paint and varnish on the king's birthday, but, bare and weather-beaten, to stand on two wheels and three quarters in the paddock behind the inn yard, its ragged linings dropping down from day to day, and the privileges of an inside seat only disputed night after night by the opposing parties of the turkey and the pea-fowl.

And telegraphs, again, how convenient! how miraculous! How much more business can be managed! how much more money can be made! how much more time can be utilized! But then how utterly they skim the cream of news, leaving the poor skim-milk of "further particulars" vapid and unstimulating as the second volume of a novel to the greedy reader, who has anticipated the *denouement* of the story by reading the last chapter of the third!

Or take, again, the penny postage. It has its marvellous conveniences, and saves such quantities of time; but how much more it gives us to do! The year before its introduction the Post Office carried seventy-five millions of letters; last year, 1,000 millions, so that (putting samples aside) on an average we each write ten letters now for one we used to do. We have more time, but must do more within it; we find greater facilities for communication, but must communicate more. And so we have had to shorten our epistles but to multiply their number. And this brings us, as gossiping does not always do, to our special proper subject, slipshod English; for penny postage has destroyed the elegant art of letter-writing, as fast stipple-punching has destroyed the beautiful, laborious art of line engraving. The trick of speed has spoilt the habit of accuracy, and social history

now-a-days is but chronicled in notes where it used to be detailed in letters. In the old days a letter was a work of art, a studied composition, a chronicle of news, an elaborate petition, or an urgent counsel; the note, its substitute, is now a hasty scratch, a written ejaculation, a cry, or a command. Our fathers used to draught their letters first, read them over to themselves aloud, checking off each smoothly balanced period with a waving pen, and, where need appeared, making erasures here and there with the blade of the penknife, whose smooth reverted handle rubbed away the roughness of the scratched surface to pave the way for the more choice expression of their critical idea. Now, if he reads his letters before posting, no man corrects his wording save by a hasty blotch and impatient interlineation, if even this be not left undone with the murmured "Do well enough, he'll understand what I mean." And this careless habit has spread also into literature, as who can wonder when we think of the greedy urgency of the steam press in journalism, and of the astounding fruitfulness of our greatest writers in general literature? It is to a few lapses in such matters, as illustrating one of the disadvantages of our modern rapid system, that I purpose now to draw attention, and to consider first a few errors in style appearing in modern literature,—not in any spirit of hypercriticism, but as specimens of a tendency which, if permitted, is not unlikely to spread further.

Here, for instance, to begin with, is a passage from one of our most distinguished living historians, which nothing but haste of habit could have allowed to remain unaltered:—

"Elizabeth, from a mixture of motives, . . . hesitated to adopt and would not reject the means which were pressed upon her for preserving her throne, and she *laid*, with flapping sails, drifting in the gale."

Of course, the marvellous confusion of metaphor here must strike any one who quietly analyzes the passage and its meaning; although what the author intended to convey—the vacillation of Elizabeth at one particular crisis—is entirely unmistakable. She is represented as unwilling to use certain remedies for certain evils, but not as being hopelessly and helplessly abandoned to evil circumstances. Yet no ship can drift in a *gale*, and at the same time have her *sails flapping*, unless she have become quite unmanageable; nor can she, under such circumstances, when she must be scudding under bare poles, be properly described as *lying* at all. But, apart

from the confusion of metaphor, which I shall consider in my next section, the special example of slipshod to be found in this quotation is the verbal one exhibited by the use of the word *laid* instead of *lay*. If this were a single instance in our literature the faulty expression would be scarcely worthy of critical notice; but the error, at least in conversation, is a very common one, and, at the rate whereby perversions spread, might soon be defended as correct, and even established as classical, on the testimony of the very instance I have quoted.

The following is from *Belgravia* for July, 1867:—"That youth can play a tune on the cornet,—force its odious and ear-piercing *drapason* on our senses." How this operation can be performed on the cornet is rather difficult to comprehend.

But in giving exact references of these various instances I adduce I must not be supposed desirous of "running a muck" against a number of generally well-written and well-edited newspapers and periodicals, since the very fact of my extracting from them is a proof of the appreciation which makes me read them. I have assigned the occurrence of such lapses as I point out to the haste necessary in providing intelligence of all sorts for the hungry readers of the present day, and though it be right here and there to point out errors as a matter of warning, it would be ungracious at the same time not to express the wonder which any reflecting man must experience in seeing how few and far between such errors are in the acres of literature which issue almost daily from the press. The hospital surgeon, as he points out to the students who accompany him on his visiting rounds the peculiar features of each case that meets his view, does not mean to sneer at the patients whose ailments supply material for his lecturing. On the contrary, while sympathizing with their sufferings, he cannot but feel at times a sort of undefined gratitude to the person whose condition supplies him with any peculiar points of interest to study and remark upon. And so, in fact, I view the few specimens of literary lapses which I am bringing forward.

Here is a slip from the *Guardian* of March 25, 1868, extracted from a critical notice of Traill's Translation of Josephus:—

"The translation itself is in good and readable English, and displaces at once the queer and cumbrous work of Whiston, crotchety as in opinion, so in his English also."

Surely our language is flexible enough to dispense with the

necessity of using such a structure of sentence as that italicized ; while the adverbial redundancy is absolutely unpleasant. It reminds me of a verse of a song I once heard sung by an ancient cricketer, and received with uproarious applause by his auditors. It seemed like a summoning up of the ghosts of the dead old time, to hear him quaver out a ballad made on the victory of Vittoria fifty years before, but which his rustic auditory evidently regarded as a passage from contemporary history. The following is the verse that specially took my fancy :—

"Two thousand (!) heavy guns *besides*
Likewise they took *also* ;
 Which caused poor Joseph Bonypart
 To cry aloud ' *Morble!* ' "

Here, again, is a curious specimen of involved and indefinite diction, from the same paper and of the same date. The extract is entirely unabridged :—

"It is a perfect puzzle even to educated men, either literally to carry out the arrangement, or if they did, to divine its result, where, as *e. g.*, in some colleges, two are to be elected by absolute majorities, from whom an external authority is to choose the actual Principal. The matter, we apprehend, is in such cases invariably arranged beforehand, and the minorities agree to give up their own men. How Mr. Hare can possibly dream of his own infinitely more complicated plan of 'quotas,' and of sifting out candidates, and of alternative lists, and the like, doing anything but turn all electors giddy with confusion of brain, it passes us to imagine. On this point, at least, a pamphlet written against his scheme by R. C., '*On the Representation of Minorities*,' is conclusive in its criticisms."

Perhaps the best comment to be made on this most extraordinary passage is to say, with special reference to the words "giddy with confusion of brain," "*Expertus loquitur.*"

Here is a bit from the *Telegraph*, June 25, 1866, exhibiting a very general sort of error which writers and speakers alike should be careful to guard against :—"Retaining the colour of their uniform, they have replaced an ugly shako by one altogether as smart and soldier-like."

"As smart and soldier-like" as what? We must presume an ellipsis, and that the writer meant to say "as smart and soldier-like as the former shako was ugly," but the necessity for such presumption should be guarded against. And as this structure of sentence errs by deficiency, I will balance it by a specimen

equally faulty, but erring by excess. It is the ill-sounding form, which seems daily to become more general in use, of saying, for instance, "She is equally as amiable as her sister." "She" may be rightly said to be "equally amiable with her sister," or "as amiable as her sister," but "equally as amiable as her sister" is surely a most clumsy pleonastic unpleasantness.

Here is even, to my mind, a worse form of this awkward structure. It is from the *Times* of April the 10th in the present year, referring to the Austrian Government:—"It (the Government) entertains the highest regard for religious liberty, and would at all times be ready to afford powerful support to the authority of the Church; but *equally as* the Government has no intention of passing beyond the limits of State authority, *just as little* can it assist in this being done by others."

The following is also a common but an inaccurate phrase, "I do not doubt *but what* he will come." Many readers will exclaim at once that this is a mere vulgarism, but it has made its appearance already in unexpected places, and been heard from highly educated speakers.

The present seems also a fitting opportunity to vent a snarl against the common use of the word "*wert*" for "*wast*." We find it everywhere, in novels and in newspapers, in poetry and in prose, and it certainly betrays one of the results of modern neglect of grammar. The greatest writers are not free from the error, who would yet feel indignant enough if supposed not to know the difference between the indicative and subjunctive moods.

Men are apt (at least, those who have not studied the subject) to take for granted that our earlier literature is uncouth and clumsy, and that its forms are a mere fortuitous medley, without rule or strict inflexion, but yet our earlier literature shows no confusion between the words *wast* and *wert* such as the present age displays; the Bible has the word *wert* only twice, both times in a subjunctive sense, always using *wast* in the indicative; and yet modern writers who would flush into a perspiration many a time at the thought of having made such an error in a Latin quotation, do not hesitate to publish its equivalent in English time after time. It is useless to excuse this as sanctioned by usage, unless we should say that those who know best the grammar of their native tongue are bound to adopt and follow the errors which originate in the ignorance of those who truly know nothing on the subject. A man may be a good poet and a bad

grammarian, and to say that "thou wert there" instead of "thou wast there," is to be right because Tennyson or any one else has written it, would compel us henceforth to adopt such a monstrous verb as "*to wist*" into our language, because it has been used in a very beautiful poem which appeared last month in this very Magazine, p. 261:—

"He wandered back
Slowly, like one obedient to a power
Whereof he wiste not, to the home where once
He had believed in love, and, as he deemed,
In heaven."

Another piece of slipshod which is very rapidly gaining ground, and which should be guarded against by all who can value the explicitness of our language, is that shown in the use of the words *either* for *any*, and *neither* for *none*. Both *either* and *neither* in their very form express an alternative; their proper correlatives are *or* and *nor*; and it is a gross, but unhappily also a growing error to apply them to cases of general, and not of simple alternative, selection. Thus, for instance, a phrase like the following is so common as almost to attract no notice,— "The three sisters are all beautiful, but *neither* of them can be called accomplished." Though the case be not entirely in point, it is sufficiently so to illustrate my position if I say that a similar error, and one obvious to the most careless ear, would exist in the expression, "Of the twenty recruits who were measured he was found the *less* (or worse still, the *lesser*) in stature." We have the right words, which I have given above, to apply in connection with the *either* and *neither*; why then should we give them up, only to deprive ourselves of the special explicitness which the genius of our language has provided for the necessities of those who speak it? If we push this practice to its extreme we shall more clearly perceive its error. Our careless writers have hardly ventured beyond using *either* and *neither* as implying one out of three instead of one of two, but if this practice should obtain, there is no logical or philological reason against the expressions, "Neither of the two hundred and fifty cases in the hospital recovered;" "See whether *either* of the ship's company be on board." This last instance could only be correct in such a case as that of the fisherman in a smack, who keeping the look-out while his only comrade slept, and requiring his assistance, called out to arouse him, "All hands on deck! Come up, both of us!"

A very common and very gross error is to be met with in the

expression, which has turned up in my reading at least half a dozen times, "an innumerable number."

But this is too bad a lapse for a good writer who pretends to any sort of care in preparing his copy. The following specimens, however, are taken from authors whose merits are deservedly great and proportionally acknowledged.

Here are two from one of our best and most popular writers, who has written sketches of representative clergy:—"He is always in a state of feud . . . against the Pope, who to him is a ravenous old *woman*, as to whom he cannot say whether *he* is *most* ravenous or *most* old-womanish."

Apart from the peculiar uncertainty of gender which certainly would if strictly taken represent his Holiness as epicene, we have here an illustration of an error the exact converse of "*either* of the three," namely, "*most* (instead of *more*) of the two."

Here is another sentence, also involved in diction and faulty in grammar:—"The independence of an archbishop, and indeed to a very great though *lesser* extent of a bishop."

Yet there is not much to be said against the implied error in the use of the word *lesser*. It is, after all, but an intensified comparative, no more to be censured than the scriptural epithet "Most Highest," and we find a sufficient warrant for it also in the first chapter of Genesis, where we read that "God made two great lights, . . . the lesser light to rule the night."

Here is another slip from an interesting article in the excellent *Contemporary Review*, by a peer distinguished as a scholar:—"We hardly think the established usage *deserves quite* the *condign* censure which he bestows upon it." Now the meaning of the word "condign" is exactly *that which is deserved*, neither more nor less; there can be no degrees whatever of condignity; and therefore the censure is neither condign if not deserved nor exactly deserved if not condign.

The next instance I have noted is from that delightful writer, Washington Irving, and from one of his most delightful writings, "Rip Van Winkle":—

"His son Rip . . . was generally seen *trooping* like a colt at his mother's heels." Now the word *troop*, though of disputed etymology, implies a multitude in every case; whether we assign it with some to the Latin *turba*, a *crowd*; with others to the Gaelic *drobh*, a *drove* (equivalent to the A.S. *dráf*, from *drifan*, to *drive*): or even to the old High German *drupo* (modern *traube*), a *bunch of grapes*, all imply a number of indivi-

duals; and this the colt in his own person could no more represent than Rip Van Winkle himself clinging to his mother's apron strings, on any other principle than that of the Irish soldier, who on bringing in three prisoners after a battle, explained the feat to his inquiring captain by the simple statement, "Sure, your honour, I *surrounded* them."

I will close this section with a few newspaper instances. Here is one describing an unhappy accident:—

"A fatal accident to three of our countrymen is reported by the Swiss papers. Two young English *ladies* with their mother left — in a carriage for —. The horse took fright at a very dangerous part of the road, and *precipitated* the ladies over a *precipice*. The ladies were killed."—*Pall Mall Gazette*, July 11, 1866.

Apart from the making the poor ladies out to be our countrymen, which possibly some readers, in these days of "woman's rights," will consider scarcely an error in description, to precipitate over a precipice, however literally accurate, is certainly a very slipshod expression.

But these errors of carelessness sometimes can be very startling. Witness the following extract from the *Newcastle Chronicle*—

"SUPPOSED ATTEMPTED MURDER BY A WIFE.—At Coatham, near Newcastle, on Tuesday, a man named Michael Biggins was found dead in bed with his throat cut. Mr. Locke, surgeon, of Coatham, was immediately called in, and—under his treatment—the man is now progressing favourably towards recovery!!"

Advertisements supply us sometimes with marvellous specimens of slipshod, which yet pass constantly undetected. We have all heard of the man who can be easily seen through, as being one who has a pane in his chest and his back, and to hear that a man "wears his heart upon his sleeve" is not altogether beyond experience, but the degree of general openness implied in the two following advertisements introduces us to a condition of anatomy which we might fancy neither lady nor curate could long endure and live:—

"Furnished Lodgings.—A lady is open to hear of the above."

"To Free and Open Curates.—Any such may hear of a desirable sphere of duty by applying to —," &c., &c.

Of course our sex would be badly off indeed in its prospects if no lady were or should be "open to an offer," but this is a very different thing from being "open to hear of the above."

And, again, we require some little **special training** to understand what "free and open curates" are; free and easy ones we may have now and then made acquaintance with, but they are gentlemen few would advertise for; and open cannot here mean open-handed, since unhappily the possibility of being so is denied to most of our curates by the shameful scantiness of their stipends, but we may at last divine its meaning when we learn that a society exists for supplanting the pew system and promoting "free and open" worship in churches, and conclude that the sort of curate advertised for is **one who entertains the views upheld by that society.**

VIII ON SLIPSHOD ENGLISH CAUSED BY CONFUSION OF METAPHOR.

CONFUSION of metaphor is to blame for very many instances of slipshod English. I have already, in a former chapter, pointed out the inaccuracy of the expression "to tell a story," while pointing out the fitness of saying, "to tell a tale." A similar specimen of slipshod is afforded by the expression, 'to take one's departure.' Of course this phrase is now so thoroughly naturalized, that none can fail to comprehend it; but it is nevertheless a corruption of the accurate form, "to take one's leave," which, in its turn, is an elliptical expression for "to take one's leave to depart." We have not to go very far back into the history of European nations to see the fitness of the expression. Time was, and in Russia still is, that subjects were only permitted to leave their country by special permission from the representatives of the sovereign; and we can find instances in our early literature to illustrate the use of the expression in its extended and complete form. Such an instance we find in the romance of "Sir Lambewell," one of those beautiful old poems which have been restored to our literature by the recent printing of Bishop Percy's folio manuscript,—to the merits of which undertaking I gladly take this opportunity of directing my reader's attention. When Sir Lambewell's inexorable lady-love, rejecting her lover's entreaties, determines on leaving him, the author of the poem says,—

" For that they saw he made such mone
The king and they prayed every one;
But for all that ever he could do

Not a word she would speak him to,
But obeyed her (did obeisance) to the king so hend,
And took her leave away to wend."

(Apropos, let us gossip a moment on a slipshod perversion of this last verb, "to wend." "To wend one's way," is a perfectly correct expression; but the stilted style of novel-writing, now happily upon the wane, exhibits many instances of the inaccurate form, "he wended his way," caused by the writer's ignorance of the fact that "went," which we use as the irregular preterite of the verb "to go," is in fact the regular preterite of the verb "to wend.")

But to continue our specimens of slipshod caused by confusion of metaphor. The following is extracted from the *Illustrated London News* of October, 1866, containing an obituary notice of a famous steeplechase rider:—"When he (James Mason) *won his spurs*, a steeplechase field were only shown their line in the distance," &c.

Apart from the marvellous parsing necessary to make good sense of the latter clause in this sentence, we find the chivalric metaphor of "winning spurs," equivalent to "gaining distinction," most curiously misplaced here. If a steeplechase rider, under any conditions of the sport, had had no spurs, he could never have reached distinction in his profession. And while on the subject of riding I may give another kindred instance, taken this time from the *Cornhill Magazine* for July, 1866. In an interesting paper on horsekeeping we are told that "the buyer (of a horse) may find himself *saddled with a worthless animal!*"—a very painful condition indeed, to which my reading can find no parallel except in the state of the old gentleman in "Æsop's Fables," who, in trying to please everybody, actually undertook to carry his own donkey.

Of course abundant illustrations are to be found of this error, which, from their absurdity, hold their ground as stock anecdotes, and can recur to the minds of many of my readers. One or two, quoted by Mr. Jeaffreson—in his *Book about Lawyers*—as having emanated from Lord Kenyon, are excellent in their way. "If," said his lordship, "an individual can *break down* the safeguards which the constitution has wisely and cautiously erected, by *poisoning* the minds of the jury at a time when they are called upon to decide, he will *stab* the administration of justice in its most vital part." And yet if we examine this supposed capital instance, we must really admit that the speaker was

guilty of no real confusion of metaphor at all. He erred not in the fitness, but in the superfluity of his figures. In a single sentence he made use of three metaphors, the sound of which is undoubtedly perplexing, but the sense of which remains clear, because each metaphor used was complete in itself. But the same defence cannot be offered for the other instance I shall quote, which is indeed too amusing to need any sort of apology. In sentencing a butler convicted of stealing his master's wine, he thus described the culprit's conduct:—"Dead to every claim of natural affection, and blind to your own interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and have for many years been *feathering your nest* with your master's bottles."

This, of course, is a comical instance; but at the risk of appearing vexatiously hyper-critical, I shall point to one or two occurring in the writings of great and favourite poets. Here is one which I am almost afraid to find fault with, occurring as it does in one of the very grandest passages Campbell ever wrote:—

"Hope for a season bade the world farewell."

Of course the meaning is that Hope abandoned the world; and the almost universal use of the expression "to bid farewell"—as synonymous with "to depart"—suggested the poet's expression. But if we come to examine the line more closely we shall see that Hope, in bidding the world *fare well*, was actually giving it encouragement—leading it to expect some better things. If any other personified quality than hope had been represented in its place, there would not have been the same literal unfitness of expression, which exhibits thus an instance—if strictly taken—of metaphorical confusion.

But I let this instance pass, as knowing that very few will agree with me in finding any fault in the passage. I will turn to Byron, who may afford us an instance or two from the "Hebrew Melodies:—

"There,—where Thy finger scorched the tablet stone,
There,—where Thy shadow to Thy people shone."

Many of my readers must have dreamed at times that they were either reciting from memory, or improvising poetry, or even prose, of the most touching and eloquent description; I have awakened sometimes in my young days (or my young nights, to be accurate, for this fault-finding gossip may make some readers glad to catch me tripping)—I have awakened, I say, from sleep, with my eyes wet with weeping, moved by the imagined beauty of lines I found myself repeating or inventing, and, keeping with

an effort the sound of one or two before my mind, have discovered that they formed but an unconnected tissue of independent words, rhythmical in structure, but simply nonsensical and absurd. I know not how far this may be the experience of others as to their sleeping poesy, but I am inclined to think that the same false idea prevails with many in less extravagant form even in their daily reading. And it is this habit of letting poetry pass scarcely noted through the brain, if it have succeeded in escaping challenge by the ear, which allows the error in such a passage as I have quoted to escape detection. *Shadow* can never *shine*; the idea is subversive of the first principles of optics; and, within a page or two of the same part of Byron's work, "The Hebrew Melodies," we find a curious complement of this oversight. In the piece entitled "Saul,"—descriptive of the summoning of Samuel by the witch of Endor—a piece exhibiting in its very short compass points of remarkable poetic merit—we find the following two lines, which we never yet found any one to challenge:—

"Earth yawned; he stood the centre of a cloud:
Light changed its hue, retiring from his shroud."

If light retired from his shroud, of course the shroud and the person it enveloped became invisible, which is anything but what the poet meant to say; though making Samuel stand "the centre of a cloud" seems to imply it also; yet the great majority of readers, struck with the subject and Byron's graphic treatment, will read the short poem through and fancy they have fully understood it, though the two lines I have quoted really express the actual contrary of what the writer meant, and of what they understood him to mean.

Shall I dare to pick a hole in Gray's "Elegy"? Perhaps it may be as well to finish all my fault-finding at once, and make an end of this long grumble against slipshod English. For who could call Gray a slipshod writer?—the man of all men who polished, altered, improved, or corrected his writing with care so minute as to have made him the representative man among our English poets for attention to detail? Most of us know the beautiful stanza describing the little birds' footprints in the snow, which his fastidiousness induced him to cancel from the "Elegy;" and yet he left the following uncorrected:—

"Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

Now of course this is a musical metaphor, though very few ever

think of noting the fact. The word "tenor" is not likely to have come to us from the Latin in any other sense than the musical one which Quintilian shows to have attached to it, though it would be uncandid not to admit that the Latins used the word in a general sense. But this became more or less lost in the musical sense, which needs perhaps a little fuller explanation. In modern vocal music the melody is given to the soprano, or highest voice. Early musical science, on the contrary, gave it to the *tenor*, as something which it was to *hold*, while the other voices accompanied it by harmony. Thus if the *tenor* were silent, the melody ceased. If this view be correct, the word "noiseless," in the second line of our quotation, exhibits a misapprehension of the exact sense of the metaphor employed, and would imply collapse instead of quiet.

Since writing the above I have seen some reason to modify my implied censure of this passage, in so far as to admit that the word *tenor* is not necessarily limited in literal meaning to the musical sense above assigned to it. I let the criticism stand, however, for as much as it may seem worth.

PASCAL

AMONG the names which have made France illustrious there are few which claim our respect more than that of "Pascal." His "Thoughts" have become household words among us. It is one of those books which make us know and love the writer; and when we turn from it to the perusal of his "Life," we find that life in harmony with the "Thoughts" which he has bequeathed to us. His practice rose to the level of his preaching. If he erred, it was on the side of over-austerity and self-sacrifice.

With the aid of the Memoir which was penned by his sister, Madame Périer, we shall endeavour to give a brief sketch of this illustrious Frenchman.

Blaise Pascal was born at Clermont, on the 19th June, 1623. From his earliest years he gave signs of extraordinary talent. His lively sallies were the delight of his family, while the questions which he was in the habit of asking surprised everybody by their depth and intelligence. When only three years of age he had the misfortune to lose his mother. After this event his father devoted himself with still greater assiduity to the care of his children; and Pascal being his only son, and a child of much promise, he could not make up his mind to trust his education to other hands than his own. Thus Pascal was never at college, and his sole instructor was his father. In his studies he was never satisfied with superficial knowledge; he was eager to know the reason of everything; and when not content with the reasons given, would set to work to find out some better ones himself; nor would he quit any subject in which he had interested himself without probing its depths and attaining to some result.

His talent for geometry showed itself first when he was only twelve years of age. His father, being a mathematician, was acquainted with some of the most distinguished followers of the science, and often received them at his house. But as he wished Blaise to become a proficient in languages, and knew how absorbing a study mathematics frequently proves, he was anxious to keep his young pupil in profound ignorance of it, lest an early love for it should weaken his interest in the study of Latin and

Greek. On this account he shut up all his mathematical books, that Blaise might not get at them; and went so far as to abstain from mentioning the subject in conversation with his friends in the presence of the boy. But Blaise's curiosity could not be restrained. He often entreated his father to teach him mathematics. The answer given was, that as soon as he knew Greek and Latin he should have his will. On his inquiring very particularly what the science was, and of what it treated, his father replied shortly, and forbade him to speak of it again, or even to think of it. But the boy's mind brooded over the subject; and in his solitude he would draw circles—triangles, of which the sides and angles were equal—and other figures. The secret attraction to the study was so strong, that he groped after it even in the dark. Owing to the utter ignorance in which he had been kept, he was obliged to invent definitions for himself; thus he would call "a circle" a "round," and so on. After giving these names he proceeded to make axioms, and went on towards perfect demonstrations; and as in this science one step leads to another, the young mathematician travelled so far from one proposition to another, that, alone and unaided, he reached the thirty-second proposition of the first book of Euclid. At this point discovery awaited him. One day his father entered the room where he was sitting deeply absorbed in the forbidden study. So wholly engrossed was he that he did not even hear his father's step, nor become aware of his presence for several minutes. The astonishment of Étienne Pascal may be imagined. So impressed was he with the genius displayed by the boy, that without saying a word to him he left the room and sought Monsieur le Pailleur, an intimate friend and man of science. On reaching Le Pailleur's residence he stood before him like one who had sustained a shock. His friend, seeing him greatly moved, entreated to know the cause. "It is not grief," answered Étienne Pascal, "that disturbs me, but joy. You know the pains I have taken to keep from my son all knowledge of geometry, lest he should neglect his other studies. But look what he has done!!" And he brought forth those wonderful mathematical papers, by which it might almost have been said "that Blaise Pascal had invented mathematics." Monsieur le Pailleur was as much astonished as the father had been; and gave it as his opinion that it would not be just to attempt any longer to imprison this natural genius. It should be given fair play. Every facility in the way of books, conversation, &c., should be accorded him in

the prosecution of the study. After this he was allowed the "Elements of Euclid" to read during his hours of recreation; and his progress was so rapid, that by the time he had reached the age of sixteen he had written his "*Traité des Coniques*," of which it was said that "*depuis Archimède on n'avait rien vu de cette force*." The men of science wanted it to be printed without delay, for, said they, it was a work which would be always of value, but presented as the production of a boy of sixteen, it would strike the public with far greater wonder; but even from this early age Pascal seemed devoid of the common passion for fame. Thus this remarkable work was never in print.

The delight with which his father watched his dawning genius prevented even the parental eye from seeing that over-application was undermining the student's health. From the age of eighteen it began to be affected; but as the indisposition from which he then suffered was not severe, it did not prevent his prosecuting his studies with the same persevering industry. It was at that time that he invented a "calculating machine," the forerunner of Babbage's great discovery. The labour of this invention tried Pascal's strength, and produced much exhaustion, not so much on account of the mental pressure, as from the difficulty he experienced in making the workmen under him comprehend his views and directions. Thus it took him two years to perfect the machine, a model of which is now in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers.

But Pascal's progress in scientific attainments was destined to be cut short. It was not the failure of health which caused him to abandon study, for, from the age of eighteen, we are told "he had never been a single day without pain;" but religious misgivings began to oppress him when he had reached his twenty-fourth year, and from that time his zeal for all secular learning abated. As Cousin writes of him, "*Il ne pensait et ne faisait rien à demi*." Thus when he had once made up his mind, through a mistaken idea of duty, to give up all earthly things, even good things, and devote himself to a life of religious austerity, he made the sacrifice without halting or reservation. Those scientific studies in which he had innocently delighted, and in the pursuit of which Providence had fitted him to shine, he now regarded as a temptation and a snare; and instead of viewing his powers as gifts bestowed on him in order that he should benefit his fellow-men, he shrank from their use, as though they were mere food for his own vanity.

To the religion which he professed much of this was of course attributable. Roman Catholicism, in a devout believer, naturally leads to such austerities; and when once firmly implanted in a mind such as that of Pascal, no penance seems too hard, no sacrifice too great, to be willingly endured.

But, in addition to this, there is reason to believe that another cause influenced Pascal's retirement from the world. A hopeless attachment to one raised above him in worldly station was almost sufficient of itself to have induced a distaste for life and its pleasures.¹ This circumstance only deepens our interest in this gifted man.

At the age of thirty he embraced the almost monkish manner of life in which he continued until his death. In 1654 he took possession of a cell at the Port Royal des Champs; and, without taking vows, endured all the privations which the monastic rules enforced. It was during this period that he published his famous "Provincial Letters," which inflicted a severe blow on Jesuitism—which were condemned by the Pope, and sentenced by the Parliament of Aix to be burnt by the hangman.

Whether he remained long an inmate of Port Royal his sister's scanty biography leaves us in doubt. We are rather led to believe that, during his latter years, he occupied a house of his own in Paris. His great maxim was, "to renounce all pleasures and all superfluities;" he aimed at what the Germans would call "selbst-todtung." With this view he dispensed with the services of domestics as far as was possible. He himself made his own bed, fetched his own dinner from the kitchen, and cleared away the remains; only making use of his servants for cooking, messages, and other necessary services which he was himself unable to perform. All his time, we are told, was employed in prayer and serious thought, and in reading the Bible. Of the Bible he is said to have observed that "*l'Écriture-Sainte n'était pas une science de l'esprit, mais une science du cœur, qui n'était intelligible que pour ceux qui ont le cœur droit, et que tous les autres n'y trouvent que de l'obscurité.*" It was in this submissive

¹ Change of scene and diversion were at one period ordered for him by his doctors; and he, in consequence, entered Parisian society for a time; but his own scruples, added to the persuasions of his sister Jacqueline, who had herself adopted a life of religious austerity, soon made him abandon the world entirely and for ever. This resolution was hastened by an escape from imminent peril, which he judged at the time miraculous. He was driving with a friend in a carriage and four, and in crossing the bridge at Neuilly one of the horses fell over the ledge, there being no parapet. Providentially the harness gave way, and the party were saved.

frame of mind that he studied it, renouncing the natural lights of his intellectual powers; and so close was this study that he learnt large portions of it by heart, and was able to detect the least inaccuracy on the part of those who quoted it in his presence. His love for it created in him a passionate desire to refute, in writing, the false reasonings of atheists. He set himself to the work with eagerness, and much of the last year of his life was passed in the production and arrangement of his "Thoughts" on this subject; but he did not live to perfect them, and they are in consequence fragmentary.

But, to return, his seclusion from the world did not altogether shut out from his presence men of talent and learning, who, with the view of following his example, sought his counsel and advice. Others, who found their minds perplexed with religious doubts, were in the habit of consulting him; and so great was the satisfaction which they derived from these visits, that we are told that many among them declared that "whatever good they afterwards did was owing to his teaching." But Pascal's scrupulous nature saw a danger lurking even in such interviews as these. His conscience forbade his denying the request of such persons to see him and consult with him; but in order to provide a safeguard against self-glorification, he wore, on such occasions, next to his skin, like the monks of old, an iron girdle, from which sharp points projected; and whenever a thought of vanity troubled him, or he found himself delighting overmuch in the conversation in which he was engaged, he would painfully remind himself of his duty by pressing the sharp points inwards. This habit was continued by him up to the time of his death; and we find him thus adding voluntary torture to the pains of body which God had judged fit to lay upon him.

In this manner passed on five more years of his life, until he had attained the age of thirty-five. After that period his maladies redoubled in intensity; he was seized with severe toothache in addition, which robbed him of sleep at night; his sufferings, from united causes, became almost intolerable. But his patience never forsook him. In the course of his sleepless nights some thoughts visited him without premeditation on the subject of the cycloid.

Then a multitude of ideas succeeded one another, all tending to the elucidation of every difficulty connected with the subject. But, as he had long ago renounced all desire after secular knowledge, he was doubtful whether he ought even so much as put his

discovery in writing. His scruples were, however, fortunately overcome by the remonstrances of a friend of his—a man of wisdom and piety combined,—who induced him not only to write it down, but to print it. Such was the vigour of his mind that he wrote the treatise in eight days; supplying two different printers *pari passu*, each with two different essays on the subject—the only copy of each being that sent to press.

After this his growing infirmities precluded any further literary labour, and closed his door against all but his family and intimate friends. But his state of health served him as no excuse for relaxing his austerities. For example, the delicate food which the doctors ordered for him he endeavoured to take *without tasting*; and if asked how he had liked his repast, his answer would be, "You must warn me beforehand if you wish to know; for I own I did not pay attention to it." When anybody observed in his presence that such or such a dish was good, he showed dissatisfaction at the remark, saying that it looked as though the food were taken to please the sense of taste, which was a bad thing. In order to mortify all such tendency in himself, he was apt to take his food by rule, partaking of any dish which appeared, whether he had appetite for it or no. His medicines were swallowed in the same manner, with utter indifference; and on his sister expressing surprise at this, he replied that he "could not understand how any one should show repugnance to a medicine which he took voluntarily, after he had been warned that it was nauseous. Only compulsion, or surprise, ought to have power to produce such an effect."

His charity to the poor was carried to such an excess, that he could never refuse alms to those who asked him. He was not rich; and his bad health entailed upon him expenses over which he had no control. Thus his friends would, on occasions, remonstrate with him on the freedom with which he lavished money on the poor. But his reply was—and he used to look troubled as he defended himself—"I have remarked one thing, that—however poor one may be—one always leaves something behind one."

For four years he anxiously exhorted his sister, Madame Périer, to consecrate herself and her children to the service of charity. And when she said that she feared that too much zeal in this direction would lead her to neglect the necessary care of her family, he would answer that "there were different degrees in which this virtue could be exercised, and that it was

very possible to practise it so as not to let it interfere with domestic duties."

His frequent discourse on the subject of almsgiving made his family on occasions suggest plans of general utility—fixed regulations which could provide against the necessities of the poor collectively instead of individually; but such suggestions did not please him. He would observe that they were not called upon to generalize, but to serve individuals,—that this was more pleasing to God. Each one should give according to his power, without inflating his mind with grand designs and aspirations after a perfection to which human nature was not intended to attain. Not that he undervalued hospitals and other public charities; but he said that these great enterprises were reserved for certain persons commissioned by God for the purpose, and that they were not the vocation of all the world in the same manner as the daily care of the individual poor was.

Although his "Thoughts" on the subject of love prove him to have been capable of the most exalted affection, the same disposition to crucify everything earthly manifested itself here also. It is one of the most melancholy pages of his history. Instead of cherishing the purest human ties, he lived in constant dread of seeing himself or others imprisoned by them. As we learn from Madame Périer, "He could not bear for any one to become attached to him, saying that it was a fault about which people did not examine themselves enough, not realizing its seriousness. They did not consider that in encouraging and permitting these attachments one is taking possession of a heart which ought to belong to God alone; that to do so was to rob Him of the one thing in the world which He held precious." Or (to use his own words), "It is not fair to let any one become attached to me, although it may be done voluntarily and with pleasure. I should be deceiving those in whom I should suffer the affection to grow, for I am not the aim and end of any one, and have not wherewith to satisfy them. Am I not about to die? Thus the object of their attachment will die. Just as I would be guilty if I made them believe a falsehood, although I might set it forth attractively and they might believe it with pleasure, in like manner I am guilty if I make myself beloved; and if I attract people to become attached to me, I ought to warn those who might be ready to consent to the deception that they ought not to believe it, whatever advantage may arise to me from it; and that, in the same way, they ought

not to attach themselves to me, since it is their duty to pass their life in studying how to please God, or how to seek Him." This disposition to shun the happiness arising out of the affections led him to observe a coldness of demeanour towards even his near relatives, which must have alternately irritated and distressed them. "J'étais toute surprisé," wrote Madame Périer, "des rebuts qu'il me faisait quelquefois, et je le disais à ma sœur, me plaignant à elle que mon frère ne m'aimait pas, et qu'il semblait que je lui faisais de la peine lors même que je lui rendais mes services les plus affectionnés dans ses infirmités." However, his sister assured her that she was deceived; that, in his heart, Pascal loved her as well as she could wish; and she found that, in spite of his coldness, he was always willing to serve her on any occasion on which she stood in need of his services, only his conscience forbade his permitting those affections to be centred on him which he considered to belong to God only.

The same repellent coldness was manifested on hearing of the death of his unmarried sister. All that he said was, "God give us grace to die as well." "When he saw me weeping over this loss, which I felt so deeply," wrote Madame Périer, "he was grieved, and told me that it was not right,—that we ought never to feel in that way when the just were taken, and that we ought rather to praise God for having recompensed her so largely for the slight services which she had rendered Him. It was thus that he showed that he had no real attachment to anybody—not even those whom he loved; for if he had been capable of such attachment it would have been centred on my sister, who was certainly the person in the world for whom he cared most." It is just possible that Madame Perier may be wrong in this latter assertion. Near relations are often the greatest strangers to the secret hearts of men.

As a subject of the king he was infinitely loyal. "In a state established as a republic, like Venice," he would say, "it was doing a great wrong to help to set up a king, and oppress the liberty of a people endowed with freedom by God; but in a state where the royal power is established, no one could violate the respect due to it but by a kind of sacrilege; because it is not only a shadowing forth of the power of God, but shares this same power, which cannot be resisted but by resisting the ordinance of God; and thus one cannot exaggerate the magnitude of this sin." Thus he was a little intolerant towards those

whom he regarded as guilty of "this sin;" while on the other hand, personal unkindnesses, or offences committed against himself, were never resented nor remembered. When praised for this readiness to pardon personal injuries, his answer was, "Do not wonder at it. It is no virtue on my part, but real forgetfulness. I have no recollection of the offence." And yet his memory was so excellent, that he often said that whatever he wished to retain he did retain.

His superior intelligence was far from emancipating him from the trammels of superstition. He believed devoutly in a supposed miracle worked by himself upon the sick daughter of his sister, Madame Périer, in restoring her to health, after the prescriptions of the faculty had failed. He was also very much attached to the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic Church, and during the last four years of his life, when his infirmities prevented his being able to work, he derived peculiar pleasure from visiting the various churches where relics were exhibited, or where religious solemnities were going on; and for this purpose he kept an almanack, which informed him of the places where particular services were to be performed. His humility was very remarkable. Monsieur le Curé de St. Étienne, who had opportunities of seeing him during his illness, observed of him, "C'est un enfant; il est humble, il est soumis comme un enfant." Thus his friends felt themselves at liberty to warn him of his faults, and he was ready enough to submit to their criticisms. The extreme quickness of his intelligence sometimes made him impatient with other people, so that it was difficult to satisfy him; but when told of the failing, he was always prompt to make amends.

And now approached the closing scene of his life. His household at this time consisted of a man, his wife, and family, to whom he granted the use of a room out of charity, no services being exacted in requital but the negative one of his not being left alone in the house. Now it chanced that at the commencement of Pascal's last illness this man's son took the small-pox. Pascal feared that, in consequence, Madame Périer could not venture to the house on account of danger to her children; and as he stood in need of his sister's ministrations, it became a subject of consideration what should be done. The obvious course was to remove the poor man's child, but Pascal's romantic spirit of self-sacrifice negatived this plan. Sick as he himself was—sick unto death, he preferred leaving his own house

himself, and he accordingly removed to the residence of Madame Périer on the 29th June, 1662, and never quitted it again alive. "There is less danger in this removal to me than to him," he observed to those round him, "therefore it is I who must go." Three days afterwards he was seized with severe illness, which entirely deprived him of sleep. But his fortitude did not desert him. He persevered in rising from bed and sitting up every day, and in helping himself to his own medicines, as far as possible adhering to his old habit of dispensing with the services of others. The doctors in attendance saw that he suffered a great deal; but as his pulse was good, and there was no symptom of fever, they assured his friends that "there was not the least shadow of danger." Notwithstanding these asseverations, Pascal himself anticipated the near approach of death, and sent for M. le curé to confess him. This created alarm among his friends, and surprise and dissatisfaction on the part of the medical men. Seeing the emotion which the requisition had called forth, he consented to delay the performance of this last duty. But, his illness continuing, he took an opportunity, during one of M. le curé's private visits, to confess himself, without letting it be noised about among his friends, repeating the ceremony often on later occasions.

When those who visited him expressed grief at seeing him so reduced by illness, he said that, "for himself, he could not share the feeling; that he was actually afraid of recovering;" and when the reason was asked him, his answer was, "Because I know the dangers of health, and the advantages of sickness." At another time, when his pains were unusually severe, he said to those who compassionated his sufferings, "Do not pity me; sickness is the natural condition of Christians, because it reduces one to the state in which one ought always to be—the state of endurance of trial,—deprivation of all the goods of life, and all pleasures of sense; a state of exemption from all the passions which war against us through life; without ambition, without avarice; in the continual expectation of death. Is it not thus Christians ought to pass their lives? And is it not a great happiness when one finds one's self, by necessity, in the condition in which one ought to be, and when one has nothing to do but to submit humbly and quietly?"

On the 14th of August he was seized with giddiness and severe headache. Feeling his end approaching, he expressed an earnest desire to take the holy sacrament; but his friends tried

to dissuade him, assuring him that he was better, and that it would be well to defer doing so until he could take it in church. His reply was, "On ne sent pas mon mal; et on y sera trompé. Ma douleur de tête a quelque chose de fort extraordinaire." However, seeing such opposition made to his wishes, he yielded; but, being disappointed of one wish, brought forward another, namely, that some sick person should be received in charity into the house, and the same care bestowed on the *poor* patient as on the *rich*; "for," said he, "when I consider that, while I am so well off, there are innumerable poor people who are more ill than I am, and yet who are in need of the commonest necessities, the idea is insupportable to me; and thus I entreat you to ask M. le curé to let us have one of his sick poor, that my design may be carried out." However, on sending to M. le curé, the answer was that none of his patients were in a fit state to be moved; so Pascal's wish was not fulfilled. But M. le curé, quite unaware of Pascal's precarious state, added that on his recovery he should be given an opportunity of fulfilling his charitable intent by having sole charge of some poor and aged person for the rest of his life.

Pascal's next entreaty was that he should be conveyed to the Hospital for Incurables, as he had a great desire to die amongst the poor. His sister objected on the ground that the doctors would disapprove of his being moved in his present state. This refusal grieved him, but he made her promise that as soon as he got a little better his design should be carried out.

However, the severe headache from which he was suffering increased rather than diminished, as did all his other maladies. The doctors continued to view his case as one of no danger; but he did not believe their assurances, and on the 17th of August he became so ill that he asked Madame Périer to bring a priest to pass the night with him. Towards midnight he was seized with convulsions so violent that, after they were over, his friends believed he was gone, and were seized with grief and remorse at the thought that he had been suffered to die without the last sacred rites which he had been so anxious to share in. But, to their relief, he revived again; full consciousness returned, and M. le curé entered with the holy sacrament, saying, "Voici celui que vous avez tant désiré." These words roused him completely; and as M. le curé advanced to administer the communion, he made an effort and struggled to lift himself up, to receive it with greater reverence. M. le curé, according to

custom, then inquired of him concerning the articles of his faith, and he replied distinctly, "Yes, I believe with all my heart." After extreme unction had been administered he thanked the priest, and a little later uttered his last words—"May God never forsake me!"

A few moments after, the convulsions returned, and he breathed his last on the following day, the 19th of August, having had no interval of consciousness during the last twenty-four hours of his life.

Thus died Pascal, at the early age of thirty-nine. His remains were interred in the church of St. Étienne du Mont, where his tomb may be seen at the present day.

And now we take leave of this remarkable man. In him we recognise a great soul, though no infallible guide; a being so holy, so gifted, so devoted, that we doubly mourn the errors into which his lovely, self-sacrificing nature led him to fall. The light of a purer faith, had it shone on him, would have restrained excesses, softened austerities, and the cobwebs of superstition would have been swept away.

PROSE IDYLLS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE HARVEST OF A QUIET EYE."

III.—LITTLE TO SPEND.

MONEY. This is the one idea of the day. Of the day, I repeat, because, although the object always of quite sufficient attention, yet all circumstances have favoured its excessive absorption of men's regard in the present time and in our country. I do not mean to go into these circumstances; many of them lie on the surface of thought. I only say that its praise is universal; its worship, even, an ever-growing idolatry. How eager men are about it!—how ready to fall down and worship the devil for a far less acquisition than that of the whole world!—how sure to invest the possessor of their idol with a false importance!—how, when the chance arises, for themselves or their friends, of any to be got, how sharp the eyes are, how unwearied the tongues, how absorbed the mind! you see that it is indeed out of the abundance of the heart that the mouth speaketh. Try to change the conversation, lead it off for a moment to other topics while this is being discussed; it is like waving off a swarm of flies from offal; another instant, and back they are with an eager buzz. Oh the papers, pamphlets, prospectuses that come, post after post, to me who hate them, to me in my country curacy, rejoicing to be out of the infection, to be able to look calmly on the excited crowd with their feverish adoration, and to hold off from serving the world's gods, and worshipping the golden image that it has set up! But still they pursue me,—the dry statistics of stocks and shares; the thirty-page pamphlets with reports of meetings concerning paying mines or advantageous railways, as full of excited or greedily grave "*Hear, hears,*" as though the greatest interests of the race were being discussed. How I hate their sordid importunity! With what spite I tear them asunder and cast them on one side! There is enough to degrade and lower what is still found of elementary and developable nobility in us without entangling the mind with the ever-intruding thought of how to get, get, get; and, were there no reason but

this against speculating, I would rather have my income fixed and unfluctuating, if less than it *might* become, than put myself in the way of this impertinent subject of money, money, intruding at any or at all times into my thought.

Enough; I am apt to rhapsodize upon the subject, but, in truth, I have no intention of here and now preaching a sermon against money, the god of the day. Only let me assume this point, that its praise is about universal, in order to introduce my own quiet soliloquy in praise of that which wins generally little eulogy or panegyric. For I have taken in hand to set down some thoughts on the pleasure and advantage of having but slender store, "neither poverty nor riches." And I do not mean to take the advantage in the graver sense—the effect upon the eternal character; I mean seriously to show that it is really more pleasant, more enjoyable, in itself more desirable, to have small means than large.

Of course I do not mean to praise, as being enjoyable, positive poverty. I cannot urge much on the score of the pleasant and the exhilarating: for the troubled thought how to pay one's way in the matter of necessary expenses; the careful weighing how to cut down what is already at the quick; the troubled puzzling and looking about on all sides, as the quarters come round, for wherewith to meet this, that, and the other claim; the gradual giving up little comforts, little necessities, ay, and little self-respects even,—all this is sad undeniably; and, however the result intended, and sometimes produced, by the discipline be noble and worth the painful process, certainly in that process *not* enjoyable. I cannot predicate pleasurable-ness, however I assert usefulness, of poverty. But now the case which I mean to take under my wing is that of slender but sufficient store; the case in which it is necessary to look at one's shillings before spending them, but in which shillings (if looked at) are enough in quantity for actual wants of station, leaving but little margin. It is pleasant assuredly to have enough for supply of actual wants; but it is, I urge, pleasant to have only so enough that many little treats are possibilities; that there may be certain extras which come rarely enough to be prized. I say that you miss much enjoyment if you need deny yourself nothing, if it be with you but wish and have.

So my theory is that "little to spend" is preferable to "much to spend." Not only more beneficial, less dangerous, better training for the character; I do not now take this ground. I

shall not dwell on the often told but always striking remark of Johnson to Garrick, on being shown all the luxuries of his new house,—“Ah, David, it’s all these things that make death terrible!”—I am not considering here which is safer, more useful, but which is more enjoyable. And I say that it is pleasanter, more pleasure-giving, preferable with regard to present happiness, to have little than to have much to spend; that you *enjoy* things more if you can have them seldom and in sparing dribblets.

I shall proceed on the plan of calling witnesses to prove my case, and then sum up and leave my jury of readers to bring in their verdict.

First, the schoolboy, not now limping unwillingly to school, but out for the afternoon shouldering bats, swinging stumps, on the way to the cricket-field, or out for a long excursion with some chosen friend on a whole holiday. He shall act as a type, or a prophecy, if you will, of his son, the *man*, of whom alone income may be properly predicated. For do we now, in our comparative affluence and merely-wish-to-have state, as regards “grub,” value that commodity at all as we once did? Do we now enjoy a hard biscuit and a bit of cheese-rind as when we were schoolboys, obtainers, out of school hours, somehow of those luxuries? No, so far as food goes we have no longer the delight of slender store; we have spoilt all by affluence, by unlimited supply. Do you suppose that I can ever know again the ecstasy of finding twopence in my pocket as we neared that apple garden on the way to the cricket-ground? or those other occasions, when, the scouting over, our side in, and we coming last and too little to care to watch the game, I stole off with some select companion, and a whole sixpence in my pocket to lay out in grub? Should I now appreciate the delight of deliberation and selection, first outside and then inside the store of mixed and incongruous eatables? or, that selection made, could I now enter into the gratification of that (quite unnecessary) seeking of seclusion and mystery to consume the feast?—that happy thought of winding back by bypaths to the field and creeping in at the shed at the bottom and so up into the empty waggon, peeping over which we might see the unconscious boys at play, and then and there producing the scantily papered dainties. Would my present stomach incline towards the penny polony-sausage (to be cut in half and then sliced on a roll); or the heavy unwholesome-crust little pie, hard all round and moist and soft underneath like a toad’s belly; or the half-pint of unripe

gooseberries; or the bottle of questionable ginger-beer? No, I frankly say no. I should enjoy none of these, nor the mystery of the cart, nor the anticipation, nor the retrospection. Moreover, on that other occasion when, with faithful chum, I started for the glory of a ramble (ten or twelve miles we loved to boast when we came back) over the flats about Pegwell Bay, how much of keen enjoyment did we find which now we could not grasp! For the circumstances are hardly likely to be equally favourable now. Then, I remember, we neither of us had a penny in our pocket; the shops near the school had refused further "trust" until present scores were paid, and some anxious debate as to how lunch was to be got grew keener after the first three miles. As with your British labourer (too often) no holiday is a holiday unless he can get drunk on it, so with your schoolboy an excursion wants an integral part if there be nothing out of the common school routine to be eaten therein. And when we had rambled some five or six miles, and positive hunger came upon us, what a relish was imparted to the supply at last obtained by the difficulty of obtaining it!—the consultation, as, lo! a little country inn stood before us all alone among the fields; the daring thought, rejected by my companion, but insisted upon by me, that it might be possible to get "trust" here; the excitement of the venture; the glory of its success; the keen enjoyment of the dry biscuits and the slices of Dutch cheese with which we sallied forth upon our travels again! You will observe that this was not a case of absolute want; that we could have existed till tea-time, and then should have had our fill. But it was a small extra, something out of the common routine, a slight treat; the possibility of which is done away when one's age and one's means preclude the condition of slender store in the matter of lunch, and (unless the state were that of sheer poverty, which we are not considering) it is but ring the bell or enter the emporium for the entire command of any reasonable amount of bread and cheese.

I do not want to represent myself as having been a particularly greedy boy, but it seems to me a fact that certainly boys, especially schoolboys, *do* attach very considerable importance to the matter of eating and drinking. And why? for the feeling goes off in great measure when there is no stint to the permission to indulge it. Simply, I answer, for this very reason,—the enjoyment has gone because there is now affluence instead of slender store.

I think this is not a bad type or example or illustration

of my meaning when I would take in hand the praise of little to spend above that of much to spend. They cease to enjoy who have nothing left to wish for. At least, it takes very much more to give them pleasure, and I do not think that their appreciation of their huge unwieldy treats is at all comparable with our zest for our little ones.

To take random cases now, instances to prove how much better off, if they knew it, are often the enviers than the envied. There is the matter of book-buying. If you love books immensely, and having little to spend, can but seldom afford the luxury of a new inmate of your shelves, what a treat it is to devote, with clear conscience, some extra pound to the procuring a new delicious volume!—the consideration as to which, out of a long list of wants, shall pass over into the list of possessions; the pleasure of the mere act of buying (the schoolboy all over again); then the bringing the new treasure home; the gratification of unwrapping it, and of showing it to your wife; the calm enjoyment of cutting it; the excitement of the rearrangement of the shelves; the satisfied contemplation of its back, when it is finally settled, also on coming down next morning; the side-glance of pleased remembrance of it for some days after. But of course this will be read by some who are not book-lovers, and they may think my appreciation of new volumes somewhat excessive. There will be some, however, who will understand me; let others substitute for mine the objects of their own hobbies.

And now see how all this pleasure fleets when for your few carefully collected and much-prized drops is substituted a whole river, into which you may dip a bucket if you please. How much enjoyment you would miss, you see, if you have but to write to the bookseller's and order down a porter's load of quartos and duodecimos. No doubt there is a certain pleasure then in unpacking the clean calf-bound volumes, and arranging them in order. But, at first starting, they do not want cutting; or certainly there would be no enjoyment in cutting so many. Then your library will have outgrown that old fatherly care and close intimacy and personal supervision and study of the character and appearance of each book. Perhaps much of it will have strayed out into the hall, or up into your bedroom, and new ones coming in no longer fill up gaps deliciously, but drive others out, so that you are bewildered which to spare, and but little a gainer so far as the eye is concerned. No, it may doubtless be urged that for use the affluence may have advantages, but for

enjoyment I back the rare volume and the rarer set of volumes that belonged to the curate state of slender store.

But I go on to more general, less selfish and particular instances. Let us suppose that my wife and I and our little family have such an income as I have supposed,—enough with care to meet requirements, but not enough to allow of much indulgence. And see then how wide a range of little pleasures of various kinds lies open about us, into which we can now and then diverge from our beaten track. You, who have but to order your carriage and lean languidly back half bored by the sameness of the drives and the staleness of the occupation, what know you of our delight when, the day being fine, and one of our small gala days, birthday, wedding day, or the like, it is canvassed and decided that we shall have an open vehicle from the “Blue Bat,” and go off for the day to our old curacy, ten miles away. The little excitement of the thing; the small event of having the carriage to expect and prepare for; the shawls and rugs to rummage up; the sandwiches to cut, and the small flask of sherry to fill! Then the watchful children (two at the proper age), eager at the nursery window, rushing down at the first sight of the conveyance, and dancing round us in delight; the rumbling wheels,—

“Low on the sand and loud on the stone;”

the stowing away wife and boy and girl; the slammed door, and off we go, leaving the smiling servant at the gate. There is a new pleasure for us all in the fresh rush of the air by us, in the easy swift motion without exertion, in the quickly changing scene, even while it is but the scenery of our usual walks. But soon we pass that limit, and less familiar slopes, and trees, and fields appear and are passed; now under a canopy of extending boughs, meeting above us; now beside a flower-gemmed wood, in a clearing of which stands a motionless cock pheasant, while rabbits dart across the road; now through a quiet village; houses studded or clustered here and there; little hop-clothed school, with a stream of issuing young ones; grey small church gathering a family of white crosses under her wing; felt-hatted country parson on his way home to lunch; snug farmhouses and cattle-peopled yards; bright bits of garden; now a curving stream with its water-lilies; now breadths of swaying corn; now lines of hops. Then, the neutral ground passed, the scene becomes again familiar, with that half-weird familiarity which

gathers about a place once our daily haunt, but that we have now left for some years, and there is a peculiar pleasure in noting landmark after landmark appear again. Even a new cottage anywhere is a noticeable matter, and one peers eagerly out for a sight of the old recognising faces. So we drive up to the door of the present curate, once a college friend; and there is his coming out to the gate, and the alighting, and the welcome, and the chat, and the chimes, and the walks about the place. Then the return of the carriage, and the repacking, and the more sober and tranquilly enjoyed drive home, under the brightening moon and gathering stars; in the distance, over the fields, a low white mist lifting; a cool grave rustle in the darkening tree-canopies under which we pass; a solitary creak from the corn-crake, or an incessant undertone, like the winding of a fishing-rod, from the fern owl. And so the silver-grey fields are left behind, and cosy, cheery home is reached; the children run in with the shawls; there is a side-glance for letters or notes; a welcoming glow of lamplight, and "bright-laid" tea. And besides all this there is the retrospection, and the frequent talk in succeeding days about our treat. See, then, how much you miss,—you, who having much to spend, would never think, with your prancing greys, of such a day as I have described, a thing always within your power, as being a *treat* at all! How much solid enjoyment belongs to the simple extras of slender store, from which you are in great measure shut out!

Take, again, the case of a garden. What pleasure, if you can barely afford ten shillings in bulbs, what pleasure in selecting them! how important the deliberation concerning their arrangement, so as to make the most of them! how keen the interest of watching them come up! how great the enjoyment of seeing them flower! If you have but a dozen hyacinths, do. tulips, &c., you think more of them, you care more for them, you relish them more, far more than if you have them by hundreds. Then your thirty shillings' worth of bedding plants; what a momentous matter the ordering them, having previously made up a list of the necessaries, geraniums, verbenas, calceolarias, well balancing their respective claims, and having left a margin of a few shillings for some luxuries; only when you are at the nursery gardens there are so many deserving claimants for these, that some time is taken in delightful deliberation. Then the important event of their coming; the weighty matter of going about with attendant children (wife watching from the bow-

window); apportioning six little pots here, eight to that bed, four to this; wanting just one or two more at last, and revisiting the plots to see whether one cannot be spared out of the eight, and so on. And then the trowel, and the stick poked up the hole of the pot, and the neat root-bound verbenas, &c., lying in the hand, and each transferred to the prepared spot. Last, the watering and the pleased saunter about the replenished beds and the accomplished work—a walk repeated with new pleasure in the morning, and, indeed, many and many a morning and evening. Now how all this enjoyment is lost to those who have gardeners and greenhouses and affluence of all; who have not even to order the planting, far less to do it; who have their dozens of whole beds and terraces of choice flowers, and count your precious geraniums and petunias by the thousand. They have a pleasure in them, no doubt, but it lacks the subtlety and keenness of yours. The cup of their delight has lost the bouquet, the fine scent.

See, besides, how much the gainer is the circumscribed in expenditure as to the social enjoyments of life. He is not obliged to know everybody and he can confine his society to that of a few real friends. It is well known that your great formal expensive dinner-parties are quite out of his range, and a lucky fellow he is that this is so. A brother curate or two, and a friend and his wife who walk over and take a bed; these put their genial legs under his mahogany from time to time, and pleasant enough the evening is: a cosy, merry dinner; a stroll about the gardens; some music, or may be a Shakspeare reading afterwards; no need to dine as late as you can, lest the evening should be too long and bore you; no tall bothering footmen standing solemnly to check your talk, or flitting about and doing all but chew your food for you; you can pass the wine as you like; send the girl out of the room; adjourn to pick the strawberries from the beds; if your friends like a cigar they can have it; pacing up and down the lawn; the girls at the window not disliking the faint hint of a whiff that wanders into the drawing-room. Of course the rich can have something of all this too. But I do not think they often do; they are so badgered with servants, and late hours, and routine, and formalities. At any rate, *your* gatherings can always be of this type. You need never, with little to spend, be bothered with icy and overdone entertainments. You have your friends not as a matter of duty, but as a matter of enjoyment.

Look, again, at your three weeks' run to the sea-side. You had to be a bit careful to manage this ; you were in doubt first about its practicability, then about its prudence ; however, you have ventured. What a treat it is ! how enjoyed the children are !—how serenely happy the wife ! how young and how hungry you feel ! The meals become quite an event, and the extra of a lobster or so for supper recalls the old schoolboy zest. The children's donkey rides and the boat,—they would not enjoy these half so much but that you can't afford them more often than every other day. The small departures from home routine ; the little seaside luxuries—rolls for breakfast, shrimps, pastry-cook tarts ; the daily marketing, and the dishes of abundant fruit ; why need I dwell on it ? Your people who have but to wish and go when and where they will, and who have everything done for them by servants,—they miss, I think, by reason of their much store, a large share of desirable enjoyment.

I must not ride a hobby too far. Enough has been said to lay bare to the reader the present idea of my mind. Enough has been said, perhaps, to reveal to some a hitherto hardly appreciated advantage in *their* state above that which they may have thought preferable to their own. Setting aside the danger of absence total of self-denial from the schooling of this life, from the discipline and shaping thereby of our character for which we are placed here, setting aside the utilitarian view altogether, I maintain that the possessors of slender but sufficient store are the happiest of any if they know it. And I assert, in the teeth of the common idea, that it is not only better, but *far more enjoyable*, to have, rather than much, little, if enough to spend.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

THE present is a most important crisis in the history of education in England. The grievance-mongers, who have exhausted the subject of Reform are turning their attention to the subject of education, and we are threatened with a regular campaign on the subject as soon as the Irish Church is disposed of. As any one who has, or fancies he has, a grievance, is sure of a very patient and favourable hearing at the hands of the British public, those who are disposed to advocate sweeping changes in our educational department will take the field with every advantage in their favour. It is well, therefore, that those who desire, upon the whole, to defend the present system, and to advocate the extension of its principle under improved management, rather than its entire abolition, should be prepared with a course of action, lest the denominational principle, now established throughout the land, should be swept away, and a compulsory system of secular education be set up in its place.

The opponents of the present system have plenty to say for themselves. The denominational system has failed; it has utterly and entirely broken down. The ignorance and narrowness of school managers; the vexatious obstinacy of sectarian prejudices; the obstacles they interpose to the large and liberal views taken by the Government of the day, have produced a state of things as regards education in which England is very little ahead of the most superstitious and bigoted of Continental nations, and is far surpassed both by despotic Prussia and the democratic United States of America. Therefore the remedy is clear: abolish the present system, and substitute in its place the system which has worked such results—namely, the education of children for this world alone; leaving religious sects to take as much care of the souls of children, as this new and enlightened system gives them the opportunity of doing.

The question, however, does not lie in so small a compass as these impetuous reformers suppose. In the first place, it is denied by some that we are so much behind Prussia and the

United States as it suits the advocates of change to assert; and the subject would be none the worse for a little inquiry. In the second place, it is said that both Prussia and the United States are becoming weary of their own plan, and that, in spite of the statistics given—so satisfactory to the advocates of secular education—of the number of men and women who can sign their own names in those countries as compared to the number who can do so in England—as if to sign our names were the one great end of all education—people are becoming dissatisfied either at the inadequate moral results of the system, or at the inevitable exposure of the defects of a vicious principle which takes place as soon as the first impulse of novelty has died away. It would be well to wait awhile; for it would be a singular spectacle to see England adopting the German system in her universities and national schools, just at the time when Germany, having discovered the practical deficiencies of her own arrangements, had resolved to adopt the English plan. And there is another reason for waiting. The denominational system, though it has been in action for so many years, has never been fairly tried. There have been a series of conflicts between the Education Board and the managers of schools throughout the country which have well-nigh paralyzed the action of all parties. If politicians would only learn that conscientious belief, however inconvenient to those who have it not, is a very stubborn thing, and that the policy of Government is to interpose as few instead of as many restrictions as possible upon the free action of those who from a sense of duty have given their time and their money to promote the cause of education—they would give a great impulse to the work that is going on. They would give it a yet greater impulse if, in estimating results, they would bear in mind the machinery employed to produce them, instead of leaving precisely those schools the most destitute of support who find it the most difficult to obtain it.

It certainly cannot be necessary to resort to another system of national education until the present has had a fair trial. And that, we contend, it has not yet had. But there is another reason against any violent change in our educational system, and it is this; that whereas the utmost that can be alleged against the denominational system is that it has not done so much as might have been done, the objection against secular education is that it is wrong in principle—contrary, in fact, to the most obvious precepts of our religion.

There is one truth upon which all religious-minded men are

agreed, and it is this,—that the present life, in duration and importance, bears no proportion whatever to that which is to come. The thought, therefore, of educating children for the fifty, sixty, or seventy years of this life, and leaving out of the account in their training the endless ages of eternity, must seem to all sincere Christians of whatever religious persuasion to be the most monstrous folly and wickedness. To such persons, in their sober moments, any religious training, however erroneous, which professed to prepare a child for eternity, must be preferable to a system which trains it for this world only, and leaves eternity to take care of itself. It is true that this thought is often lost sight of; that in the heat and haste of theological controversy men are apt to enlarge upon the hardship of having their children brought up in religious views of which they do not approve. But if they would give the subject a moment's calm consideration, they would see that whatever evils may arise, in their opinion, from mistaken religious teaching, they are not worthy of a moment's comparison with the evils of no religious teaching at all. For in that case all the motives which religious people hold out to children to lead them to holiness must be put out of sight. The love of God, the sacrifice and example of Christ, the blessings of redemption, the power of divine grace—none of these may lawfully be used to induce children to walk in the right way. Nay, even the fear of judgment to come may not be employed to deter from evil. A remarkable instance of this occurred not long ago in a school in America. A girl happened to remark to one of her companions, who had been telling a lie, that liars would be punished eternally in the next world. She was instantly reprimanded by the governess for introducing religious topics into the school. And justly so, according to the American system; for the secularist, who holds that there is not another world, has as much right to have his prejudices respected under a secular system of education as any other member of the community.

Now the question is, are we, as religious men and women, prepared to have such a system set up here? Are we prepared for its being forbidden to say one word to a child at school about the mighty future to which it is hastening, and for which its career here is a preparation? Are we willing that even when a child never hears at home of such truths as the existence and the righteousness of God, of redemption through the blood of Christ, of sanctification by the influence of the Holy

Ghost, of "the certainty of judgment" to come, such truths shall be carefully kept back from him at school? Are such maxims as "honesty is the best policy," "command yourself, and you may command the world," and the like, to be the best motives that we are to set before our little ones? Is a boy to be taught to refrain from lying, because it is very likely to be found out; from vicious habits, because they will prevent his rise in life; from violent tempers, because they will make him enemies; from swearing and profaneness, because it is not well to offend other people's religious convictions?—without one word about the all-seeing eye of God, which notes and punishes such sins; or the grace of the Holy Spirit, by which the tendency to them may be overcome; or the power of prayer to Christ, by which that grace may be obtained? Surely the absence of the offence given to us by views, either too high or too low, on the subject of the Sacraments, or of Church government and authority, may be dearly purchased by the absence of doctrines so vital to our children's welfare as these which we have named. Surely a Dissenter had far better resolve to send his children to a Church school, or a Churchman to a Dissenting school, with or without the protection of a conscience clause, so long as he knows these necessary truths will be taught there, than run the risk of a kind of education for the children of this country in which these truths will be purposely kept out of sight.

For we must remember, to our shame, that there are many homes in which these truths are never heard of, and where their influence is never felt. Many and many a time have the first lessons of Christian truth for many a year been brought home to an ungodly parent by his children from their school. Once let that ungodly parent know that there are schools in which education can be obtained without the fear of hearing the doctrines which he hates, because they disturb his fancied peace of mind, and he will take care that the sound of those unwelcome truths shall never pass his doors. And then the curse of a life like that of the beasts that perish will descend from father to child. All the wise lessons of worldly policy that have been so carefully instilled into the child's heart to guard him against evil will vanish as the dust before the wind at the power of a strong temptation. The only power that can guard the soul will be absent; and the youth who has never learned to dread the eye of God will have reason to curse the education he has received, which has given him additional powers, but has never supplied him

with the faculty of employing them for good. For education in itself has no power to arrest the influence of evil. The turf and the ring can boast of its titled and high-born patrons. Profligacy has set its seal upon those who were brought up at the most renowned of our public schools. The annals of commercial fraud have displayed in their lists the names of men of the highest education and position. Is it not madness, then, when the inability of education to insure probity and disinterestedness has been fully proved, to divorce from it the sanctions of religion, which alone can give strength to resist in the hour of trial?

It must be remembered, too, that the education which sets forth as its chief object our preparation for another world is by no means forgetful of our conduct in this. On the contrary, it attaches the utmost importance to such conduct, inasmuch as it holds that a man's behaviour in this life decides his condition in the next. It holds out all the inducements to honesty, industry, and the like, that secular education does, but it supplies in addition the powerful motive to exertion, that in another world we shall reap the reward of our labours here. The plain duties of honesty, industry, cleanliness, punctuality, truthfulness, generosity, prudence, the development of the social and domestic affections, are not only desirable requisites in a respectable member of society, they are the necessary graces of the Christian character. They will not only insure comfort and competency, the respect of our neighbours and of their own conscience here in those who possess them; but if practised from a higher motive—namely, the love of God—they will secure to them eternal happiness hereafter. And the system which seeks to foster such virtues from such a respect to His will who called His creatures into being, is the only one which is calculated for a permanency to produce honest and good citizens. Another system may produce good results for a time, but it has in it the elements of decay, and must, sooner or later, be a curse instead of a blessing to the country that adopts it.

Should it, however, unfortunately come to pass that the State should adopt the system of secular education, we trust that the Church will raise her protest against it. In the faith that He who orders things according to the counsel of His own will has not decreed that the blessed task of training up the young in His faith and fear shall pass out of our hands, we can endeavour still to establish or keep up schools to instruct the children under our charge in the principles of the

Church of England.' The little ones of Christ who are taught in them may still be taught to believe themselves "members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven." They may be taught that in all their actions they are to seek to do His will, who has made, has redeemed, and is sanctifying them; and in all their shortcomings to entreat His pardon, and the grace of His Spirit to renew them again to repentance. They may be taught that the smallest daily duties of life are done to Him when the motive for doing them is His glory and the happiness of our fellow-creatures. And in such a work we have the satisfaction of knowing that where the efforts of religious men fail, no other system could possibly succeed; and that they may often succeed where every other system must inevitably fail; because we know that where the grace of God is powerless to touch the heart, no mere earthly motives will be of the least avail. Disastrous, therefore, as the establishment of a system of secular education would be to the nation and to the Church, Churchmen may still go on cheerfully with their work of instructing the young according to the principles of the faith of Christ, knowing that as the blessing of God is with His Church, she will never be allowed to fail in her task of tending the lambs of His fold.

"THE VEXED QUESTION,"

CAN I MARRY ON £300 A YEAR?

BY HUNTLEY SMYTH.

CHAPTER IX.

THINGS ARE LOOKING UP—MISS VESEY MAKES A MOVE.

SIDNEY now visibly improved, and was allowed to come downstairs in the evenings. Mrs. Ward remained with us for a fortnight, and during that time did everything that was necessary in the way of nursing. I was not permitted to give any assistance, but was peremptorily ordered by all parties to take the rest I really required, both in body and mind.

I might sit and talk or read to Sidney, and entertain the friends who were occasionally permitted to enter. We had no idea we had so many amid our day of trouble. The Barkers were most kind. The old gentleman was perpetually calling to know what he could do, and sent Sidney some dozens of claret and good old port wines, such as would have been very hard for us to have procured.

Good, kind Miss Barker came constantly. She took upon herself all my duties in the parish, and, indeed, much of Sidney's. She also brought us in constant reports of the poor people. This dreadful fever was at last abating, after, alas! desolating many a home. The young, the strong man, the bread-winner, and the feeble child had alike succumbed to its fatal influence. She told us Dr. Gaskell's exertions were hard and untiring. He had sat up for three successive nights with a Mrs. Thring, an honest, hard-working, poor creature, whom we were always much interested about. She had a drunken husband, a vicious grown-up son, and seven young children depending on her for support. She told us how, one night as she lay hovering between life and death, that big bad boy came in and out of the room constantly and restlessly. And how, when the good doctor pronounced all danger past, and the crisis over, he brushed away a tear that came in spite of him, and bolted off with an oath. Sidney said he remembered that he had quite given up big Ben as

hopeless and irreclaimable, but would now try again, and work on this one soft spot.

Hugh Chandler we saw daily, and as Sidney was permitted to eat game, kept us supplied with it; and his strong arm was always ready to help him up and down stairs. Truly there is a great deal that is good in Hugh Chandler. Mrs. Ward, senior, was quite right. He is straightforward and unselfish; generous,—a hard hitter sometimes to men, especially when he thinks there is anything going forward he styles humbug, but loving and gentle in his manner to women. He rides well, is a "crack shot," and is one of the best whips in England, so he holds his own with men, and is at the same time always *bien reçu* in the most exclusive circles.

Hugh Chandler is to be married to my cousin Augusta. It seems incredible, but with her letter before me announcing the fact, it is of course indisputable; which letter, so characteristic of the writer, I will give my reader the full benefit of. The gentleman has never broached the subject to us as yet. I suppose, when he recollected the manner in which he had rated Sidney about his marriage, he felt a little shy at announcing the perpetration of a similar folly. Of course Sidney, after the approved fashion of most married men, told me all about it. Here is Miss Vesey's letter:—

"I need not tell you how rejoiced we were to hear of Sidney's convalescence, or how, during this time of sad trouble, you met with our warmest sympathy. You know, Kate, I would have been with you had you allowed it. I assure you mamma one day actually debated in her mind the possibility of getting over to you with some wonderful recipe she had from a great-aunt—a wise woman, and learned in the healing art; but happily for you and him, Benson pronounced it 'unpractical,' and assured her the fever was very 'contingent.' So the affair was given up, and she contented herself with writing the prescription, which I suppose in due course you received. This is all preliminary to a piece of fashionable intelligence which I am going to relate. Somebody you know is about to be married. I give you three guesses as to the party. Do you give it up? Of course you do. Well, Hugh Chandler, late——Lancers. But to whom? This is the most remarkable part of the affair. Do not try to guess. You never could by the aid of your own unassisted reason. I shall tell you. Augusta Vesey herself—no other—has renounced her chances of the coronet which

her admiring friends always expected for her—but which, by the way, was never yet offered—for ‘pure affection’—love in a cottage, in fact, which cottage is to be represented by a small house in Arlington Street, as Hugh would look on a quarter of a mile farther from St. James’s in the light of emigration. Seriously, Kate, I am going to renounce all the pomps and vanities and ‘pride of life,’ and marry—on a ‘miserable pittance,’ mamma calls it—a man, for no other reason than the stupid one you gave for marrying Sidney, just that I love him. Our united incomes will not quite amount to six hundred a year; but Hugh says you and Sidney ‘do the thing well and correctly on three,’ so he is sure we will ‘pull through somehow.’ We will hope for the best. Tell Sidney, with my love, he must get well soon. We do not think any one else could marry us properly; not that I am in any hurry, but Mr. Chandler is. Your loving coz.,

"AUGUSTA.

"P.S.—I do not like ‘Sir Compton.’ Do you? I feel quite sorry about Lilla."

Augusta marrying Hugh Chandler. I am so very glad; but immensely surprised. I must run down and tell the news to Sidney.

On entering the study I found the bridegroom elect sitting there, and could not resist saying, "I have just had such an astonishing piece of intelligence, that I can hardly yet bring it to bear upon my senses. I hear one of our most esteemed friends is about to commit an act that can only be accounted for by supposing him to be labouring under some temporary aberration of intellect."

"What is it all about?" said Sidney.

"It is about Augusta Vesey and Mr. Chandler, who are about to marry; and imagine, in their youthful enthusiasm, that they can exist on what the lady's mother so justly styles the wretched pittance of six hundred a year."

"Is this true, Hugh?"

"I must plead guilty. I came over this evening to tell you all about it."

"It is a fit case for out-door relief," said I.

"You had better settle in my parish, Hugh. We give out loaves of bread every Monday. It might be a help."

"I say, don't come down too hard on a fellow. Remember it is your example that has shown me my error of judgment. Can I do more than give this practical proof of my conversion? We mean to try the 'great experiment.'"

"You cannot say more," said I, shaking him warmly by the hand. "Now accept my sincere congratulations. You know, I think, there is nobody like Augusta, so perfectly unconscious of her beauty, and under that pretty affectation of fine ladyism so true-hearted and affectionate."

"It is to be supposed that I am of your opinion. At least, I told her so, and she believes it."

"You know you have my very best wishes, Chandler," said my husband; "but now tell me what are your plans. What does your brother say to this marriage of yours?"

"Oh, Guy, he's behaved like a brick, as he is. He has paid my debts, given us a fair start in life, only exacting from me a promise to have done with the turf for ever. Lady Vesey stands furniture, and all sorts of things in that way. So we will begin life at an easy trot, and need carry no weights."

"You begin your married life the right way, Hugh," said my husband, "in wedding a girl you love. I do not know which is the most contemptible, men or women, taking those ties upon them when actuated by mercenary motives—the former I should say. A girl often has excuses a man cannot plead. Many marry for a provision or a home. Brought up from their cradles surrounded by every luxury, and when old enough to enter life, nothing thought of for them but pleasure and amusement, all of course with the view to what they consider 'woman's great reward,' a good match. But if deprived by any reverses of these homes, what have they to look to? They find themselves left with fortunes, the interest of which would hardly have paid their lady's-maids, and utterly unfitted by their sybarite lives for any other mode of existence should marriage not offer itself. Their life is a failure; no profession open to them, even had they the energy to undertake one. I do not myself think female lawyers, doctors, or clergymen will ever be much of a success in England. No; a marriage must be brought about for them somehow, and so it is."

"Independently," said I, "of a merely mercenary marriage, there are many other kinds equally unhappy in their results. How often a man meets a girl in a ball-room, at a picnic, morning tea, or some other place of fashionable resort! She comes up, he fancies, to his ideal; the colour of her hair and eyes is the peculiar shade he admires. They discover their tastes are congenial. Both delight in Tennyson and Owen Meredith. The lady is equally struck with the peculiar curl of his whiskers, or

the perfect manner in which he arranges his tie. They dance together; if musical, sing together. His baritone and her soprano are in beautiful accord. She accepts him at once. Her friends are delighted, he possessing the exact position and fortune they desire for her, and so the affair is very soon concluded."

"I think," said Hugh Chandler, looking very grave, and giving a thoughtful twirl to his moustache, "falling in love and marrying like that is as bad as buying a horse without taking the opinion of a 'vet.'"

"Ay," said Sidney, "but after a few months, when the mask worn in society is dropped, he finds his ideal vain, selfish, and exacting, and she—well, even Tennyson and Owen Meredith get used up after a time,—she finds a very large share of the heart she fondly thought altogether and entirely her own, devoted to the stables, racecourse, or billiard table. She becomes indignant, feels neglected, rude words soon rush in, that sweet soprano gets pitched into a key all sharps. Now comes recrimination, then a breach, which widens until it becomes irreparable. Yet these two are bound together not for a week, or for a month, but a lifetime; and a very short while before stood at God's altar, and had the solemn words pronounced over them, 'Whom God hath joined——'"

"There," said Hugh, "if the case of a man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry."

"You have your answer in the preceding verse, 'Because of the hardness of your hearts.' Remember, that woman, as a general rule (of course there are exceptions), knows really nothing of the world, or of life until she marries. It is a man's business to see what the experience is she then gains. Above all, he should not revenge on her his own mistake. He idealized an angel, and finds her only a *woman*; but with all her faults, Hugh, and they are many, she is better, far better than we are. Be forbearing with your wife, tender of her; give her always your first confidence, and, with God's blessing sought for and obtained, your marriage will be a happy one."

"Well," said the young man, as he rose to say good night, "I shall do my best. Augusta is a good girl, as well as a pretty one, and I hope we won't come to grief like those parties you mention."

CHAPTER X.

A LETTER FROM LILLA.

"I FORGOT to mention, Sidney," said I, "that those Miss Pipkins called here this morning. I cannot say I like them. They made some remarks with respect to my having gone to Lady Malvern's that I consider quite uncalled for. They spoke of our good little doctor in a manner I did not at all approve. He was not enlightened, like a Mr. Cockle, whom they eulogised immensely as being so sound in his views. I told them we considered Dr. Gaskell had shown extreme skill in his treatment of you.

"Oh," said they, "we do not at all allude to his medical knowledge. It is his religious views we speak of. It is a great point to have one's medical man a Christian.

"Well," said I, "what doctrinal points Dr. Gaskell holds I cannot say; but in his practice he certainly seems actuated by Christianity in its purest and highest form, for he feeds the hungry, relieves the suffering, visits and attends the poor and sick, without in the latter instance having any hope of fee or reward, beyond that the Master whose work he does 'seeth in secret.' But it is very irritating to notice the supercilious way in which some professors of religion sit in judgment on others, merely because they do not happen to see all matters of form or doctrine in exactly the same light."

"These Miss Pipkins," said Sidney, "mean very well, I believe. They are narrow-minded in some points, but are, I think, good Christian women."

"Well," said I, "they are very unpleasant Christians, that is all that can be said."

"It would be a great point," said Hugh Chandler, who was still standing by, "in favour of our feelings, and, indeed, of Christianity in general, if people were satisfied with their natural share of repulsiveness, and did not seek to increase it by eccentricity in their dress and manner. Sidney once enticed me into going with him to some meeting. What I heard was undoubtedly good; but I came away with most unpleasant reminiscences of brown and drab women with untidy-looking umbrellas. Mrs. Ward," said he, turning to me in a very solemn manner, "you never carry one, I hope?"

"I fear I must say I do," said I; "one cannot keep a brougham on £300 a year."

"Nor on six either, I suppose," said he, with a sigh; "but if Augustahasanyregard for her personal safety, she had better avoid these umbrella practices. I do think those 'appearances' would fairly excuse any amount of cruelty on the part of a husband. It is not at all surprising poor Sir C. C. had so much to do."

"Come," said I, "good night. I cannot have Sidney demoralized by listening to such rubbishy sentiments, as Dorothy would call them. It is quite time he went to rest, or I shall have him 'rising to reply.'"

When I got to my room Bessie handed me a letter that had just come by the late post. From Lilla! I opened and read:—

"When your letter in reply to mine announcing my marriage was brought to me last night, I guessed tolerably well what were its contents. All you say is quite true, Kate; I know it and feel it. My own act has sealed what may prove the wretchedness of a lifetime; but I must now 'stand the hazard of the die.' It is too late to retract. I have accepted Sir Compton Roubrick, and as he gives me an establishment in Belgravia, fabulous diamonds, an opera-box, six hundred a year pin-money, and a grand settlement (I think mamma calls it), of course I must or ought to be happy. All London says so, and what could one desire more? You ask 'if I have consulted my heart in this transaction.' It is easily to be seen that my sister has been for a length of time rustivating, and so forgets the ways of the great world, or she would have known that hearts are never mentioned in polite society, except perhaps by the Poet Laureate. Should any girl possess any such troublesome appendage, let her wrap it up in ice, and put it by, until perhaps some day or other it may 'come in' again with other obsolete fashions.

"I can fancy you as you read this, turning to the signature to see if it is really Lilla's writing. You want to know what has changed her from the loving, light-hearted girl you left to what she is now. I'll tell you all about it, Kate. You know Horace Lexington. Alas! yes, better than I do. You often pronounced him vain, selfish, and egotistical. I used to feel indignant with you then; but he was so different from me, so refined and deferential to my tastes and opinions; so full of those *petits soins* which so win on a woman. We met daily, for he made my friends his, to secure the pleasure

of my society, he said. I loved him as one loves once in their lives. He filled my entire existence. Every thought, pursuit, the very cultivation of an accomplishment, all had reference to him, and I believed him when he told me I was the *ideal* he had long dreamt of. Well, I *dreamed* on too, until that Thursday at Lady Malvern's. You remember, Kate, my going off with him down one of the alleys. We talked about you. I told him how well you and Sidney got on; how your marriage, that every one had prognosticated so much evil of, had turned out so happily. He said 'it was well to be thankful for small mercies; but for his part he should not like to venture matrimony on such terms.' Then he added, 'I suppose, however, my turn must come one of these days, though I have long tried to postpone the evil. My cousin, Grace Armytage, and I have been engaged for years, but she is, I hear, growing restive. I suppose I must come to book soon.' No matter now what I felt at this speech, I showed him nothing of it, but merely said, 'You have never spoken to me of Miss Armytage before that I remember.' He laughed carelessly, 'I never considered it a pleasant subject to converse on. It is a mere marriage of convenience. Her father wished it, for some reason best known to himself. The lady has sundry thousands, so I made no objection. She is not exactly the style I admire,—is, I believe, a strong-minded young woman; but £70,000 in the funds gives the liberty of choosing one's own style.' He looked once hard in my face as he spoke, but read nothing there that could tell of the bitter struggle within. I only replied, 'I congratulate you on your happy prospects; but deeply interesting as this subject must be to you, I fear I must ask you to return towards the house, it being now nearly six. I am to shoot for Sir Compton's arrow. Mr. Malvern vows he will be ruined in gloves if I fail, as he has betted heavily on me.' He coloured for an instant, but made no reply. We walked on in silence until we met you. Do you remember, Kate, how vexed you were at my separating myself from you? The impulse seized me then to ask you to return home; but the most simple trifle sometimes alters the whole tenor of our lives. As I hesitated, John Malvern came up and claimed me as one of the competitors for the prize I won. You know the rest. Maddened and piqued, I accepted the fate offered then, and now this man is to bear the same relation to me that Sidney does to you. I was but nineteen last month, and oh the weary years before me, if I live as long as

people sometimes do! I try to think of it philosophically, and say, how many excellent women marry without considering love a necessary ingredient, and that marriage is a social compact, conferring mutual benefit where equality in birth and position is desirable, and that it gives a woman position and protection, &c. Why should I, after all, be worse than the rest of the world? But, sister, it was not thus we spoke long ago, you and I, when we dreamed our dreams of the future, and built our castles in the air. You see the fall of mine, and now know the reason of what must have appeared to you my inexplicable conduct on that Thursday. Let it all rest in oblivion, and let us never again allude to the subject. Forget it, as I shall strive to do.

"LILLA."

My tears fell fast as I read and re-read this letter. My poor sister! It was grievous to sit by powerless to save her while she was about to commit this act of moral suicide.

At the first interview Lilla was permitted to have with us, Sidney used every argument he could think of to induce her to retract before it was too late, but his reasoning, my entreaties, were all in vain. My dear mother, dazzled by the splendid settlement offered by Sir Compton, allowed her better judgment to sleep, and so this chance of salvation was lost to my poor sister.

Could she, could we have foreseen what the fate really was to which she now recklessly consigned herself, it would have been better to have mourned her dead than have seen the freshness of her morning's prime sullied by bitter care, and the too late remorse such a union must engender.

We heard nothing good of Sir Compton. All answers to our inquiries were most unsatisfactory; perhaps nothing positively evil, but enough to make our hearts sad to think of the solemn vows to be offered up at God's altar in connection with him, and to feel their utter mockery.

"Speak it not lightly, oh! beware, beware,
'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word.
Lo! men and angels list the faith ye swear,
And by the High and Holy One 'tis heard.
Oh! then, kneel humbly at His altar now,
And pray for strength to keep the marriage vow.

"Speak it not lightly, 'tis a holy thing,
A bond existing through long distant years,
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears,
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in eternity."

CHAPTER XI.

CHIEFLY OF A DOMESTIC CHARACTER.

I SHOULD not have called this "My Journal," for it is not a diary of passing occurrences. I merely desired to write down from time to time some of the principal events of my life, and thereby show with what success *we* treated the "vexed question," and how *we* managed to live comfortably and happily on those ill-used and much abused ciphers, "£300 a year."

I do not of course address myself to "Great Tyburnia"—she has little to do with me or mine,—but to her younger sons, dowerless daughters, barristers and doctors beginning life, and clerks in all possible offices, foreign, home, and war, through Somerset House to the City banks. To you who, wearying of your stereotyped dinner at club or chophouse, and usual "finish" at theatre or billiard-room, would gladly rear for yourselves a domestic altar, do you not fear to make the attempt on such limited means? To you I say, you may erect the edifice; ay, and find a priestess to preside thereat too. A bachelor is an anomaly—a blot in creation—a "well without water." Old maids—they have a place in the world, duties to fulfil, work to do; and all honour be to many of them, they do it well. The elderly spinster given to scandal and tea-drinking is an extinct creation, not met with off the stage. But you bachelors, life may go on all well with you for a while. You may be esteemed in your club, sought after in society, a frequent guest at the tables of the dinner-giving great, from your sparkling wit and the convivial qualities which no doubt you possess in a high degree; but all this even can be only for a time. Now degenerated into the "lean and slippered pantaloon," your place filled up, looked upon as an obsolete institution by younger men, dependent for your very comfort on your valet or landlady, as the case may be. When illness, when death comes, no gentle hand to smooth your pillow, no child to tend, no loving heart to watch or soothe, nothing but a paid hireling's grudging service. Then all is over. Mutes stand at the door. Many expectant friends no doubt assist, and follow to earth's last resting-place. The great black horses toss their heads and shake the velvet trappings. "Mourners go about the streets," for "man goeth to his long home;" but, alas! who cares?

Soon after the events recorded in my last chapter the following paragraph appeared in the *Court Journal* :—

"The marriage of Sir Compton Roubrick, Bart., of Warley Hall, Lancashire, and Lilla Isabel, youngest daughter of the late General D'Arcy, was solemnized at St. George's, Hanover Square, on the 18th ult. Same day, Hugh Chandler, Esq., late Captain — Lancers, to Augusta Sophia, only daughter of Lady Vesey and the late Sir Edward Vesey, Trent Hall, Rutlandshire. The ceremony was performed by the Hon. and Rev. William Howarth, assisted by the Rev. Sidney Ward, incumbent of St. Philip's." Then followed a full description of the brides' dresses, the "sumptuous breakfast," the presents received on the occasion, the beauty of the fair brides, the graceful elegance and costumes of the bridesmaids, and the gallant demeanour of the grooms, &c., &c.; followed by a list of all who were present on the occasion. The Roubricks went to Rome for the winter; the Chandlers to Pyrton Grange, Hugh's elder brother's place in Dorsetshire, where we had the pleasure of meeting them, Sidney being ordered change of air to recruit his strength before he resumed his clerical duties.

In the following January, as a New Year's gift, our baby came. There never was, of course, such another. Every one says so, and every one must be right. My mother pronounced it to be a lovely infant. Aunt Vesey, who actually came over with her one day, said it was a sweet angel; Dorothy declared it the darlinest cherubidy that was, he was. Hugh Chandler called it the tidiest little party extant. Mrs. Chandler, who pays me frequent visits, agrees with me thoroughly. It is great fun to see Sidney pretending to look indifferent and grand about it, pronouncing it a fine healthy boy, and professing to think that is the principal point to be considered; but perpetually hovering over and fidgeting about the cot, and agreeing in his heart of hearts to the in-the-family-established fact, that there never was such a baby. He takes absurd views of life, too, baby does. It is most ludicrous to see him sometimes, as, lying on my lap, those bright, violet, wise-looking eyes wide open, looking astonished at all around, and evidently taking in every thing and article in the room, from the pattern of the paper on the wall to the ribbon fastening my collar; then, regarding his own little dimpled fists with intense admiration, thrusts them into his mouth, and goes off into fits of laughter at the absurdity of the whole affair. How small an atom to come into so big a world with

so much fuss. My darling boy, may God spare you to be a comfort and a blessing to your dear father and myself. He was baptized Philip Arthur, after his very reverend paternal grandfather. Hugh Chandler and my sister, Lilla, were his sponsors, Augusta standing proxy for the latter, who each presented the young gentleman with the pieces of plate usual on such occasions.

I installed Bessie as nurse, to her intense delight; but Dorothy considered herself the responsible party, superintending and directing all matters. Once the little maid made a feeble resistance, tried to assert herself here at all events, but was then and there put down, sat upon, and snubbed. She never again attempted rebellion, but gave way at once.

"Kate," said Augusta to me one morning as we sat together in my dressing-room, with baby, who was creeping about the floor, and who had become a most troublesome young gentleman, if one might judge by the amount of attention and deference he received, was evidently considered to be the most important personage in our entire household, "how do you manage to get on with your income? Ours is nearly double what you told me as the amount of yours. We do not live one bit better than you do, yet we are, I fear, spending a great deal more than we ought."

"Do you not allow yourself a particular sum to spend on housekeeping only?" said I.

"No indeed. We deal with certain tradespeople. When they send in their bills we pay them; that is, if we can."

"That would not suit me at all. I must know exactly what my expenses are weekly."

"May I ask, Kate, how much do you spend in the week?"

"Two pounds is all I am allowed myself."

"But, Kate, it is impossible. You could not manage with that?"

"I suppose my best answer will be to show you my 'house book.' Be so good as to look after Master Ward whilst I get it. Oh, here it is. Now, I shall first read over all the items and expenses for last week; afterwards I shall explain my management, when, if you please, Mrs. Chandler, you shall retract your very rude contradiction."

"I beg your pardon," said Augusta, laughing, "but it does seem to me such an impossibility."

"I accept the apology; now listen attentively to these expenses for a week:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
Butcher .	11	8	1 Sole .	1	6
Baker .	4	6	Eggs .	1	0
Grocer .	5	0	Potatoes &		
Bacon .	4	0	Vegetables	1	6
Sundries .	0	9	Washing	2	6
Dairy .	3	8			
Fowl .	2	8	Total	£1	18 9

That was our consumption for last week. You will perceive I had a balance of one shilling and threepence. Sometimes this is more; last week I perceive it was five shillings, for we dined out two or three times, and this made a difference. If you look over the book you will see the expenses are sometimes a little over, and are other weeks under the sum stipulated, £2, but by the end of the quarter it all comes pretty square, and I have a little put by for what I call my coal fund."

"You do not provide coals, surely?"

"Sidney lays in a stock in summer of these, I am only a subscriber to the coal fund."

Augusta read over the list attentively, then said, "Does this do for servants and all?"

"Quite sufficient," said I; "there was a small piece of mutton left from Sunday's dinner which helped for the servants in the beginning of the week. Dorothy gave us capital soup from the beef bones on Friday, and from the bacon ribs flavoured some delicious green pea soup. The former, thickened with pearl barley and vegetables, was most excellent. My cook always manages to have some stock for soup on hand, every economical cook will manage to do this, and her pot à feu always provide good gravies."

"Dorothy is a treasure; I wish Mrs. Grant resembled her."

"She was well trained by Mrs. Ward," replied I; "but Augusta dear, to live on three or six hundred a year, one must look after small economies, one cannot play the fine lady on those sums."

"I am sure I only wish my cook would be as little of a fine lady as I am. Kate, I want to know how you manage about your cold meat. Hugh detests hashes, made dishes, or rechauffés

of any kind, and my servants won't eat cold meat except once only in a way."

"As a general rule," said I, "I disapprove of made dishes. My experience, small as it is, has taught me that to have the joint, roast or boiled, just the size to suit one's appetite, is in the end the cheaper way; so we divide it or take off chops or steaks as the case may be, thus avoiding a store of cold meat. Made dishes, to be palatable, must be well seasoned. This comes expensive; besides, in a general way, men do not care to dine on them."

"I agree with you there," said Augusta; "I am quite sure Hugh would not like to sit down to rissoles after a hard day's shooting. I shall make a note of the observation."

"Only," added I, "remember these dishes do to help out a dinner, and if you have much cold meat it is well to understand how to have it dressed so as to be palatable."

"Certainly. Now there is another matter I want to discuss; Hugh never tires speaking of a dinner you gave him and Guy just before his marriage. French dishes, too, that I could not venture to attempt with a cook who often breaks down with the mere English ones."

"I remember the day you allude to, and the French cooking also, than which nothing could have been more simple, though I confess to the feeling of being anxious to convince Guy that it was possible to give a friend a comfortable dinner on our 'three hundred a year.' I will tell you our bill of fare. First we had *consommé*——"

"*Consommé*! but that sounds very grand indeed, Kate."

"Not when it resolves itself into a little good, clear gravy soup and poached eggs, served separately in a hot-water dish, and any one can have that luxury. The only art required is to have the soup well flavoured and perfectly clear, and the eggs served hot. A sole nicely filleted, and a small leg of Welsh mutton that had been hung for a fortnight, these, with "potatoes à *maitre d'hotel*," some oysters, and a chocolate cream, completed the affair."

"Hugh said it was perfectly cooked and perfectly served, and that the mutton tasted like venison."

"That's because we kept it hanging in the larder for a fortnight; remember this, Augusta, keep mutton as long as you can with safety."

"May I ask how you found this all out, Kate?"

"Partly by my cookery book and partly by my dear mother-in-law's instructions: for many years she managed a large household with very limited means: the hints she gave me on these subjects I consider invaluable."

"As yours will prove to me, I trust. Kate, I mean to turn over a new leaf, and brave even Mrs. Grant's displeasure; I will ask you for some of your receipts: when next we meet, I hope you will find me improved."

"You shall have them with pleasure; I shall write some out for you that I think will suit."

"Thank you. Now tell me something about Lilla; I have not heard from her for an age."

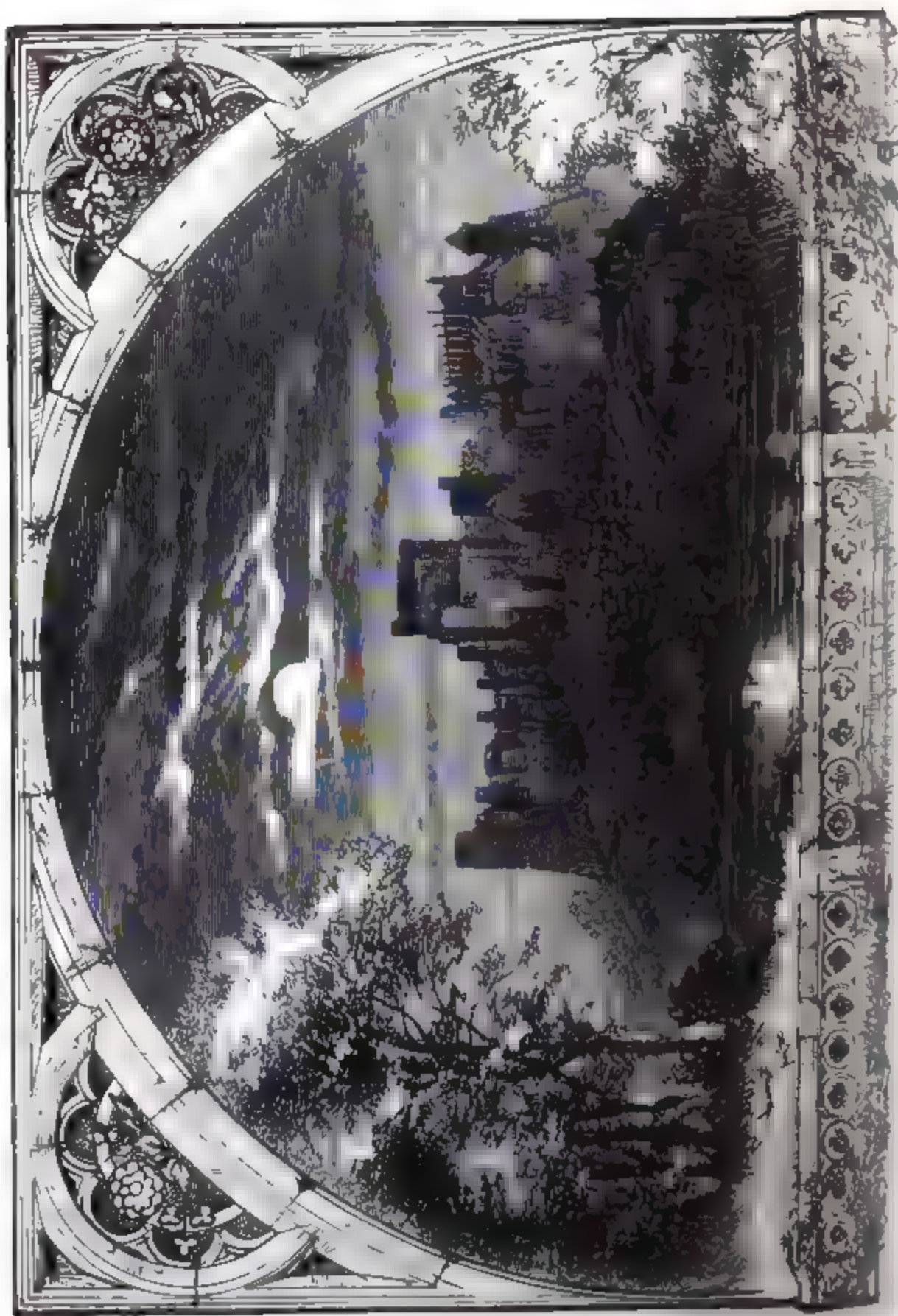
"We had letters yesterday. She is still at Rome, but speaks of returning very soon, being most anxious to see her little godson. She says she has had an attack of malaria, but is happily recovered. Her letters lately have been very brief and unsatisfactory."

"I wish from my heart she was back amongst us, and that she had never seen Sir Compton. I always felt misgivings on the score of that marriage. But what of the small baronet? how is he?"

"She never names him."

"I do not like it at all," said Augusta. "Now I must say good-bye, having promised Hugh to go out with him this afternoon; and men, even the best of them, do not like to be kept waiting." Saying these words Mrs. Chandler departed.





WINDSOR CASTLE

THE QUEEN'S ACCESSION.

JUNE 20.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Let Her always possess the hearts of Her People, that they may never be wanting in honour to Her Person, and dutiful submission to Her Authority : let Her Reign be long and prosperous, and crown Her with Immortality in the Life to come : Through Jesus Christ our Lord. AMEN."

Ring out the merry peals from every steeple,
Fling wide the Church's doors for prayer and praise,
With thankful hearts let loyal Priest and People
Their joyful Anthems raise.

Thou King of Kings, Who in Thy mercy carest
For all Mankind, and callest them Thine own,
We pray Thee send Thy Blessing, rich and rarest,
On England and her Throne.

But most we pray Thee on this day of gladness,
To pour Thy light where darkest clouds have been ;
Turn into joy each trace of lingering sadness,
And bless our noble Queen.

Long years have passed since her young brow, so tender,
The weight of England's jewelled crown first bore,
And the one prayer went up, " O God, defend Her,
And guard Her evermore ! "

And all those years, Her one and high endeavour
Has only been to do, and live, the right ;
This jewel on her Coronet, for ever,
Will gleam with purest light.

No Sun on Her dominions ever setteth,
But stronger than Her power by land or sea,
Her People's constant love that ne'er forgetteth
To think, O Queen, of Thee!

And though the shadow of a life-long sorrow
Still stays beside Thee, soon shall dawn the day
When God's dear Hand, in His own bright to-morrow,
Shall wipe all tears away.

God bless Thee, noble Lady—and all voices
Now blend in one great Litany of prayer,
To-day our Land through all its coasts rejoices,
Thy Queenly rule to bear.

Long mayest Thou reign in gentle love and duty,
And when Thou layest Thine earthly Sceptre down,
Behold the King of Kings in all His beauty,
And wear Heaven's fadeless Crown.

A SUMMER DAY IN SARK.

BY THE REV. WILMOT BUXTON, B.A.

“A land where all things always seemed the same.”—*Tennyson*.

No change of scene or feeling could be more complete than that experienced by a traveller who, leaving the burning, dusty streets of London behind him, finds himself under the lee of the rocky, sleepy shores of the Channel Isles. No change could be more complete or more delightful. Unlike the waters which edge the shores from eastern coast, the Channel everywhere about the islands is perfectly clear and of a light blue colour. As we near the shore the depths become distinctly visible, and many a feathery spray of seaweed and many a mass of shining rock proclaim the presence of ocean treasures which are seldom or never explored, except by an unsympathizing and unromantic diver.

Leaving Alderney on a recent occasion, we found ourselves, after a long voyage in a becalmed yacht, under the stupendous rocky bastions which girdle in Sark on every side. As Jersey is the most important and fashionable of the Channel Isles, so Sark is, considering its smallness, the most beautiful,—a lovely gem in a rough setting.

It lies to the eastward of Guernsey, six miles from St. Martin's Point in that island, fourteen miles from Alderney, and about twenty-four miles from the coast of France. Sark is separated from the neighbouring group of rocky islets, which include Heron and Jethou, by a wide sea passage known as the Great Russel, of which the current is very strong. At a short distance it would appear that Sark consists of two detached islands, but in reality Great Sark and Little Sark are connected by a natural causeway, 300 feet above the sea, called the Coupée, which forms one of the many show-places of the island. Several rocky islets extend from Sark as they do from all the Channel Isles, the most important being the isle of Brechon, the isle of the *breach* (*brèche*, Swiss-French for a breach or gap). Brechon is also called the Ile des Marchands, probably from the tradition which speaks of several merchant ships having been lost there. As we near Sark

it appears perfectly impregnable and unapproachable ; towering cliffs of wild, fantastic forms on every side, no trace of human beings, no sound save the murmur of a summer sea, and the shrill, weird cry of the sea-gulls. Presently, however, we enter Le Creux Harbour, on the north-east side of the island. Like everything else in Sark, the harbour is very small, protected by a tiny breakwater, and having an entrance just wide enough for one small boat to approach. Even when we have safely reached the harbour there is no apparent entrance into the island ; masses of cliff rise on three sides, and the sea makes up the fourth. The Lords of the Admiralty were greatly puzzled on one occasion when visiting Sark for an official inspection ; they arrived safely at the harbour, but seeing and hearing nothing betokening life, and discovering no way into the island, they retired in despair, and hoisted their sails, possibly believing that within seven miles of Guernsey there was a mysterious isle guarded by sea-fairies, who dwelt in some of the wondrous caves which they could see as they left Sark behind them. There is a way into the enchanted island, however ; a tunnel cut through the rock leads from the Creux harbour to a pleasant valley road, with high banks on each side, where the pink foxglove, the sweet honeysuckle, and hundreds of other wild flowers grow in wild and rank luxuriance. Sark is well wooded, and the abundance of trees and flowers, the cool banks of fern where the light green hart's-tongue is most conspicuous, and the thick masses of ivy on the trees and walls, form a pleasant contrast to the almost treeless Alderney.

There is another landing-place on the Guernsey side of the island, at a spot called Havre Gosselin ; but as the landing is effected by a climb up a steep cliff by means of ropes and steps cut in the rock, it is not much used, except by the sure-footed Sarkois fishermen. There is a wonderful air of repose and peacefulness about this "beautiful isle of the sea ;" and we would fain believe that such things as drunkenness, fighting, and stealing are unknown ; but after all it is Sark, and not Utopia ; and though the island is quiet and orderly as a rule, yet we have reason to know that the delusive joys of the grape are not unknown there : perhaps the excursionists who swoop down upon Sark first brought the "fire-water" to the innocent aborigines. There is, however, an all-pervading spirit of dreamy calm about Sark, with its atmosphere of sweet flowers, its gently sobbing sea, and the infrequency of human voices which takes us back in memory to

the shores of the lotus-eaters and the travels of the wily Ulysses. Sark belongs to a lord or seigneur, and the present proprietor is the Rev. W. T. Collings, a clergyman of the Church of England, who also unites with that character those of seigneur and colonel of the island militia. The property in Sark consists of forty copyhold farms, which descend to the eldest son, and are not divided among all the members of the family as in the other islands, a practice which in Alderney reduces the land property to little plots of ridiculously small size. The inhabitants are, as may be supposed, of a very primitive order, for although living within eight miles of Guernsey, the Sarkois do not care to travel abroad, and are content with the lonely isolation and perfect peace of their own little island. They are an ingenious people, though we suspect lazy, like most of the Channel Islanders. They till their own fields, catch their own fish, and more than this, they make their own carts and boats. The women are hard-worked, and not only labour in the fields, but also officiate as tailors and hatmakers. French, such as it is, is the universal language, and English is not by any means so well understood as in the other islands.

The Sarkois dialect is most barbarous and difficult to be understood, and when a Sark witness is examined in the court at Guernsey, the magistrates are not often puzzled to understand a word of the evidence.

The great beauties of Sark consist in its rock scenery and caverns, and its luxuriant growth of wild and cultivated flowers. The mighty rock defences are gradually wearing away under the influence of the waves, and this action of the sea hollows out the rock into numerous wild and beautiful caverns, in which animal and vegetable life abounds, and where zoophytes and corallines and mollusca are seen in great variety. Prominent among the show-places of the island is the *Creux Derrible*, or, as it is more generally called, *Terrible*; but Professor Ansted, in his work on the Channel Isles, shows that the latter name is a corruption of the old French word *Derrible*, meaning a fallen mass of rock. This *Creux Derrible* is a great shaft or opening in a field, and descends to the level of the sea, with which it communicates; one side of the upper opening is lower than the other, and the edge of this formidable spot is covered with tangled bushes and weeds. When the tide is in, the sea rushes with great violence through the openings at the bottom of the shaft, and the *Creux Derrible* is half filled with a seething mass

of roaring, hissing water; at low water there is a possibility of visiting the interior of the Creux, and the effect from the bottom—the low murmur of the neighbouring sea, and the patch of sky seen at the top of this strong mine of Nature's delving—is singular enough. Among the caverns which, as we have said, are one of the principal features of Sark, those known as "The Boutiques" are the most famous; their peculiar formation shows very clearly how the island is gradually being worn away; and we may imagine, without any great stretch of fancy, that a day will come when mariners will steer clear of a mass of insignificant though dangerous rocks, which they had heard tell once formed an island called Sark. The Gouliot Caverns are also worth a careful visit; they are worked into a promontory once connecting the Gouliot Rock with Brechon (the Ile des Marchands). Their name of *gouliot* seems to mean a narrow opening similar to the neck of a bottle, and bears a close affinity to our word *gullet*. These caverns open from one to another, and abound in sea-anemones and shell-fish; the caves are intersected on all sides by natural passages, are wild and romantic in the extreme, as well as very dangerous, unless the traveller is accompanied by a guide and well acquainted with the tides.

Turning now from the stern beauties of the rocky coast, we find the interior of the island bright with flowers and fresh with trees and summer scenery. Pleasant lanes rich in ferns, cool from overhanging branches, and undisturbed by traffic, even by the country waggon; neat cottages inhabited by white-capped women and noisy children,—such are the objects of interest as we journey to our hotel in D'Ixcart valley. A sweeter spot is not to be easily found; the Hôtel d'Ixcart was originally a farmhouse, and stands on the upper side of the valley whence it takes its name. Below lies a thick clump of trees; the ground slopes upwards on the other side of the valley, and was gay with purple foxgloves when we visited the place. No one who has not lived and toiled in great noisy cities can rightly appreciate the delicious feeling of opening the window in this quaint old D'Ixcart hostel, and bustling in the early morning breeze, sweet with the myriad scents of the dawn. Peace seemed to have fled from more populous haunts and taken up her dwelling here.

"The fields between
Are dewy fresh, browsed by deep-udder'd kine,
And all about the large lime feathers low,
The lime a summer home of murmurous wings."

So it was, at least, when we rested at D'Ixcart, but it is so always; we only just escaped a steamboat-load of excursionists from Jersey, who were embarking as we arrived; and had we encountered them at the hostel, truly might we have said that "a change had come o'er the spirit of our dream." There was the true specimen of the green cockney,—loud, blatant, fast as to his dress, lavish as to his jewellery, eccentric as to his taste in hats; there, too, was the female excursionist, for whom the Sunday trains at greatly reduced fares are advertised by highly respectable railway directors,—a type of female not pleasant to look upon, rather loud like her male companion, rather red or blue features, not innocent of spirituous liquors, and with an insatiable appetite for light food, varied by the exhilarating but obtrusive peppermint. We say there they were, on board the steamboat, and so D'Ixcart valley was still a paradise to us. Whilst we were resting in the inn a ludicrous adventure happened to some of our party.

It appears that a quarrel had arisen between the boating aborigines of the little Creux harbour and the man in charge of our yacht on the subject of the moorings; and the aforesaid aborigines had used forcible language and even blows in the matter. Consequently our worthy skipper, the owner of the yacht, was summoned, and went out to see if Sark possessed such a thing as a constable. The two representatives of the law were discovered engaged in the harmless and pastoral occupation of haymaking, alike oblivious of *procès verbal* and chief pleas; not, however, quite so oblivious of "a cup which cheers" but also "inebriates" occasionally. Accompanied by these unsophisticated sons of the soil our friend went towards the harbour, where a considerable crowd (for Sark) was assembled, and the constables at once plunged into conversation in a tongue not understood of the people—at least, not by *our* people. Imagine the surprise of our friend the skipper when, on attempting to proceed to the yacht, the constables whom he had brought to assist him faced round upon him, and dragging their staves of office from some occult pocket, flourished the model of the crown in his face, even as the great Mr. Grummer had once done in the face of Samuel Weller, and requested our friend in their queer broken English "to go easy." He, however, declining to "go easy," they called upon the assembled multitude to assist them then and there; but no one volunteering this act, and the constables considering the majesty of the law sufficiently vindicated for the present, allowed

the skipper to retire, darkly hinting that he should hear from them in the morning. The yacht dispute was arranged without their interference, and our friend rejoined us, not quite certain, in his ignorance of the mysterious laws of that enchanted island, whether he might not be dragged off at a moment's notice to chains and darkness, and left to languish without benefit of clergy. The seigneurs were absent from Sark, so our friend sought redress from the seneschal, an inferior officer, who, like most people in office, did nothing; but subsequently every apology for the blunder of the constables was made by the Lord of Sark. It seems to be a dangerous thing, however, to trifle with the sleeping lion of justice there, as we have just heard a report that some Oxford men, visiting the island with a reading party, have been lodged in "durance vile," though what the offence is, or whether the report be true, we have no means of knowing.

The culinary department of the Hôtel d'Ixcart is excellent, and the charges are moderate,—two things not always found together out of Sark. It seems that there has always been abundance of good things in the island, though their character differed; we extract a curious account of the commissariat of Sark from a work published in London in 1673, called "News from the Channel; or, the discovery and perfect description of the island of Serke, by a gentleman now inhabiting there, to his friend and kinsmen in London." This anonymous gentleman says:—"For belly timber, our three staple commodities are fish, fowl, and rabbits; of the first, a little industry will purchase us a hundred sorts, particularly a large fish we call a vrack-fish (rock-fish), which we split, and nailing it to our walls, dry it in the sun, for part of our winter provision. Also a large shell-fish, taken plentifully at low tides, called an ormond (*i. e.*, ormer, the *aureille de mer*, or *sea-ear*), that sticks to the rocks, whence we beat them off with a forck or iron hook; 'tis much bigger than an oyster, and like that, good, either fresh or pickled, but infinitely more plessant to the gusto; so that an epicure would think his pallat in Paradise, if he might but always gormondise on such delicious ambrosia. For fowl, your city cannot be better furnisht with wood-cocks, or widgeons, besides the abundance of duck, mallard, teal, and other wild fowl, with clift pidgeons, *with* which at some seasons almost the whole island is covered. Of covies we have everywhere exceeding plenty; and yet, *least we* should want, nature has provided us with a regular warren,

placing at a small distance in the sea an island, of about half a mile every way over (the Ile des Marchands, or Brechon), which is inhabited by nothing else, whither we commonly go a-ferreting, and have thence such abundancy, that it has been confidently told me some families here have made £15 or £20 a year only of their skins. If all this rich fare will not content you, we have a most excellent pottage made of milk-bacon, coleworts, mackarel, and gooseberries, boyled together all to pieces, which our mode is to eat, not with the ceremony of a spoon, but the more courtly way of a great piece of bread, furiously plying between your mouth and the kettle."

Certainly *de gustibus non est disputandum*; we cannot help favourably contrasting our excellent dinner at D'Ixcart with the "belly-timber" described by the wag who wrote in 1673; and as we partake of delicious peas and new potatoes "*with* the ceremony of a spoon," we involuntarily shudder at the pottage of bacon and gooseberries, milk and mackerel and coleworts, and the piece of bread "plying furiously between our mouth and the kettle" in which this deadly pottage was brewed.

And now to ramble once more. The church is a plain, not to say ugly building, of small size, and was built in 1820. The seigneur has beautified the churchyard by planting it with shrubs and flowers, but art will not add to the church itself, which is undoubtedly unattractive. The services are in French. There is a free school and also a Sunday school at hand. In the old days St. Magloire, with that discriminating taste for beautiful quarters peculiar to the monks, fixed upon Sark as his head-quarters, and whence he travelled to the other islands in his work of evangelist. He founded a monastery in Sark, but we believe no trace of it now remains. Great Sark is divided from Little Sark by the celebrated passage or bridge called the Coupée. This natural ledge is four hundred and fifty-six feet in length, eight feet broad at the widest part, and three hundred and eighty-four feet above high water mark. It bridges over a sort of isthmus, and at either end cliffs of enormous height stand like giant sentinels on guard. A vein of porcelain clay exists over this spot, white in parts and in others veined with purple, red, and yellow. Little Sark furnishes a melancholy example of human hopes cherished only to decay; in 1834 a sportsman was out rabbit-shooting in Little Sark, and one of the rabbits, when hit, rolled over the cliff. A man was sent down to recover the rabbit, and brought back with him in addition some stones, containing glittering metallic grains.

The idea that silver existed in Sark at once caused some excitement; workmen and engineers arrived, the work commenced, and the place was named "Sark's Hope,"—too soon to become Sark's disappointment. Up to 1845 a large quantity of lead was raised, and 25,000 ounces of silver. More steam-power, however, was needed, and the speculators were unwilling to venture on a greater outlay, so the work ceased, and now a few cottages are all that remain of Sark's Hope, and the precious ore lies waiting a new speculator to disturb its repose.

In Little Sark there is a curious natural cauldron similar to the Creux Derrible, familiarly known as the Pot; it is a sort of funnel, shaped by nature in the cliff, and at high tide the Pot is filled with boiling, roaring water. Very different from the wild, lonely beauties of Little Sark are the grounds and mansion of the seigneurie, which the present lord has adorned with a lavish taste. The grounds are courteously thrown open to visitors, not without some loss, we believe, when the savage hordes of Saturday to Monday tribes swoop down Vandal-like upon the flowers and fruits. The house is built in the Tudor style, and is light and handsome. On the sunny walls the gay peacock suns himself indolently; a number of the rarer species of fowl, as well as guinea-pigs and other household pets, luxuriate in a neighbouring enclosure; the beds are bright with well-kept flowers; a little lake sleeps under the heavy branches of many trees, and on its calm, dark surface the water-lily floats, untroubled by the hand of adventurous knights, seeing that the flowers are out of reach. Altogether the seigneurie, when we visited it, was a warm, sunny, dreamy place, where one would have to stay for a while like the lotus-eaters, and feel that—

"In the afternoon we come unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon,
All round the coast the languid air did swoon;
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.

A land where all things always seemed the same."

Could the wily Ulysses have ever visited Sark?

The crops of the island are very abundant, and the orchards prolific; the land is manured, like that of the other islands, with *vraic*, or seaweed. Ere we take leave of the gems of the Channel we must mention the various stratagems by means of which Sark was recovered from the French. Although in these "piping times of peace" the islands are quiet as the Lotophagian shores,

yet in ancient times their rocky sides reverberated to the roar of cannon, and Norman and Englander and Frenchman all tried, like the conqueror of whom Tacitus speaks, "to make a desert and call it peace." In the reign of Edward VI. the French fitted out a formidable expedition against Guernsey, and took Sark *en route*; here they found an easy conquest, and proceeded to remove the good folks of St. Peter Port, who were asleep in their vessels; and here too they were successful, till the guns from Castle Cornet awoke the island, and changed the aspect of affairs; the invaders were repulsed, and retired to Sark. Early in Mary's reign this island was recovered in the following way, as described by Sir Walter Raleigh, afterwards Governor of Jersey, in his "History of the World:"—"The island of Sark, contiguous to Guernsey, having been surprised and taken by the French, could never have been recovered by strong hand, having cattle and corn upon the place to feed as many men as were required for its defence, and being so inaccessible that it might be held against the Grand Turk himself; yet by the ingenuity of a gentleman of the Netherlands it was regained. He anchored in the harbour with one ship, and pretending that the merchant who had freighted it had died on board, besought permission of the French to bury him in consecrated ground, and in the chapel of the island, offering them a present of such commodities as they had on board. This request was granted on condition of the Flemings not landing armed with any weapon, not so much as even a pocket-knife. All this was assented to. Whereupon a coffin, not containing a dead body, but swords, targets, and arquebuses, was put into the boat. The French received the mourners on their landing, and searched every one of them so narrowly that they could not have concealed a penknife. The coffin was drawn up the rocks with great difficulty. Some of the French meanwhile took the boat of the Flemings, and rowed to their ship to receive the promised commodities; but as soon as they got on board they were seized and bound. The Flemings on land, after having carried the coffin into the chapel, shut the door, and taking out the weapons fell upon the French, who ran down to the beach, calling upon their companions on board the vessel to return to their assistance: but when the boat landed it was filled with Flemings, who, uniting with their countrymen, effected the complete capture of the island."

Since that time, though "war's alarms" have from time to time disturbed the other islands, we believe that Sark has been

left at peace to sleep amid the murmur of the sad sea waves. The Bishop of Winchester has just held his confirmation throughout the Channel group, beginning with Guernsey, thence travelling to Sark, and leaving that place for Alderney, where in the beautiful church of St. Anne nearly eighty persons were confirmed.

Our summer day in Sark is ended. Stern necessity bids us retire "to fresh fields and pastures new;" and as we reluctantly spread our sails to the breeze, and watch the rocky shores grow dim in the distance, we murmur the words of the old song,—

"Isle of beauty, fare thee well!"

TEMPERATE USE *VERSUS* INTEMPERATE DISUSE

BY WILLIAM DOUGLAS, M.A.

I HAVE lately read a very sparkling paper in the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, entitled "Moral Blisters," in which I find that peculiar form, the person who has a mission, is not passed over. How could it be? It is one of the most common and most vexatious of blisters. Those who exercise a mission are, very generally, well-meaning but weak-minded people,—“unicorn-minded,” as Galt, I think, expressed it; when one idea, like the cuckoo in the nest, has grown so big as to require all the room for himself. I have lately suffered much from one of these mission blisters. It has created very considerable cutaneous irritation of the mind. My own character has been impugned because I will not, in spite of philology and reason, assent to the position that he who imbibes in any shape, and however diluted, any portion of alcohol, sins; and my poor parishioners have had their minds much distracted by the assertion that there are but two words in the Bible which denote wine, and that both mean the fresh-pressed, unfermented juice of the grape; and that consequently—I stay not to consider the logic—whoever drinks “strong drink,” irrespective of quantity or effect, is a sinner—a drunkard.

Now though I cannot go so far as Lord Byron, and affirm that “man, being a reasoning animal, must get drunk;” or say, as a toper is reported once to have said to a friend who reproved him for sometimes “making a beast of himself by drink,” and recommended total abstinence as a duty, that he and his abstinent friends were the greater beasts, as “they only drank when they were thirsty, and then *only water* ;” still I hope to establish that total abstinence is not one of the cardinal virtues; that it cannot be so exalted without doing violence to the Bible; and that, consequently, to drink a little wine—might I not go so far as to say even a modicum of whiskey?—is not to be added as an eighth to the seven deadly sins.

I shall best do this by examining what the Bible tells us about wine. In the first place let me observe that my moral blister is utterly wrong in saying, first, that only two words (he did not specify them) are used to denote wine; and, secondly, that the wine spoken of in the Bible means only the unfermented, fresh-pressed grape-juice.

I find in the Bible at least six words for wine, and I propose to examine each one. I will not, by giving the words in Hebrew characters, attempt to appear learned; an English dress will answer all the purpose.

1st, Thyrosh. This word is derived from the verb signifying he possessed, occupied, held; and means, so says the venerable Simon in his lexicon, "must" (new wine),—"wine, so called, says the philologists, because it takes possession of a man by occupying his brain, so that he is no longer master of himself." That there is some truth in this appears by Hos. iv. 2, "wine" (yayin, a word we will consider presently), "and new wine" (thyrosh) "take away the heart." Unfermented grape-juice, immoderately used, might make a man mortally sick, but could scarcely affect the heart; and how different must have been "maids" in Zechariah's time, who were made "cheerful" by "new wine" (thyrosh), Zech. ix. 17, if that was by simply eating grapes or drinking the fresh juice! I find, from Numb. xviii. 12, that God commands this very thyrosh to be offered to Himself; and that the frequent use of the word in Deuteronomy ends with these words, in that beautiful passage in which Moses concludes his song:—"The fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine" (thyrosh). Let me add, Psa. iv. 7, "Thou hast put gladness in my heart more than in the time that their corn and wine (thyrosh) increased." ●

2nd, Mimsach. I can find this word only twice used. Prov. xxiii. 31, in which reference is evidently made to its intoxicating qualities; and in Isa. lxv. 11, where we translate it "drink offering." It is derived from a verb signifying "he mixed—specifically about wine, he poured it out so that the lees were mixed with it." According to others—Michaelis, for instance,—"He mixed wine with various sorts of inebriating aromatics."

3rd, Asis. From the root meaning "to press;" so "juice expressed by treading." 4th, Sheker, from the root "he became inebriated; hence strong intoxicating drink." I take these two words together on account of the following verse from Joel i. 5:—"Awake, ye drunkards (shekers), and weep; and howl, all ye

drinkers of wine (yayin), because of the new wine (asis); for it is cut off,"—nothing to come on to replace the 1820 port. Again, at Joel iii. 18, it is promised as a blessing that "the mountains shall drop down new wine" (asis); so also Amos ix. 13; and, moreover, while asis is promised as a blessing, sheker, like thyrosh, is commanded to be offered to God.

5th, Yayin. The root whence this word is derived is not found. Simon finds the idea of effervescence and fermentation in a cognate Arabic verb. That it means something intoxicating is quite clear from Gen. ix. 21, where it is connected with the verb from which sheker comes. "Noah drank wine" (yayin) made from the vineyard he had planted, "and was drunken" (shekered). I do not mean to excuse him for this, I think he was very wrong. But observe, this yayin, which he abused, is yet spoken of as one of the three choice gifts of God. "Wine (yayin) that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart," Psa. civ. 15. So good old Isaac was not wrong when he washed down the venison he fancied he had eaten with a cup of wine (yayin), and promised plenty of wine (thyrosh) to his deceitful son as a blessing.

6th, Shamyr, from the root "he kept, stored up, reserved." Isa. xxv. 6 makes the meaning of this very plain:—"In this mountain shall the Lord of hosts make unto all people a feast of fat things" (a symposion, as the Greeks would say), "a feast of wines on the lees" (shamyr); "of wines on the lees well refined." Clearly good old wine, kept till, like 1820 port, it had laid down its crust and lost its sweetness, and become, like John Gilpin's, "strong and clear."

I think I am now justified in saying that strong drink is a blessing, not a curse (for so much has my blister asserted). That we may use it and give God thanks; that it is the abuse, not the use, which is a sin. That drunkenness is a sin, ruinous to the body and deadly to the soul, I am prepared to preach boldly, to both rich and poor; and that temperance is a virtue profitable to both soul and body. But I do not think I shall promote the cause of it by making bold and unqualified statements, contradicting my Bible; and moreover, with reverence be it spoken, representing God—which is little short of blasphemy—as giving to His people what is a curse; and requiring them solemnly to offer that cursed thing to Himself. It is a very weak argument for my giving up my cheerful and, I hope, moderate glass of sherry,

to say that by my example I may embolden others to exceed in their potations. Abuse does not take away use. In fact, if we are to resign everything capable of abuse, or which has been abused, we should have very few things left to us. There is, *e. g.*, such a thing as gluttony. Many a man has died of inordinate eating. But I scarce think my blister would—yet he ought, if he would be consistent—interdict beef and mutton, not to say those more attractive viands, turtle and venison, which, if all stories are true, have slain a goodly number of the well-paunched denizens of the city.

I think Dean Alford has here, as he so often does, struck the right nail on the head, in his notes on St. John xi. 6. Referring to the large amount of wine given by One who knew what was good for man, which he estimates at one hundred and twenty-six gallons, he says, "The large quantity thus created has been cavilled at by unbelievers. We may leave them their cavils with just one remark, that He who creates abundance enough in this earth to put temptation in man's way, acted on this occasion *analogously with His known method of dealing*. We may answer an error on the other side (*if it be on the other side*), by saying that the Lord here most effectually, and once for all, stamps with His condemnation that false system of moral reformation which would commence with pledges to abstain from intoxicating liquors. He pours out His bounty for all, and He vouchsafes His grace to each for guidance, and to endeavour to evade the work which He has appointed for each man, by *refusing the bounty to save the trouble of seeking the grace*, is an attempt which must ever end in degradation of the individual motive and in social demoralization, whatever apparent present effects may follow its first promulgation. One visible sign of this degradation, in its intellectual form, is the miserable attempt made by some of the advocates of this movement, to show that the wine here, and in other places in Scripture, is unfermented wine, not possessing the power of intoxication."

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Views in Central Abyssinia, with Portraits of the Natives of the Galla Tribes. With descriptions by SOPHIE F. F. VEITCH. London : J. C. Hotten, 74, Piccadilly. 1868.

At a time like the present, when the whole nation is rejoicing over the complete success of the expedition to Abyssinia, this beautiful volume before us cannot fail to be full of interest.

There are no less than forty views, and they give a very clear idea of the scenery, inhabitants, and dress of that strange country. Miss Veitch's descriptions are all that can be desired. Some of them are amusingly graphic, as when she describes (plate 34) an Abyssinian peasant occupied in crushing corn, as "somewhat scantily provided with clothing.

The book is dedicated, by permission, to her Majesty the Queen, and we cannot doubt that it will have a large sale.

Springdale Abbey. Extracts from the Diaries and Letters of an English Preacher. London : Longmans, Green, & Co. 1868.

THIS is a very readable book indeed, whoever wrote it, and we hope in another edition the author's name will be given. We hardly know how to describe it. It is not a novel, and yet it is far more interesting than the general run of the novels of the day. It is not a series of essays, and yet we have essays more attractive than those of A. K. H. B. It is not a diary, and yet it includes extracts from one of the most amusing and interesting of journals. And for the writer, it is by no means clear whether he was himself once a Dissenting minister, or whether he is now a remarkably broad Churchman, ready, like the Dean of Canterbury, to preach in a Cathedral on one day and to be presiding over the annual meeting of a Nonconformist College on the next. The time of year is now close upon us when the working clergy migrate to the seaside for rest and change. They can hardly do better than take this book with them. It is full of wise and earnest suggestions, and discusses many topics of the present day with remarkable ability and force. What better advice can be given to a young curate than that offered in p. 137, at the close of a long and sensible letter on the office and work of the preacher?—

"If you will allow me to conclude a friendly letter with a very short sermon, I will presume to remind you that your vocation is the most solemnly interesting and important that can possibly be assumed. The nine hundred (working men) will represent nearly all aspects of human experience; the light of joy will be in many

an eye, and the shadow of suffering will be heavy on many a brow. The guilty, the ignorant, and the helpless will be at your feet; in Christ's holy name be careful how you treat them! He was gentle and hopeful in His tone to those who sought escape from unholy habits; be like Him. Quote His words frequently; there are no such words as His! They address themselves to every mood of the soul; meeting it in its loftiest aspirations, and soothing it in its saddest brooding. Remember that the common people heard Him gladly, and try to make them hear you gladly for His sake. The longer I live the more I feel my need of Jesus, the more loving and lovely does He appear, and the more able to meet my whole manhood. Do you feel this? Plainly say so to the nine hundred, for men like to hear the story of human hearts."

The Church and Society. I. Middle Classes; II. Lower Classes; III. Upper Classes. Being papers read at meetings of the Clerical Society of the Maidenhead and Taplow Deaneries of the Diocese of Oxford. With an Appendix on Middle-class Education. By SAMUEL B. JAMES, M.A., Curate of Winkfield. London: Houlston & Wright, Paternoster Row. Windsor: T. Medhurst, 49, High Street.

THE first of these papers has already appeared in this Magazine, the other two complete the series; and we can honestly say that they contain much that is suggestive and full of interest.

There was scarcely any need, however, to inform the world, through the Dedication to the Bishop of Oxford, Mr. James's Diocesan, that the writer still remains an "avowedly evangelical curate." May we not trust that curates in general are, in the true sense of that much-abused epithet, "evangelical"?

Doubtless Mr. James knows that the Bishop of Oxford's own statement is that there is no Ritualism in his diocese.

Our New Vicar. By the REV. J. B. S. MONSELL, LL.D., Vicar of Egham. London: Bell & Daldy. 1868.

DR. MONSELL is already well known by his volumes of sacred poetry, and all who have thus made acquaintance with him may strongly be recommended to read his prose. The great object of the book before us is to offer explanations, for the special use of the laity, of many of the rites and ceremonies of divine worship. It is written in a very pleasant style, and will do a good deal towards disarming opposition in our parishes against a reverent and wisely-ordered service. Dr. Monsell is no Ritualist, but is one of those who earnestly desire that all the services of the house of God should be conducted with a spirit of deep reverence and true devotion. His work will form an admirable addition to our parochial lending libraries.



How strange it seems thou wilt flow on, bright river,
Winding thy silver course through valleys fair:
While on thy breast the golden sunbeams quiver,
And the white lilies float serenely there!

The Churchman's Shilling Magazine & FAMILY TREASURY.

A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN BLYTHE.

CHAPTER XI.

A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

I VERY soon began to think Paris and gaiety very delightful, and I liked Madame de Martigny more and more as I knew her better. Yet though she was fully three years older than I was—a considerable difference at our age, and between a woman who had been married more than two years and one who had only been married about six months—I never could help feeling, when with her, as if I were much the older of the two. There was so much freshness and simplicity about her; and she seemed to throw herself heart and soul into the gay life she led, and to enjoy it with all the ardour of a happy child; while I was conscious of a certain coldness and hardness about myself at times, and of a feeling of restlessness and disappointment, even amid the excitement which had the charm of entire novelty to me. The admiration, too, which I created on all sides roused, often enough, memories which were quite sufficient to keep a wholesomely bitter check upon its dangerous tendency.

"You are really too bad, dear Mrs. Fairfax," remonstrated

Madame de Martigny ; " I do not want you to go on as I do ; ah, no, that would never do. The dear General is not the Count ; but you are too cold. Last night, now, when poor Monsieur de Villeneuve paid you a little compliment, though the General was quite close, and heard it all without a cross look, you flashed such a scornful look at him out of your great eyes, that it withered up the poor little compliment all in a moment, and the poor man was quite frightened."

I did not for a moment doubt the truth of the assertion, but I did not tell Madame de Martigny how involuntary the look had been. Something about Monsieur de Villeneuve at that moment had recalled Vincent Trevor to my mind.

" You must really be a little less severe," continued my companion. " People say you have as much stiff propriety as two Englishwomen ; and what could they say more than that ?"

I laughed scornfully. I was in a hard humour that day. The memories roused the previous night were hardly laid quiet again as yet.

How carefully, during that time, General Fairfax watched over me ! and with what perfect tact !—never the slightest word or look that could imply he had not the most entire confidence in me, even amid the gayest scenes ; yet always near if I needed him, or if I was in any situation where my inexperience might have involved me in difficulties. Ah, if the veil of the future could have been lifted then, and I could have seen that the memory of my husband's constant, unwearying love would be one day the bitterest drop in my bitter cup !—and yet, God help me, so it is.

One night we had been at a very large party somewhere, I don't remember where now, and there was great confusion, when we were leaving, among the carriages. Ours was not forthcoming anywhere, so General Fairfax left me in the cloak-room while he went to see if it could be found. A lady was sitting in the cloak-room when I entered, apparently waiting likewise for a missing carriage, who instantly attracted my attention. She was English, I felt certain, and something about her attracted me irresistibly. She had not the slightest pretension to beauty,—in fact, very little would have made her plain ; certainly a different expression would have done so, yet her face interested me more than any one I had seen. There was a great deal of quiet sadness about it, and an earnest wistful look in her eyes, which told of a life that was not, or certainly had not always been, a very

bright one. There was something about the calm repose of her whole manner, too, which seemed to speak of endurance. She was a wonderful contrast to an animated group of Frenchwomen who were standing near her, chatting and laughing merrily. I had not been long in the room when she turned to me and said,—

“Surely I am speaking to a countrywoman, am I not? You must be English.”

“Yes, I am,” I replied; “and I fancy we are both in the same case, waiting for missing carriages.”

“My husband has been gone in search of ours for some time,” she answered, “but it seems a vain one.”

I was more than ever taken with her now she had spoken. She had such a sweet, low-toned voice, and we continued chatting until General Fairfax entered, saying,—

“Come, Kate, the carriage is not far off, so I have told them to wait, and we would walk down. There is no chance of its getting nearer for a long time.”

“Why, surely,” exclaimed my new acquaintance, rising, “I cannot be mistaken. It must be General Fairfax.”

General Fairfax turned towards her.

“Mrs. Lowther,” he said. “Well, this is a most unexpected pleasure. I thought you were in India.”

“We are on our way home from there now.”

“And where is Lowther?”

“Occupied as you have been, in carriage-hunting, but I fear less successfully.”

“We will wait and see the result, then,” said General Fairfax, “because, if he can’t find it, we can take you; and, in the meantime, let me introduce my wife.”

I saw the momentary look of surprise which crossed Mrs. Lowther’s gentle face as she held out her hand.

“I am very pleased to be formally introduced to my new acquaintance, but rather surprised as well. I really thought you were quite matrimony-proof, General.”

“Ah, you see the fortress was less impregnable than it seemed,” he replied; “but are you making any stay in Paris?”

“About ten days more, I think; so I shall call on Mrs. Fairfax in due form immediately. There comes my husband,” she added, as a tall, and, I thought, rather bad-tempered looking man entered the room. “Have you found the carriage, William?”

“Yès, confound them, I have at last. I never saw such a mess as everything is in. You must walk some distance, though.”

"I don't mind that, but look here," she replied.

A hasty greeting between him and General Fairfax followed, and then, fearing we should lose our carriages again, we separated.

"Who are they, Walter?" I asked, as soon as we were clear of the crowd.

"Colonel and Mrs. Lowther," he replied; "and I am very glad we have met them. I do not know any one I should so much like you to know as Mrs. Lowther; but I had no idea they were in Europe."

"I like her face so much," I replied, "but she does not look very happy."

"Poor thing! I suspect she has rather a tried life of it. I am afraid she did not gain much by her marriage."

"How do you mean?"

"She was a Miss Lyon, an orphan, and I believe she had rather an unhappy home, with a cross-grained old aunt. She married, I fancy, rather more to get away than much else. Lowther is all very well as an acquaintance, but he has not the best of tempers, and I fear she has a great deal to bear. He was my subaltern years ago, so I know pretty well what he is, and I know I should be sorry to be his wife."

"Has she any children?" I asked.

"No; and be sure you never mention the subject. That was a terrible affair. She had one little boy, and I believe Lowther killed him."

"Oh, Walter!" I exclaimed.

"Why, you don't suppose I mean he murdered him, do you, you little goose? But he is a most obstinate fellow, and he insisted on starting on a journey before the child was recovered from some illness, in spite of all she could say, and the poor little fellow died. That happened a good many years ago, but I fancy she has never got over it."

"Poor thing: but what a brute he must be, Walter!"

"Well, I'm afraid I cannot defend him from the accusation, as far as that particular transaction is concerned; but that was an exceptional case. He is an obstinate and a bad-tempered man, but not, however, generally quite so bad as that."

This story interested me wonderfully in Mrs. Lowther. There was romance enough in it to set my imagination to work, and I pondered over it in silence during the rest of the drive, and while Moss was brushing my hair. I wondered what Mrs. Low-

ther's early life had been; whether it had been anything like mine; and what had been the circumstances of her child's death.

Mrs. Lowther called the next day, while I was at home, to my great delight. I thought she looked even more charming in the morning than at night. Hers was not the mere physical beauty which dress and light can so powerfully affect. Of that she had very little; but she had a beauty I felt, though then I did not in the least understand it, and it was proof against the most trying outward circumstances.

"I am so glad to find you at home," she said. "I wanted so much to see you. I cannot tell you how surprised I was to find out who you were last night."

"Why?" I asked.

"Well, I do not know why I should have thought so, but I fancied General Fairfax never would marry. But what are you going to do this lovely afternoon, Mrs. Fairfax?"

"I have no engagements," I replied.

"Then do come and drive with me. I should like it so much. I want really to make your acquaintance, you know; not merely in the conventional manner. I hope you will put me down on your list of friends, for General Fairfax and I were great friends in India."

I readily assented to her proposal, and we set off for our drive.

"When did you know General Fairfax in India?" I asked.

"Was it the last time he was there?"

"Oh no. I did not see him then. We were in quite another part of the country. It is nearly ten years since I last saw him. I had not been married many years then, and I was in very great sorrow. I shall never forget his kindness to me. It could not have been greater if he had been my own brother. Ah, Mrs. Fairfax," she added, "you are a very fortunate woman in having such a husband."

"Are good husbands so very rare?" I asked, rather perplexed as to what to reply; feeling, as I did, that had she been aware of all I knew, she would hardly have spoken so plainly.

"No, I do not think good husbands are so rare, but such men as General Fairfax are."

Just at the moment Madame de Martigny passed, and gaily kissed her hand.

"You know Madame de Martigny then," I said, seeing that Mrs. Lowther had returned her salutation.

"Yes, we knew the Count in India, so I have made her acquaintance. Do you like her, Mrs. Fairfax?"

"Oh yes, I like her very much," I replied. "She is charming, don't you think so?"

"There is something very captivating about her, but I must confess I am rather too much of an Englishwoman to approve entirely of her goings on. But she is such a thorough child, her spirits carry her away completely, and I believe, at heart, she is really devoted to her husband. Still I must confess her frivolity rather wearies me sometimes. In one thing," she added, with a deep look of sadness coming over her face, "I must condemn her; and that is, her total neglect of her child."

"Her child!" I exclaimed, in astonishment; "you don't mean to say she has a child?"

"Yes, indeed she has. A dear little boy, about a year old; on whom she showers the most extravagant caresses for about ten minutes in the morning, and never sees again, I believe, till the next morning."

A deep sigh accompanied the words, telling me distinctly enough where her thoughts had gone.

"Your knowing nothing about it," she said, after a moment's silence, "is very significant. She is a frivolous little creature."

"Does the Count care about his child?"

"He dotes upon him. Poor little fellow, it is well he has a father, or his case would be a bad one. If it were not for this trait in her character, I could quite imagine a great deal of good might be lying hidden under all the froth; but I must confess that when a woman can so thoroughly neglect her own child, it always leaves an impression on my mind that the frivolity goes to the very bottom. Still I really believe there is nothing worse about her than frivolity. I hope you do not think my judgments very harsh, Mrs. Fairfax; but you don't know, I dare say, why I feel so strongly on the subject."

"Yes, I do," I answered.

"What do you know?" she asked, in a rather startled tone.

"General Fairfax told me," I discreetly replied, "that you had one little boy, who died, and that it had been a terrible grief to you."

"Grief!" she repeated, "God only knows what it was, or how hard a struggle it was before I could bend my rebellious will to His. I never knew what human beings could bear till I stood beside my darling's coffin. I hardly dare to think of it even

now. Ah, Mrs. Fairfax, you cannot understand this now, but I dare say you will some day."

I did not in the least catch her meaning, and I only said,—

"I have felt very much for you since General Fairfax told me. I thought, the first moment I saw you, that you looked as if you had had great trouble."

She looked at me with a grateful smile as she said,—

"A thing which is, I dare say, a mystery to you as yet."

The words seemed to give me a check. They brought up a vision of the past, and that always made me feel cold and hard.

Mrs. Lowther's gentle manner soon carried away the feeling, however, and I enjoyed the drive very much. Some of her remarks, however, led to a conversation that evening between General Fairfax and me, which played no unimportant part in my after history, trifling though it seemed. Were I disposed to plunge into a moral treatise I might begin a long homily here on the important results of trifles, but facts speak best for themselves.

My husband questioned me after dinner about our drive, and renewed his expressions of pleasure at my having made Mrs. Lowther's acquaintance.

"Why did you not tell me you had been with her at the time her child died?"

"I did not think about it; but how came you to know it?"

"By something," she said.

"My dear Kate, you did not get upon that subject, did you?" he asked.

"Yes, but she introduced it. How much she seems to have felt her child's death! though of course she did not tell me why."

"She did indeed, poor thing. I never saw anything so terrible as her utter stony despair at first. I thought it would have killed her."

"I suppose like other people," I said, in a half-resentful tone, "she thinks I am nothing but a child; for she said I could not understand her feelings now, but perhaps I should some day. I am sure I can feel for her just as much now as I ever could do."

"Do you think so?" said General Fairfax.

"Yes, of course I can. If people knew what I have gone through," I added, bitterly, "they wouldn't fancy I was quite such a child as all that."

I saw a smile had come over my husband's face when I first spoke, but he looked grave again now as he said,—

"Katie, Katie, don't turn bitter, child."

"Isn't it natural?"

"So natural that that is just why I dread it, my love. There is so much in all you have gone through to make you feel bitterly, that I cannot bear to see any signs of it, lest it should grow upon you, and produce the inevitable result of the indulgence of bitter feelings."

"What?"

"Coldness and hardness. You are not now, my darling, entirely what a girl of your age should be; but I hope it will wear off if you don't encourage bitter feelings."

"How am I not what I should be?"

"It would be hard to define exactly," he replied, "but there is a fitfulness about you at times. You are half the inexperienced child—half the restless, disappointed woman."

"Walter, I can't help it."

"I know that, child, or I should have spoken more to you about it; but that is just why I am anxious you should not think about the past at all, and why I am so glad you should know Mrs. Lowther. It is good for you to see how a great sorrow can be borne."

"But, Walter, I don't like people treating me as if I were a child. I am nearly eighteen now, and I have been married more than six months."

He fairly laughed then. "Don't you think you are a child?"

"No, I am not," I replied.

"Shall I give you an instance?"

"Yes."

"How came you not to catch the point of what Mrs. Lowther said?"

"What about?"

"About your not understanding her feelings."

"But I did."

"I don't think so," he said; and as he spoke a sudden tremor of the sofa, on which we were both sitting, made me look up at him, and then I discovered that he was shaking with laughter.

"What do you mean, Walter?" I asked.

"How came you, in your character of a staid and experienced matron, not to think she might mean that you would perhaps some day understand, by experience, what her feelings as a mother were? I'm afraid the child was uppermost then, Kate."

"Oh, Walter!" It was all I could say. I had never dreamed

of such a thing, and the first suggestion of the idea raised a strange tumult of feelings.

General Fairfax did not speak for a little time, and when he did it was in a very grave tone.

"God grant it may be so, my darling, some day."

"Do you wish it very much?" I asked.

"Very much indeed," he replied, "both for your sake and my own."

"Why?"

"I think it would be a great safeguard to the happiness of both, Kate."

"But we don't need that."

"Not yet, but six months is but a short time in married life, my child, and I cannot but tremble a little for you sometimes. The day that you can tell me there is a chance of that will be a very happy one to me," he added, in a low and slightly tremulous voice.

He laid his hands on my head as he spoke for a moment, and then left the room. I felt strangely awed by his manner, and sat long pondering over all he had said, and somehow I think I felt a great deal older after that evening.

General Fairfax's remarks about the results of indulging bitter feelings had one good effect, however, though, alas! it was but a transient one. They made me make another attempt to check feelings which I was conscious had been growing up of late. More than once I had felt a wish come over me in the midst of the brilliant scenes in which I was so often an actor, that I could just for once see Vincent Trevor again. Vanity was not my failing, but I was fully conscious of my own beauty, and of how much it had increased since he had seen me; and I told myself that I wished it, only for once, because I knew it would remove the bitter feeling I had about him, if I could only feel he had seen me once in a different character from that of the loving, confiding child, and received the look I could have given him, —such a look as would have made those scornful flashes, about which Madame de Martigny so often scolded me, seem melting glances by comparison. I told myself that was the reason of my wish, and there had been too little truth in my life not to render it easy for me to deceive myself if I cared to do it. But at any rate, I knew the idea had made me think more of him than was well, and my husband's remarks had the effect of checking my indulgence of such thoughts for a time.

Mrs. Lowther and Madame de Martigny were but two among many acquaintances I made in Paris, but they were the only two of whom I care to write, as none of the others had, I think, any effect on me either then or afterwards; at least, none beyond the inevitable effect that every human being must produce on those he meets. Some I never saw again, some I met afterwards at different times; but both the two I have mentioned were doomed to have a more important effect on my after life.

CHAPTER XII.

UNHEEDED WARNINGS.

OUR stay in Paris was drawing to a close—a fact I rather regretted, for I had certainly begun to imbibe a considerable taste for excitement and gaiety. The world had received me with the warm welcome it always has for youth, beauty, and wealth united, and I never thought of testing the reality of its smiles. The house both mentally and morally was empty. All the romance of girlhood had been swept away, and so the world stepped in and filled the vacancy for the time, though I do not think its hold was ever very strong.

My intimacy with Mrs. Lowther increased rapidly; she playfully said she intended to adopt me as her daughter; and had her influence only been allowed to work unimpeded, I do not believe my glass would now reflect the worn, thin face, lustreless eyes, and grey hair it does. She was so loving, so gentle, and so good, that I surely think the evil in my nature must have had a very strong hold to resist, as it did, her influence, even allowing for the counteracting one under the spell of which my acquaintance with her ultimately brought me.

“How soon are you to leave Paris?” she asked one day when we were out together.

“Next week, I think,” I answered, with a sigh.

“Why do you sigh over it? Do you like Paris so very much?”

“Yes, I do like it; and after so much gaiety I think a quiet life will seem very dull.”

She smiled rather sadly.

“You must not grow too fond of gaiety, Kate.”

“Why not?”

"Because it is a weed which grows apace, and terribly interferes with the growth of better plants. Besides, its pleasures soon wither, and leave a very bitter taste behind them. But whither are you going?—to England?"

"Oh no, not yet. I think General Fairfax intends to spend another year or more abroad before we go to England. I don't know whither we are going yet. We were thinking of Switzerland; but Walter thinks it is too early in the year for that."

"Quite too early, I should think; but I have a suggestion to make to you on the subject, if you have not settled any plans. We are going to the south of France for a few weeks at least, and I should like it so very much if you would go with us. Do you think General Fairfax would consent?"

"He would go anywhere I like," I exclaimed, "and I should like it very much."

"Then do talk to him about it; and perhaps afterwards, if we find each other good company, we might go to Switzerland together. Colonel Lowther does not care about being in England until quite late in the autumn, and we should not stay in the south all the summer. I should like very much to have you with me," she added, with something very like a sigh.

"And Walter would like me to be with you, I know. You do not know what a profound respect he has for you. It is very well I am not jealous, Mrs. Lowther."

"Ah, Kate, if all women had as little cause——" she said.

"What then?"

"There would be a good many happier ones in the world. There are not many men, even among the list of really good husbands, who are so devoted to their wives as your husband is to you. Guard his love well, child; it is a treasure, the full value of which you will never know unless you lose it."

The earnestness of her tone pointed her words, though then I only half suspected the truth;—that her husband, though not systematically unkind, was careless and neglectful of her; just such a husband, that the thought of having us with them, and being thereby not thrown upon him for companionship, was rather a relief to her than otherwise.

Little Madame de Martigny was in despair when she heard of the arrangement.

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Fairfax, why did you settle it so? I wanted you and the General to come with us to our château for a long visit."

"I should have liked it very much," I replied, "but we have settled all our plans."

"But you can unsettle them again. I shall talk to the General."

"No, indeed, we cannot," I replied, "for Colonel and Mrs. Lowther have altered theirs to suit ours."

"Then I am miserable; it is too cruel. I shall hate the gloomy old château now; and it would have seemed so bright if you had been there. But do you really like to go with Mrs. Lowther?"

"Yes, indeed I do; why not?"

"Do you like her so very much?"

"Very much indeed. Do not you?"

"Yes, I like her; but she is just a little *triste*, you know; she makes me feel sad when I am with her, and I cannot bear to feel sad. Do you know," she added, with a grave look coming over her bright face, "I sometimes think the holy Virgin must have looked like her. I thought of it first one day when she would insist on seeing my little Alphonse, and I sent for him. She took him on her knee, and looked at him with oh, such a look!—so sweet, but so sad! I could hardly keep from crying, and I thought then the blessed Virgin must have looked just like that when she looked at the holy Child, and that she must have had just the same pure, sad face. Don't you think so, Mrs. Fairfax?"

Before I could answer, one of her numerous admirers entered, and the merry little coquette was chattering and laughing again in moment, as if a solemn thought had never flitted across her mind in her life.

The idea impressed itself strongly on my mind nevertheless. The lively, thoughtless little Frenchwoman had hit the truth by accident. Mrs. Lowther's was a Madonna face, though not possessing the physical beauty generally belonging to such faces. It was the inner life that gave the beauty to her ordinary features, and of which they were such a faithful portrait,—that life of quiet faith and holy resignation which she had reached by such a fiery path. I felt the effect then: I can understand the cause now. I could not but feel, even then—much as I liked Madame de Martigny—how true Mrs. Lowther's remarks about her had been; when even I could understand—better than she, herself a mother, had done—the feelings with which Mrs. Lowther had caressed her child.

We started for the south of France the following week; and though my regrets were somewhat modified by going with the



"I thought of it first one day when she would insist on seeing my little Alphonse, and I sent for him. She took him on her knee, and looked at him with oh, such a look !—so sweet, but so sad !" — *Page 452.*

Lowthers, I still turned my back upon Paris and its gaieties with a sigh. The prospect of so quiet a life as ours seemed likely to be for the next six weeks at least, was not so attractive now as it would have been a few months since.

The time passed very pleasantly, however. We were a merry party, though so small a one. Mrs. Lowther never intruded her private sorrows on any one, and would never have been a drawback on any merriment. As I saw more of Colonel Lowther, I sometimes wondered she could be so cheerful, doomed to spend her life with such a man, and without loving him, which I was certain she did not do. He was pleasant enough as an ordinary acquaintance, but his selfish neglect of her wishes and feelings, and cool indifference to her love, were very apparent in the familiar intercourse of every-day life. Why such a man had ever married I could not imagine. I suppose he looked upon a wife as a sort of necessary appendage to his establishment. But I could not help thinking sometimes, that keen as the suffering had been which the loss of her child had caused her, it was perhaps less wearying than the unceasing daily trial his life might have proved. What a contrast between her fate and mine! I sometimes could almost have wished General Fairfax had been a little less thoughtful for me; it seemed as if the contrast must make her own position seem more dark. Why should she have had such a husband as Colonel Lowther, and General Fairfax such a wife as I was? I know not. I suppose the answer must lie hidden in the full development of the parable of the tares and wheat.

Mrs. Lowther and I spent many long days together, while General Fairfax and Colonel Lowther were away on expeditions too long for our powers of walking. It was on one of these occasions that she suddenly startled me by saying,—

“Kate, I want you to answer me a question.”

“What is it?” I asked.

“I am very curious to know how your marriage with General Fairfax came about. It seems so strange to me that he should have been proof against matrimony so long, and then have ended by marrying so young a girl.”

I was rather puzzled how to answer the question. I had no inclination to tell even her how the marriage had really come to pass; and after a moment's hesitation I said,—

“He married me because he could not help it.”

I saw the startled look she gave me as she asked,—

"What do you mean?"

"What I say," I answered. "I was in a very unhappy position, and General Fairfax knew it, and that there was no other way of getting me out of it, so he just married me."

"I half feared something of the kind," she replied.

"Why feared?"

"Because it is not well it should be so. But you are wrong in saying he married you because he could not help it. There may have been the necessity—of course I cannot tell about that,—but his inclination went hand in hand with it. Was it not you who married him because you could not help it?"

"I married him because he asked me to do so. If he had asked me to start with him on a journey to the moon I should have consented just as readily, and had just about as much notion what I was doing. But what makes you ask about it?"

"Because, dear Kate, I am anxious for my new daughter's happiness."

"Why?"

"Because you do not love your husband as you ought to love him."

"Mrs. Lowther," I exclaimed, "I could not love him better than I do."

"I am not sure of that, Kate; but that was not exactly what I meant. I know you love him dearly, but you have not the sort of love for him which makes a girl of your age quite safe as the wife of a man so much older than herself."

I had a half-consciousness that she was right, but I did not choose to admit it.

"What is the use of saying that to me now?"

"Because I think you have the remedy in your own hands."

"How?"

She hesitated a moment, and then said;—

"May I ask you another question, which perhaps you will think I have no right to ask?"

"Yes," I replied, but with a beating heart. I wondered what was coming.

"Did you not care for any one else when you married General Fairfax?"

"No!" I exclaimed, with a vehemence which startled her; "not a soul. When I married General Fairfax I had not the least particle of affection for any one else in the world. I did love him; but as far as any one else was concerned, my heart

was as cold as a stone ; and I do not think it is much better now."

She was evidently surprised at my vehemence ; and I fancy it raised a suspicion in her mind of there being something about our marriage which she did not know, but she only answered gently,—

" I am very glad to hear you say so, dear ; because I think in that case you may, if you will, arouse the feeling I want to see more signs of in you. I know you do love your husband, but not as I should like to see you love him ; and that first led me to imagine some other cause had to do with your marrying him. You do not know what his devotion to you is. His very life is wrapt up in you, to an extent of which I am sure you have no idea. If you would only think more about it, and notice more carefully the incessant proofs of his love which you have almost every hour of the day, I think a deeper feeling would spring up in your own heart—a feeling more like what should exist between husband and wife. Do you understand me ? "

" Yes, I understand," I replied.

" And you will forgive me for saying it ? "

" I do not care what you say. I should not like to hear any one else say so much ; but I don't think the feeling you hope for will ever come."

I did not believe it would. A faint consciousness of the fact had begun to dawn upon me before she had spoken, and a half feeling that danger might arise in consequence.

" Yes, indeed it will, if you only encourage it," she said.

I did not believe it, but I could not tell her why. I could not tell her how strongly the deep, passionate love she would fain have had me feel for my husband had once been aroused, or how ruthlessly it had been destroyed ; but I did not believe it would ever grow again. Still I felt that her words meant more than that—meant a gentle reproof, which my conscience told me I deserved for seeming sometimes almost to regard my husband's devotion as a thing of course, and for not always being as regardful of his feelings as I ought to have been. Mrs. Lowther was too wise to find fault with me openly on the subject. She knew well enough how much more likely it was, in such a case, that a reproof indirectly conveyed would produce a beneficial result, and I knew I deserved it. I knew that the fitfulness of which General Fairfax had spoken was only too often apparent

in my manner to him ; and that though he was ever kind and gentle, I made him look grave sometimes. More than once that grave look had caused me some self-reproach, and I had resolved I would be less wayward and capricious ; but my resolutions had been very fragile, and I could not but be conscious that, instead of improving—as my husband had expressed a hope I should, as time softened the memory of the past—I was becoming rather more irritable and exacting than I had been when I was first married. All these thoughts came up now, and made me only answer Mrs. Lowther with a heavy sigh,—

“What makes you sigh so heavily ?” she asked.

“I don’t know. What you said, I think. I know I am not a good wife, but I cannot help it.”

“Nay, Kate, I did not say that.”

“No, I know you didn’t, but I do.”

“But if you know it, you can help it.”

“No, I can’t ; I do love my husband, and I know far better than you can all I owe him ; but I do feel unhappy sometimes, and then I get restless and irritable.”

“I know you do, dear child. The fact is, you are doing what numbers of others in this world are doing. Seeking for happiness, and failing to find it because you are seeking the wrong way.”

“How should I seek it, then ?”

“Did you ever learn your Catechism, Kate ?” she asked with a smile.

“Yes. Why do you ask ?”

“Because it gives you the only recipe for happiness.”

“Where ?” I asked.

“Where it exhorts you to do your duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call you. If you only try to fulfil that most noble precept, you will soon find happiness will come ; but it never will so long as you make it the sole object of your search.”

“I don’t know what is my duty,” I replied.

“One important one is to be thankful for the inestimable blessing bestowed upon you in the possession of such a love as your husband bears you. If you think more about that, Kate, you will soon arrive at a knowledge of many other duties.”

She spoke in a low, almost tremulous tone, which made me for a moment contrast our respective positions. She did not say any more. It was a fine opening for a sermon, but preaching

was not in Mrs. Lowther's line, save the silent preaching of her life, and the readiness to catch the tone of thought of the moment, and turn it in the right direction. Little as she ever said directly on the subject, I felt already that her object was to lead me to a higher and holier principle of action than I had ever known;—but to lead gently and gradually, not to force it on me at every moment, until I turned from it in disgust. The only mistake was that she was working in the dark. Had she known all, I am sure she would have treated me very differently; perhaps with more effect. I think if she had gone on with the subject I should probably have felt irritated; as it was, after thinking a little about her words, I asked her,—

“What duties should I learn to see?”

“The duty,” she said earnestly, “of love and gratitude—first, to Him, who has bestowed such blessings on you; secondly, to the husband, whose deep love for you well merits such a return. But, dear Kate, I did not really intend to give you a long lecture, I only intended to point your thoughts to one or two little clouds I fancied I had detected, and which I feared, if not dissipated by the sun of love, might grow larger and darker.”

Alas! that lecture, as she termed it, was but another of those many warnings which I allowed to pass by unheeded, until it was too late for them to do more than add a sting to my bitter recollections.

CHAPTER XIII.

FITFUL SUNSHINE.

A YEAR had passed. We had spent the summer in Switzerland, and now autumn had come again Colonel and Mrs. Lowther were to start for England in a few weeks, and then General Fairfax and I were going to Spain, intending to spend the winter somewhere on the shores of the Mediterranean.

I was standing one morning at the window waiting for General Fairfax to come down to breakfast, and not in the happiest of humours, when I suddenly felt his arm passed round me from behind, and resting his chin on my shoulder, he said,—

“Kate, do you remember what day this is?”

“Thursday,” I answered.

“Nothing more?”

"No; not that I know."

"Your memory is not so good as mine, then, child. It is your wedding-day."

I started. "No; is it really, Walter? Yes, so it is; I had quite forgotten."

He did not answer, and I was silent too for a time. The thought brought up such a crowd of mingled feelings: it did not seem as if it could be only a year since all the strange events preceding my marriage had happened. Could one year have wrought such a change in me? Then, as the memory came over me of all I owed my husband from the day he had first taken me on his knee as a child, until that moment as I stood there a year-old wife, and felt his fingers playing half unconsciously with my wedding-ring, a feeling for him I had never felt before began to rise and brought the tears to my eyes. At last one fell on his hand: he started and shuddered.

"Katie!" It was all he said, but the tone was low and husky.

"I cannot help it, Walter; it is very foolish; but I ought not to have forgotten what day it was?"

"Why not?"

"Because it was the brightest day in all my life."

With a sudden exclamation General Fairfax caught me in his arms and kissed me again and again with a passionate fervour which I had never known him manifest before. He was generally so grave and quiet.

"Oh! Kate, Kate," he said at last, "you do not know what a mountain you have lifted off me."

I could only look at him in blank astonishment. I could not conceive what he could mean.

"I lift a mountain off! What do you mean?" I said, at last.

"I'll tell you presently. You have answered a question I dared not ask, and now I mean to turn father confessor. Come here, child."

He drew me down on his knee as he spoke.

"Now, look at me, little woman, and tell me truly what has made you restless and irritable of late. Nay, don't struggle; I will have an answer. Tell me truly all about it."

"I don't know, Walter."

"Are you not happy?"

"I don't know. Sometimes I am, and sometimes I feel restless and discontented with everything and everybody, and then

I get irritable. Walter, I believe you spoil me by indulging me so much."

"I cannot help that; I could not cross you in anything. But I think I can see a little what is the cause of your feeling so. You want occupation, Katie."

"I never feel inclined to occupy myself."

"Ah, that's the result of your wretched training, my poor child. Well, we will talk about that another time. Shall I tell you what I thought?"

"Yes, do."

"I had begun to fear that you were not happy; that you had found out your marriage was a mistake; that you felt your husband should have been a younger man, more, really, a companion for you than I can be; and it has been weighing me almost to the earth for the last few months as I thought you were growing more and more unhappy. Oh! Katie, I have been trying to nerve myself for a cruel wrench. I have been trying to summon courage to find out the truth, and to tell you, if such was the case, you should be free, as far as it is in my power to free you, from a galling tie;—that, if you would go and live with the Lowthers, you should in future be my wife in name alone, and then I was certain it would not be very long before you would be free to form fresh and happier ties. But hush, hush, darling, what does this mean?"

It meant such a burst of remorse and self-reproach that its violence terrified my husband. This was what had been making him look grave and anxious for so long, and this was the way I had rewarded him for all his unwearying love and devotion. While I had been selfishly thinking only of myself, he had been nerving himself rather to give me up and return to his old lonely life than to purchase happiness to himself at the price of a moment's pain to me.

It was long before I could grow calm again. I had but little control over myself when once fairly excited, and I was little more reasonable in my despair than I had been in its cause. But even now I cannot forget the look that came over my husband's face as I told him, amid a torrent of bitter self-upbraiding, that such an arrangement as he had suggested would be as cruel a stab to me as it could be to him, and would as effectually crush all my happiness.

We had a long talk afterwards over my restless feelings.

"You want occupation for your thoughts, Katie. I am afraid

you know, the devil is as prone to find occupation for idle minds as for idle hands. Yet I cannot quite understand it, child; your past life should hardly have made you feel like that: its evils were too negative to have destroyed all freshness in that way. Your mind seems like a body enervated by overmuch stimulant."

"The effect of novel-reading, I suppose." Mrs. Lowther had been talking to me about the effect of the imagination being unduly excited in the course of some of our conversations, and what she said had made some impression on me.

"But you haven't been much given to that," he said. "I have often wondered that you seemed to care so much less about them than girls of your age generally do."

"You wouldn't if you knew all," I replied.

"All what? Is there a chapter in your life I don't know?"

"There is indeed," I answered; and then I told him the whole story of my discovery as a child, and the consequence, and ran over a list of the names of books I had read.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed. "Katie, my child, why did you never tell me this before?"

"I did not like to do so. I don't think I should now if I hadn't been very penitent. I am sure now that some of them were very bad."

"Bad, my dear child! I wouldn't for the world you should read now, even as a married woman, some of the books you have named. I don't suppose you understood them, and so you have in a great measure forgotten them; but, taking the whole lot, you were just during that whole time swallowing incessant draughts of moral poison. No wonder you are such a strange mixture."

That wedding-day was a happy one, and it was the beginning of the short but the only period of my life that I believe I was really happy. The balance hung very even that day. One more confession that morning to a woman's only safe confessor in this world,—her own husband,—and I believe the whole future would have been different.

Even then, however, I was conscious that my husband's teaching was not what Mrs. Lowther's was. It was the teaching of a highly moral and noble nature, but it had not the living principle that shone in her every word and action. I used, after talking to him, to wish to act better; after talking to her, to be better; to gain something of that inner life which made her, I knew,

amidst all the trials which were so peculiarly painful to her loving, gentle nature, a happier woman than I was amidst all the blessings which had been showered upon me. If ever since I have felt inclined to let reason intrude into the province of faith, it has been when I have thought of what we both were, and of the different positions which were allotted to us.

I had noticed for some little time that Mrs. Lowther had seemed less cheerful than usual, and wondered what fresh trial was weighing her down; but I dared not breathe a word upon the subject. I never dared do that,—never even dared to strive to show the least sympathy for her in manner, lest she should think I had detected some proof of her husband's coldness. It is a very hard thing to mingle zeal with discretion where one has to do with an unhappy wife. At last, one day, however—a few days before they were to start for England—she introduced the subject herself.

"I am afraid, Kate, you must have found me a very dull companion the last ten days. I am so sorry it should have been so just as we are to part, but really, dear, I have not felt able to be very cheerful. I have had news from England which has grieved me very much."

This removed my difficulties, and I told her how grieved I had felt at seeing her in such low spirits.

"You are partly the cause," she said, with a loving smile.

"I?"

"Yes, child. I am really tried by parting from my new daughter again. It has been a great happiness to me to have you with me so long, and I shall miss you sadly."

I fear my answering thought was little beyond a vindictive mental glance at the man who rendered such companionship a matter of so much consequence to such a wife.

"But we shall meet again in England some day," I answered.

"I trust so: but that is looking forward, and I grieve for the present."

"But you said you had bad news from England: not anything very sad, I hope."

"Very sad to me, for it has dashed to the ground all the hopes I had been indulging in for one very dear to me. It is about my brother."

"I did not know you had one."

"Have I never mentioned him? I did not remember that; but I dare say it is so. Poor Gerald! he has been a great trial to me."

"You have nothing but trials," I said.

"Yes, indeed, I have," she answered, laying her hand on my head. "Don't you think the acquisition of my new daughter is something else? I am going to tell you all about my brother; I think it will do me good to tell some one about it."

"Do," I said. "I have so longed to know what was distressing you, but I did not like to ask."

"You are a dear, considerate child. Well, you know, Gerald and I were left orphans very young. He was the only creature I had to care for in the world,—I mean until I married, you know,—and I loved him dearly. After I went out to India I heard very bad accounts of him. He seemed to have grown terribly wild and dissipated; sometimes, I fear now, worse even than I know. A sister is generally the last to hear all the truth; but what I know even is bad enough. At last, to my great delight, I heard he was going to be married to a Miss Murray, a girl of whom I had heard a most charming account from some friends who knew her well. She was, they said, the very girl to be likely to succeed in steadying him. They were to have been married long since, but some difficulty arose, I believe, about the settlement of some property, and the marriage was put off for a time in consequence. Then some fresh delay arose, and so it has been going on, until I heard at last, about ten days ago, that it is finally broken off. Of course, at this distance and hearing only through letter, I do not know exactly what has happened, but from all I do hear I cannot help fearing that Gerald has behaved very badly to Miss Murray. At any rate, he is going on very badly now, and this seems to have dashed away my last hope of seeing poor Gerald become a better man, and I cannot help feeling very much cast down in consequence."

"I do not wonder: but do you not think there may be a chance of your brother marrying some one else and reforming?"

She shook her head. "People tell me he had been much quieter during the first few months of his engagement; that he had kept very much away from his dissipated associates, so I fear his is a case of falling back, and that is generally a very hopeless one, particularly with a man at Gerald's age."

"How old is he?"

"Just thirty. When a man at that age seems disposed to reform and then goes back, my experience has been that he is generally much worse than he was before, and that is my fear for Gerald. Perhaps, however, my regrets are selfish. I ought

to think of poor Miss Murray, and of the escape which she, perhaps, has had."

"You don't believe, then, in a reformed rake making the best husband?"

"Katie, my dear, who put that low, worldly notion into your young head? Do you think any human being can ever gain by having his whole moral tone lowered? You may be sure if a reformed rake does make a good husband he would have made a much better one if he had never been a rake."

"But do you think a bad man who has reformed could not be a good husband?"

"Far from it: I think he might be a very good one; but that, after all, is not the reading the world puts on that saying, which I surely think must have originated with some woman who had sold herself for gold to a profligate. You may be sure whenever you hear that saying quoted with respect to any intended marriage, that it really means an assertion, which, perhaps, few are bold enough to state in plain Saxon, that it is a wise course for a woman to marry a rake on the strength of a prospective reformation to be brought about by his marriage."

"A pleasant prospect," I exclaimed, with a shudder, as I thought of Vincent Trevor.

"Why, child, what do you know about it?" she said, with a smile.

I was checked instantly, and only said, "I know I should be very sorry to make the attempt. I do not believe if a man does not reform before his marriage he is the least likely to do so afterwards. Don't you think I am right?" I added, seeing a slight look of surprise had come across her face.

"I do; but I am surprised you should have formed such an opinion with your slight experience of the world. That is not generally the idea of young girls on such a subject."

"Mrs. Lowther," I exclaimed, half resentfully, "I do think you quite forget sometimes that I am married."

"I believe I do," she said, laughing, "though occasionally you bring the fact very strongly to my mind; you are a contradictory little creature."

"I know I am; but I don't think I shall be always. To return to our subject, however. Do you not think there is any chance when you go to England that you may succeed in effecting a reconciliation between your brother and Miss Murray?"

"I fear not. In the first place, if what I hear is true, that

the final rupture of the engagement was in consequence of indisputable proofs being placed in her hands of Gerald's profligacy at the present moment, I am sure she is the last girl who would dream of a reconciliation. Besides, Gerald will have started for the East before I reach England, so I shall have very little chance of trying. No; I am afraid he has thrown away his last chance. Poor Gerald! and he was such a merry, light-hearted fellow when I went out to India twelve years ago; I quite dread to see him again, he must be so terribly changed."

This story made a deep impression on me; there was so much romance about it. I wondered whether it was possible Gerald Lyon could be anything like Vincent Trevor, and whether Miss Murray had felt anything like I had done when——; but there, in obedience to my renewed good resolutions to check all bitter recollections, I checked the thoughts that were rising, and tried to draw Mrs. Lowther's thoughts away from her painful musings. I thought she seemed more cheerful already, and as if telling me about it had really been a relief to her.

In a few days the Lowthers were gone, and I was alone with my husband and my good resolutions, never again to plant such a thorn in his life as my conduct had caused to flourish there during the last few months. I had begun to feel that he was right, that want of some settled occupation and object in life were partly the cause of my fitfulness and caprice, and formed sundry plans for amending this defect. The thought of it rather inclined me to rejoice in the prospect of going to England the following year. In a settled home of my own I should find more to occupy my thoughts and my time as well. My resolutions were good enough. No one could have found any fault with them. I was going to forget the past, or, at least, remember it only so far as the remembrance might be useful in the future; to strive hard for self-improvement, and become a model wife to the kindest of husbands. All just what it should have been; there was but one flaw, but then it was a very important one. My fair fabric of good resolutions had simply no foundation. It was only built upon the shifting sands of temporarily excited feelings; but for the present moment there were no winds and storms, and so it looked very promising, at least to an eye so inexperienced in reading human nature as mine was.

WORD GOSSIP.

BY THE REV. W. L. BLACKLEY, M.A.

IX.—PECULIARITIES OF WORDS HINDRED IN MEANING.

WE occasionally meet with a couple of words, each conveying, if not the same, at least a modification of the same idea, bearing some such striking resemblance to each other as to interest our passing attention, and leading us to feel that, had we time, had we patience, had we some sufficient preparatory acquaintance with the subject, we might trace out some still stronger resemblance, and thread with pleasure some attractive labyrinth of investigation. We meet such a notion in our conversation, or our reading; and as we hear or read, we often feel we should like to make a collection of such matters; time and the slight trouble of noting down the points as they occur would be sure to accumulate proof of the accuracy of our views, or their error, as the case might be, and materials thus gathered from hour to hour might be distilled to sweetness, rectified by experience, and stored away, if only for our own private consumption in the pleasant form of a nectar of knowledge.

But unfortunately men do not generally read with a pencil in their pocket, or rather in their hand; nor do they patronize the plan of jotting down their daily notions as Pecksniff professed to do his nightly dreams. One book of reference, indeed, almost all the human race seems to indent with pencil-marks—the Royal Academy Catalogues. All “round about and in and out” the exhibition-rooms the mighty crowd of honest critics who “know what they like themselves” (and generally nothing further) wield busily amidst the surging crowd the pencil of appreciation. See (if you will, through my eyes, which saw them yesterday) that pretty girl with tearful glance putting down emphatic crosses (as if playing at the noble game of tit-tat-to) against O’Neil’s “Night before Waterloo,” and there again that “languid swell” in conchological pantaloons, (how else shall we call them, for they make his legs look like razor shells?) actually marking

the numbers which meet his approval with a great new carpenter's pencil, which he can only have smuggled in as a walking-stick, since there is not a pocket about his person in which he could insert it without danger of starting a seam. These are single types of a class whose name is legion. They go home and talk a little about the pictures, come once or twice more, till the stitches of their marked catalogue crack with its frequent crumpings, and the interesting work itself becoming absolutely shabby, is consigned to the purgatory of the waste-paper basket, or the Gehenna of firelighting. Such markings after all are but of little use. But if it were as general for men and women not merely to keep their eyes open, but by means of paper and pencil to provide a sort of mental store-room for points of interest that strike them in their reading day by day, they would be astonished at how much enjoyment and enlightenment they might be preparing for themselves.

Apropos of astonishment, let us take as a simple instance worth noting the class of words signifying the effect of sudden surprise, and see how every one of them are connected together with a fundamental idea which we can only express by a metaphorical reference to thunder. How often most people say they are "astonished" without thinking of its metaphorical meaning; and how much more forcibly they express their surprise in saying they are "thunderstruck," while they use the very same word (which in yet another form they employ chiefly in a physical sense) when they speak of a person being *stunned* by a fall. *Astounded* is only another form of the same word, and yet we have in fact a different meaning in applying each of these words though they all express the same original idea; while if we want really to say that a person has been literally *astonished*, *astounded*, *thunderstruck*, or *stunned*, we are obliged to use a periphrasis by saying, "*he was struck by lightning*," so completely has the literal meaning been ousted by the figurative.

If we look a little further into the analogies of this class of words, we shall find them running, as so many do, through a whole cycle of languages. Just to cite the tongues with which most persons of ordinary education in the present day are familiar, we find the very same point illustrated. We have in Latin *attonitus*, in French *étonné* (in its older form still nearer to the Teutonic cognates, *estonné*), and in German *erstaunt*, all expressing the same idea, while in the modern instances, the French and German, as in the English, another word has to be

found to express the literal idea, and we find *foudroyé* in the one and *verdonnert* in the other, both continually used in a figurative sense as well. We may also note in passing, that our language in the exercise of its right to make arbitrary distinctions where those who use it will not adhere to proper analogies, seems to have nearly established a difference between the two forms *thunderstruck* and *thunderstricken*, using the latter to express the actual sense of *blasting*, which the former, now meaning only great surprise, is no longer able to convey.

The fact of this usurpation of the literal to a figurative meaning occurring in so many languages naturally leads us to ask ourselves for some reason why it should be so. In the nature of things blasting by lightning must have always been a most exceptional event; one so very rare as to occur, if to the knowledge, at least not in the sight of one man in a million; moreover, that a person should be so stricken and yet recover must have been an occurrence still more exceptional; the use, therefore, of the word at first must have been almost as extravagant as the Irishman's expression for being hurt, "I'm kilt intirely," and we can only attribute its reception to the habit of exaggeration which seems natural and almost necessary to human speech, and which, so far from finding fault with, we are generally as little apt to be conscious of as we are to consider what greater exaggerations must exist in the outlines of an ordinary map. This tendency to exaggeration I purpose illustrating further when we come to gossip on the subject of expletives.

Let us now turn to another string of words, whose connection with each other most people are in some sort familiar with; I mean the names of measures of length, taken from the human body. We may begin with the *hair's breadth*, and thence run through the names of *nail*, *inch*, *palm*, *hand*, *span*, *foot*, *cubit* (or *ell*), *pace*, and even *fathom*. It may be well to show the reasonableness of assigning the less obvious of these terms (namely, *inch*, *span*, *ell*, and *fathom*) to measures of the human body. *Inch* in the first place. This we have from the Latin *uncia*, signifying firstly an *inch*, the twelfth part of a foot, thence an *ounce*, the twelfth part of a pound, and finally, the twelfth part of anything whatever. Now this word is commonly referred to a Greek form *ὀνκία*, a further origin for which in that language we may seek in vain; Von Müller calls it Sicilian and Etruscan; but there seems to me good reason for assigning it a Latin birth, since by so doing we can find for it an intelligible etymology. And here in passing

let me see how important it is not to allow ourselves to be nose-led by dictionary-makers, who necessarily must copy to some extent from one another. If we want really to get to the "root" of a matter (above all things important in etymology), let us make a point of sifting evidences, and not be too ready to take matters for granted. We find this precious *obyria* adopted by authorities as trustworthy as Scheler¹ and Messrs. White and Riddle;² and its acceptance, of course, would make the use of the word inch an exception to what the analogy of other words of measure leads us to look for, a reference to some part of the body. It is, therefore, satisfactory, on turning to worthy old Schrevelius for a history of *obyria*, to find him simply dismiss it thus: "*Obyria, uncia. Vox Latina.*" Thus we may speak in English of a man in Paris spending a thousand francs, but we should think it hard for that reason to be obliged to say the French word *franc* was derived from the English adopted term. *Obyria* may therefore be dismissed from our minds altogether, and we may start fair for some other origin of the term *uncia*, and this I should refer to the root of *uncus*, a *hook* or *bend*, as signifying the top joint of the *thumb*.

No doubt there are many of my readers ready to cry out at such a far-fetched idea, and to say that on the same principle any one word may be derived from any other. But let us examine it a little further. What is the French word for an *inch*? *Pouce*, which also means a thumb. What is the derivation of *pouce*? The Latin *pollex*, a *thumb*; used sometimes in the sense of measuring.³ And how is length to be measured by the thumb, especially a length representing about an inch, except by bending the thumb and measuring its top joint along the matter to be calculated? In connection with this I would note how all over terms for measures taken from parts of the body not actually self-defined, as hand, palm, foot, &c., apply not to the rigid, but to the flexed posture. *Cubit* refers to the length from the *bended* elbow on which one *reclines*. *Ell*, the Latin *ulna*, to the name given to the large bone of the arm, from the same point which the Germans call "*Ellenbogen*" and we "*Ell-bow*," the *bend* where the ell begins; *pace* to the oppositely

¹ "Dictionnaire d'Etymologie Française," 1862.

² "Latin-English Dictionary," 1866.

³ Compare our housekeeper's expression for measuring approximately, "by rule of thumb."

bended position of the hip-joints, *span* to the oppositely *bended* joints of the thumb and wrist.

But doubtless my readers may say of me, "Give this fellow an *inch*, and he will take an *ell*," if I plague them longer about this one particular word. I dismiss it, therefore, with remarking that the use of the word *span* incidentally does away with one objection to my referring, as I have done, a *bend* in general to a *bend of the thumb* in particular. To *span* is to *stretch*; a *span*, any stretch whatever; and yet, in the absence of any distincter definition of the thing to which it is applied, we accept the general term as the measure of a *stretched hand* without any sort of hesitation.

We now come to show the corporeal measure implied by the use of the term *fathom*. It signifies, as we all know, a measure of six feet, and is now limited as a substantive to a nautical sense. We find the German of this word to be *Faden*, the general term for a *string* or thread. We can see a striking analogy between the German and English in the expression *Ein Faden Holz*, a *cord of wood*; but yet the words *Faden* and *fathom* both refer primarily not to a thread or cord which binds things together, but really to the space grasped by the outstretched arms. Of this we find the following convincing proofs; in the Old Saxon (Heliand, 90, 19) we have the form *fadhon*, signifying *the arm*, while Bask quotes the Anglo-Saxon *Fæthm*, in the sense of *an embrace*, and Björn Haldorson (in his Icelandic Dictionary) gives *Faden* as equivalent to *the outstretched arms*. If we want a conclusive analogy from a Romanic language we have but to look to the French equivalent for our nautical *fathom*, which we find to be *brasse*, from *bras* the arm; and if further we seek a reason why this measure should be named rather from the outstretched arms than from the stature of a man (these being generally of about the same length); we can but point out that the very act of measuring one's own length (except in the involuntary sense) would be performed with the arms rather than with the body.

Let us now turn to a class of words which have made themselves indispensable in our language, and all, if closely examined, proving to refer to the same idea, that of divination by signs in the sky, either of stars or of birds. I mean the words italicized in the following sentence: "I should *consider* any enterprise undertaken under his *auspices ill-starred* and likely to end in *disaster*, and should *augur* most unfavourably for its success, if

entrusted *in an evil hour* to one of such *sinister* aspect and *abominable* character." Of course, most of my readers only require to have their attention drawn to this fact to find its accuracy obvious; but there may here and there be one for whose benefit I must give a few words of explanation, even at the risk of proving tiresome to the better informed.

Of these italicised words, then, which we may remark to be every one of Romanic origin, *auspices*, *augur*, *sinister*, *in evil hour*, and *abominable* refer to the ancient system of presaging, not actual events, but the probability of their proving favourable from watching the flight of birds. In Rome there was an actual college of augurs whose business was not restricted to divination by watching of birds alone, as that of the *auspices* strictly was, but who had also to declare and interpret omens from other things, such as thunder, lightning, &c. By degrees, however, the *augur* and *auspex* seem to have become united in the same idea, though that some distinction existed between their functions appears from the following quotation from Ennius:—

“Dant operam simul *auspicio augurisque*.”

We use the word *auspices* in a very incorrect sense, which the Latin by no means supports. The word is the plural form of *auspex* (a diviner of the flight of birds); the expression, then, “*under his auspices*,” would imply that the person spoken of employed a number of such diviners. The proper form would be “under him as an *auspex*,” that is, “at his instigation.” A familiar quotation or two will show this plainly; for instance, the following, for which see Horace, or any Latin grammar or Delectus:—

“Nil desperandum est Tencro, duce et *auspice* Tencro;”

or this from Virgil:—

“*Diis auspiciibus* coeptorum operum;”

literally, “the God being *auspices* of the works begun.”

The augurs were consulted before entering on any undertaking, whence we have the expression *to inaugurate* a building, an enterprise, &c.; and so important was the presence of some one of soothsayer kind, that at a marriage the “best man,” or “*παπανύμφιος*,” was called the “*nuptiarum auspex*.” The best man now-a-days has rather different functions, his special business being to “return thanks” for the bridesmaids, and to be to them a soothsayer, as a matter of course, of all sorts of favourable things. *Sinister* means unfavourable, because a portent, from

which the augur or auspex drew his prophecy or *omen* (declaration), if seen on the left side, was unfavourable. To *abominate* means strictly "to deprecate an omen," a thing constantly done in Latin by using the words "absit omen;" and having its equivalent still in Roman Catholic countries in the form of crossing one's self on hearing or seeing anything terrible, or in such ejaculations constantly used by the Irish peasantry, as "The saints be about us," "God be between us and harm," &c.

The expression "in a good (or evil) hour," though perhaps wrongly attributed to astrological use, conveys exactly the same idea, and is a form of *abomination*, or of deprecating an omen. To seem to make a boast of anything not actually due to our own powers or merits almost invariably gives the impression that the ground of boasting may be taken away; so, for instance, if a man say, "I have admirable health; I have never had a day's illness;" one almost immediately feels inclined to say, "In a good hour be it spoken." For this the Latins would have said something like, "Quod faustum felixque sit," and the Germans would say "unberufen," that is, "not called for," meaning "may this not invoke ill health upon you." The French have the very same idiom as ours, though they have come to apply it by way of encouragement, and no longer as a deprecation of evil.

Thus, if you relate to a Frenchman anything satisfactory to yourself or to him, he will say "A la bonne heure!" much as we should say, "Bravo, capital, well done!" That this form of expression, both in French and English, should be generally, and with more show of reason assigned to an astrological source, arises from a very natural confusion of the two superstitions, augury and astrology, such as has caused the Old-French words *bonëur*, *malëur*, to be spelt with an interpolated *h*, as *bonheur*, *malheur*. The astrologist drew a *horoscope* for a new-born child, from which the idea naturally came that the *horoscope* being favourable the child was *well-houred*, and should be happy (*heureux*), or have happiness (*bonheur*). But then we see that no one ever attempted to spell *bonheur* as *bonneheure*, which would have been the consistent course on such a supposition. So we must look for another origin, which lies nearer, and is to be found in the Provençal, *aür*, syncopated from *augur*, *augurium*. So the Provençal has *bonaür* (good augury) and *malaür* (evil augury), for happiness and misery, and the Old-French had almost the identical form, as I have already shown. Thus our saying "in a good hour be it spoken," truly means, "be it spoken

under a good augury," and is equivalent to the Latin form of "abominating" or deprecating evil—"absit omen."

We may note further, as analogous to the French "good luck" expressing *happiness*, that the very word *happiness* implies the idea of *chance*, as well as the German equivalent, which is *Glück*, and that the French word for luck itself is "chance."

I proceed to note the other terms drawn from astrology proper. Let us consider first the very word *consider*: It is derived from the Latin *con*, *with*, and *sidus* (pl. *sidera*), *a star*; and has reached its present use from the study of the relative positions of stars to each other under astrological observation. By the way, as I have had occasion to note already in the case of other words, we come sometimes with unconscious and instinctive accuracy to use these old forgotten metaphors with singular fitness. Of this we can have no better illustration than the use of this word *consider* in the eighth Psalm—"When I *consider* Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the *moon* and the *stars*; which Thou hast ordained."

Of course; I need hardly explain the meaning of the words *disaster* or *ill-starred*; after this indication of their astrological use. The expression "in the ascendant" is also self-interpreting; but it will occur to few persons to note that our common word *aspect* is used also in an astrological metaphor. The expression to view; or to present a thing *under* a favourable aspect proves this to be so; the figure becomes a different one when we are said to regard a thing *in* various aspects.

The original connection of singing and dancing has supplied us with a number of words taken from the latter proceeding to express the former, or *vice versa*, much in the same way as we find professors of one art, for want of better words, using the terms of another to express the merits of their own. How fond the musical critics are, for instance, of characterizing a performance as "destitute of light and shade," while a fantasia is designated as *brilliant*, or a comic song as *flashy*; so the Germans use the word *Coloratur* for a musical embellishment, and we even hear the heroic metaphor of "a composition of sober complexion;" the sister art returning the compliment by speaking of one colour *harmonizing* or *according* with another, of the *tone* of a picture, or the *toning* of a photograph; whilst the irrepressible slang which has favoured us with a *flashy song* can counter-balance it with the appropriate description of a *loud waistcoat*.

Even thus singing and dancing have adopted the same words,

which for our convenience we have slightly varied, keeping *ball* for a social dance, *ballet* for a theatrical one, and *ballad* for a song. It is beside my present purpose to go into the exact derivation of the Italian *ballare*,¹ a dance, from whence these terms descend, though I cannot help noting how badly off people can be sometimes for a root, when we find Wackernagel deriving it from the fact that in the Middle Ages as well as among the Greeks the game of ball was played with accompaniments of music and dancing. It is unquestionable that singing naturally accompanied dancing, and that, in turn, amongst the bards forcible action was used to illustrate song, so that there is nothing more surprising in our calling a piece of lively descriptive verse by a name signifying a dance than in our calling a piece of music a waltz or a polka. The analogy goes still further, for we find the words *chorus* and *choir*, which we only apply to singing, taken from the Greek *χορός*, which properly means a dance. Thus, it might be etymologically accurate, though productive of dire confusion, to call the "ladies of the chorus" "ladies of the ballet," and the absurdity of Box in the farce calling on Cox to sing a *chorus*, might have its linguistic justification.

We may carry this analogy further still by noting that the word *jig*, which now only means a sort of dance, used to be applied to pieces of poetry of the ballad sort. Thus it occurs in "Hamlet" (Act II., sc. 2); and a specimen is given in the newly printed Percy Folio MS. (vol. ii., pp. 334 *et seq.*), under the title "A Jigge." A reference also to some of the earlier translations of the Bible will also show us "The Ballad of Ballads," printed for "The Song of Songs."

It will add one to former illustrations of the manner in which our language, if retaining at all two real synonyms, takes care to assign to them distinct offices, if I note how marked a difference we make in our use of the two words *chorus* and *choir*, the latter being now almost exclusively applied to ecclesiastical singers. This is one of the great advantages which our language derives from the fact of its admixture of many elements, and goes far to compensate us for the want of that marvellous plasticity which enables the Germans to form words at will out of the elements of their own language to fit and define any shade of idea. Indeed, we may even go further, and say that our

¹ It probably comes from the Rom. *balla*, a ball, from reference to its shape, giving the idea of circulation. Hesychius makes the Greek *χορός*, a dance, equivalent to *κύκλος*, a circle.

tongue has actually waived the privilege of manufacturing compounds because it can provide equivalents for them by a judicious use in varied forms and various senses of the words it takes from other tongues. Of course, *Finger-hut* and *Handschuh* (*finger-hat* and *hand-shoe*) are words which are not merely signs but definitions of what they signify, but if we had not the simpler and shorter *thimble* and *glove*, we might use the compounds ourselves with as good reason as we speak of a *jam-pot* or a *cork-screw*. And in the instance before us, *chorus* and *choir*, we are actually better off than either our French or German neighbours, who have only the word in its single form *chœur* or *chor*, to signify any body of singers whatever.

There is this remarkable peculiarity to be noticed in the whole class of words by which we refer to something to be done after a short interval of time, that the expressions all in their strict sense ignore the implied interval altogether. If we want a thing done by a person engaged in something else, we get for answer, "I will do it *presently*, *immediately*, *directly*, *anon*;" now every one of these words properly mean on the spot, without any delay whatever; but common usage has so altered their signification, that not one of them bears the sense of what should be their equivalent, *now*; on the contrary, they all imply such a qualification as is implied in the expression "*just now*." This variation of sense is of the same sort but not so extreme as that which really brings a word or a sentence at times to signify the very contrary of what its sound implies. As an instance of a word doing this, I may cite *synonym*, which properly means a word of exactly the same meaning as another, a sense we retain in the adjective form unchanged, when we speak of one expression being synonymous with another; but when we talk of a book of synonyms we mean really a book which points out the differences, often immense in detail, between words whose resemblance is possibly of a very limited nature. We can, again, have no better instance of a sentence being universally used in a way entirely contrary to its meaning than the common one of "he speaks through his nose;" for it is just when the nose is held, or the nostrils obstructed, so that neither sound nor air can pass, that the nasal twang is produced which we describe in terms so diametrically opposed to fact.

The charlatan (literally *chatterer*, whose title we have well translated by the onomatopoetic word *quack*) may illustrate by means of his servant's functions a numerous class of words, such as

Merry-Andrew, Jack Pudding, Hans-Wurst, Zany, Toadeater, and Buffoon. The first-named explains itself; *Jack Pudding* is a literal translation of the German *Hans-Wurst*, the pudding in either case referring to the sausages, or the pretended sausages which the Merry-Andrew always appeared to be swallowing by the yard or fathom; *Zany* (Zanni) is but the Italian for *Jack*, being abbreviated for *Giovanni*, just as *Hans* is the termination *Hannes* of *Johannes*. Toadeater had its early signification also from the horrible things which the quack's familiar pretended to swallow. Just in proportion as the quack laid claim to supernatural wisdom was his servant required to pretend to supernatural silliness; well trained in his profession, and being, of course, far more knave than fool, his duty was to show most obsequious reverence to his master, and never to hesitate a moment in obeying his most extravagant commands. At the same time, to collect the crowd his master was to cure, and to keep them together when collected, he was obliged entirely to forfeit every claim he might have ever laid to native dignity and the respect of his fellow-men. A similar motive, often attended with a similar result, makes the term toadeater fitly apply to a servile flatterer. This same trick of pretending to eat reptiles, such as toads, has been held by some as the origin also of the term buffoon, buffoonery, from the Latin *bufo*, a toad. I give the notion here for so much as it is worth, at the same time observing that it is a disputed point of etymology into which for many reasons it would be unprofitable for us to enter at present.

Before the old infantry musket be so totally forgotten in these days of weapons of precision as that its very name of "Brown Bess" be lost to meaning and to memory, it may be allowed me to record the origin of its appellation. The *brown* is merely an alliterative epithet, the *Bess* being equivalent to the German *Büchse*, applied to a rifle, a box; the French *buse*, a tube; the Flemish *buis*. We see its use in the word blunderbuss (properly thunder-buss), arquebuss, and the almost disused French word *obus*, a piece of heavy ordnance.

X.—ON SOME CURIOUS ANALOGIES OF DERIVATION.

The fact that, whether noted or not, the immense majority of our sentences are figurative rather than literal, will naturally account for the extraordinary similarity to be found in the figurative forms and expressions of many languages. Some of these instances, and in fact a great many, arise from the necessity of the case, the

same idea in various tongues obtaining the same expression; but many, on the other hand, are simply literal translations from one language to another, or from some older source into two or more modern languages. Some are children by blood, and some children by adoption; but they are many more in number than we are at all apt to observe. For example, of the first I may adduce a common instance. The verb to *read* means also, either directly or in some very slight modification, to *choose*, or *gather*, in Greek, Latin, German, and French. Greek λέγω, Latin *lego*, French *lire* (*élire*, to *choose*, *elect*), German *lesen* (*aus-lesen*, to choose). Even in English we find the same word in almost universal provincial use; namely, in the dialectic expression to *lease*, signifying to *glean*. This similarity can of course only arise from a common origin, of which it forms an illustration as effective in its way, as so-called irregularity of form does in the instances which all the five languages I refer to exhibit of having no regular positive equivalent to "good," for the comparatives *better* and *best*. The Greek ἀγαθός, the Latin *bonus*, the French *bon*, the German *gut*, the English *good*, have no structural affinities whatever to their respective comparatives and superlatives. Another such peculiarity, noteworthy in languages so distinct as German and Latin, namely, that the word signifying "he eats" is the same as that signifying "he exists," may give an instance, on the other hand, of analogy by necessity, both languages, either in themselves or their ancestors, thus showing the early acceptance of the axiom that food is essential to life.

But the analogies I purpose briefly alluding to in this section are not so obvious as these, and I merely put them forth as curiosities, not as depending upon, or suggestive of, any structural theories whatever.

The first I notice gives us an instance of translation from one language to another, and suggests also the fact of some sort of tradition being lost which gave the term its origin. I mean our name, *Woodroof*, for the plant *asperula odorata*. Webster's (the only dictionary in which I find any attempt to explain the derivation of the term) simply refers it to *wood*, and *ruff* or *roof*, which, as far as meaning goes, only amounts to telling us what we knew already, that the word consists of two syllables; and yet a few lines above he has given the real origin of the word under "wood-reeve, the steward or overseer of a wood." Of course, *reeve* is a word familiar to all readers of the Robin Hood ballads or Sir Walter Scott's novels; it is derived from the Anglo-Saxon

gerefa, and is thus equivalent to the German *Graf*, a count, and signifies "one in authority." We have the expression still in the word *sheriff* (shire-reeve), whose business to the present day is to put the king's writ in execution. But what bears on our present subject in the matter is, that we find the German name of the same plant to have a precisely similar meaning, its form being *Waldmeister*, the master of the wood.

A somewhat similar analogy is to be found in the German word for a wren, of which we have happily retained the legend though our term is not equivalent. In Ireland, as in England, St. Stephen's day is that of a massacre of the innocents in the hedgerows, probably in celebration of the fact that the saint was stoned to death, a method the most universally used against the birds on a day generally observed as a holiday, and spent as many holidays are, in a woeful effort to get over the time. On that day every old gun, musket, pistol, ay petronel, and arquebus, if such things still exist, is taken down from the hook, and the whole country vibrates with perpetual detonations. But still there are more idle boys than ancient guns, and many have to do their yearly sporting with the only weapon they can find, and pelt sparrows, wrens, and robins all the day long with stones and pebbles. Now these sportsmen combine the looking for Christmas-boxes with their sport, and pass from house to house begging for contributions, calling themselves "the wren-boys." They sing a sort of charter song, much in the same way as Christmas mummers, and to the following effect, though my memory does not serve me as to the "*ipsissima verba*"—

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
St. Stephen's day was caught in the furze,
Come give us a bumper, or give us a cake,
Or give us a copper for Charity's sake."

Now this very idea of the wren, one of the smallest, being called the king of all birds, finds a striking analogy in the fact that his German name is *zaunkönig*, the *hedge-king*, and that his name in French is *roitelet*, the *little king*, and in Latin *regulus*, with the same meaning. The origin of this peculiarity of nomenclature was most probably the little yellow crest or crown on the head of that tribe of wrens, which we distinguish by the name of the "gold crest," but the name itself no doubt suggested the well-known legend of the birds agreeing to choose as king the one who should soar highest; the eagle having overtopped all competitors, and having reached the highest point in his power, was

ousted from the throne he had hoped to gain by a little wren, which, having sheltered under his wing, was able to soar higher than himself and so to claim the crown he ever since has worn.

Let us turn to another analogy for the elucidation of which we must have recourse for a moment to schoolboy slang. I mean that suggested by our word *stuff*. Now this, though in its original meaning, signifying "matter" in general, we use contemptuously as characterizing some tale or statement either absurd or incredible. In this sense the Germans use an equivalent, the words *zeug* and *stoff*, literally "material for production;" and hence, as also with our word *stuff*, signifying a texture of any kind. But they prefix an adjective to it, "*dummes zeug*," *stupid stuff*. What we should call "twaddle" they call also *kram*, a word properly applying to the multitudinous wares which a pedlar (*krämer*) carries in his wallet for sale. Now, in the sense of something incredible or absurd the schoolboys call a statement a *cram*, and they even have the phrase to "*stuff one up*" with a story in the sense of making one believe a falsehood. Is it not then a striking analogy that the only legitimate use of the word *cram* in English should be to *stuff full*, as we speak of cramming a carpet-bag, or to feed excessively, as we speak of cramming fowls? But we can carry the analogy still further. If we look for the French word to *stuff* (as fowls for table, &c.), we find it *farcir*, and *stuffing* itself we find to be *farce*, the very word which we only use in a dramatic sense as applied to a ridiculous play.

A similar analogy may be found in another couple of familiar expressions which we use to express contempt of something told us. I mean the semi-sanctioned *fiddle-de-dee!* and the unqualified piece of slang, *bosh!* Why on earth we should say fiddle-de-dee in the sense we do, I cannot undertake to explain; but it is a singular coincidence that we also, when desirous to be more emphatic than elegant in expressing the same idea, use unconsciously as exact a synonym as if we said, "Oh! violin." the word *bosh* being, in fact, the pure gipsy word for fiddle.

We have another curious pair of words in different meanings; *beetle* and *calender*, which may be worth a little observation. The process of preparing linen, now done in what is called a beetling mill, has always been carried on also, on a small scale, by pounding the linen with a sort of mallet, much like a cook's rolling-pin provided with a handle at the end, or still more closely resembling a brass roasting-jack turned upside down.

This instrument goes by the name of a *beetle*; and its most natural derivation is unquestionably the word to *beat*, exactly describing the use to which it is put. Where large quantities of linen had to be treated, another method was used for shortening labour, and the mangle in its various forms was introduced. It became further necessary to glaze the linen by an extension of the process, and so the art of *calendering* was introduced, which required the use of *cylinders* filled with hot coals. Now nothing can be more reasonable than to suppose that the word *calender* came from *cylinder*, a derivation which all the etymologists refer to, and some seem to have made up their minds upon; yet it is curious to find that the word *calendre* in French, and *Calendra* in Spanish, is the name of a sort of *beetle*, and doubtless applied to that insect ages before any one thought of supplanting the primitive *hand beetling* of linen by machinery. It would be entering on a conjecture, the truth of which cannot be proved, to suggest that the general shape of the insect, the head representing the handle, and the body the thick, round part of the instrument, gave the name to one or other; but it may be worth while to mention, as a sort of support of this conjecture, that the form of our word *calender* or *calander* places certain difficulties in the way of derivation from the Greek *κάλινδρος*. I may end this section with another word and its analogies without bringing my readers too deeply into derivations. It is the word "*sleeper*" applied to the logs of timber on which railway metals are laid. We have the French *sommier*, signifying both a main beam in a building, on which most others rest, and a mattress, and analogous to this we have the French word *sommeil* for *sleep*. We find, again, the word Bressumer, or Brestsummer in English, as implying much such a beam; and it may be that from such analogy the word *sleeper* has been taken. It is, however, right to say that the word *sommier*, a beam, seems more reasonably referable to its other meaning, "a beast of burden" (as we say a *sumpter*-mule), and that the heavy beam takes its name from the burden it supports; much as we also speak of a *clothes-horse*, a *towel-horse*, while the French call such matters *chevalet* (*cheval*, a horse), and the Germans *bock*, a buck. A further investigation of this point gives us also a further analogy to reflect on; the French word *poutre*, a beam, being derived from *poultre*, a colt.

AFTER THE FIRST EUCHARIST.

BY S. J. STONE, B.A.

THE thirteenth and four following chapters of the Gospel of St. John record the words of the Saviour to His disciples during the interval between the first celebration of the Holy Communion in the upper room in Jerusalem, and the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane.

The Lord had risen and had washed the feet of the twelve, as though to fulfil in a manner (so suggests Origen characteristically) that which had been spoken prophetically by Isaiah of the Apostles: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace!" Then, in tribulation of spirit, He had predicted His betrayal by one even of them; and Judas, having taken the sop, had gone out from amongst them with Satan in his heart.

"It was night," and as the son of perdition passed out of their presence, Jesus, beginning the wonderful discourse which occupies these chapters, said to the eleven, "Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in Him."

The discourse as far as the end of the fourteenth chapter was spoken in the upper room, where the institution of the Eucharist took place: then in the words, "Arise, let us go hence," the disciples received His direction to leave this room and go with Him towards Gethsemane. The opening words of the next chapter—"I am the true vine, and My Father is the husbandman"—were doubtless suggested by the vineyards and gardens which lay in the suburbs of the city, and through which they passed on their way to the Mount of Olives. All the rest of the discourse, together with the prayer to the Father, with which it concludes, was therefore said during the time occupied in the passage through and out of the city and its suburbs as far as the brook Cedron, which flows in the ravine between the city and the Mount of Olives. The name of this brook, as Dr. Wordsworth infers, is probably here mentioned by the evangelist to suggest a reference to the history of David in his passage "over the brook Kidron" when he fled from his rebellious son (2 Sam. xv. 23). "So Christ," he says, "who in His

sufferings was prefigured by David, now passes over it, being rejected by His own city and people. This was the time of His Agony; and now His Passion may be said to begin. The descent into this vale, and the passage over this dark brook, were His path to light and glory. 'He drank of the brook in His way, therefore shall He lift up His head.' This brook lay at the foot of the Mount of Olives, where He had been hailed by prophetic hosannas, and His path had been strewn by branches of palm: from that mount He was about to ascend into heaven, and to hold forth the olive branch of peace to a reconciled world. Thus the dark boughs of the cedars of the brook, in the vale of suffering, which led our Saviour to the hill of glory, were entwined with palm branches of victory and with olive leaves of peace."

These thoughts in connection with the brook are suggested by the probable derivation of the name from a Hebrew root signifying *dark*, and from the likelihood that cedars were growing near it at this time.

Before we return to our more especial subject, the discourse, we cannot forbear quoting the reflections of the same commentator on the fact that the scene of the Agony of the Redeemer was a garden. "Our Lord's Passion began with His Agony in this garden; and in a garden He arose from the dead. The first Adam fell, and we fell with him, in a garden, in a *Gan-Eden*, or "garden of delight." And we suffered with the second Adam in the garden of Agony, the garden of Gethsemane; and we arose with Him in the garden of Calvary, and by that we are restored to the paradise of God, the *Gan-Eden* of everlasting joy."

It is because they contain this last discourse of the Saviour that these chapters of the Gospel of St. John form what is perhaps—to those by whom the Book of God is loved—the dearest part of all the holy record, with the single exception of the narrative of the Sacrifice. As he who treasured up these words from his Master's lips was the dearest to Him, humanly speaking, of all His disciples, so does all his Gospel seem to commend itself more directly to our hearts than the others, breathing, though they all do, each as truly as the other, with the power of the Holy Ghost; and so, too, in this preferred Gospel, these chapters are the most preferred.

There are several reasons why this should be the case. In the first place, the substance of these chapters is peculiar to St. John's account; for although each of the other Gospels has something in it which the others have not, either of incident or

of saying, yet none present any peculiar feature to compare with this either in length or in interest.

Again, as the record of him whom especially Jesus loved—who lay nearest to His human heart at that awful Holy Supper—we expect the chapters to be, as they are, full of the Redeemer's marvellous love: to breathe, as they do, with an exceeding tenderness from the very depths of the heart of the God-Man. Again, in the matter of interest, there is everything to fix the attention and raise expectation.

(I.) The words are to the Apostles alone.

(II.) They deal with that future for them and for the Church which as yet they had scarcely contemplated, and but very dimly understood or foresaw.

(III.) They are the dying words of Jesus: His farewell utterance to His beloved and elect.

I. They are to the Apostles alone: not only were Pharisees, Scribes, and Sadducees absent, and all that had heard him with scoffing and contempt, but even that false disciple, the "familiar friend" in pretence, who was "laying great wait for his Master," even he—excommunicated by those dread words of dismissal—had gone out from the little company, and they were "clean." Before this time, for the most part the Lord had spoken subject to the "contradiction of sinners," now He was speaking for the direction and consolation of saints—His own, whom the Father had given Him.

II. So He dealt with their Future, and in their future that of the whole Church to come, with a new emphasis and a greater distinctness.

Calling them His "little children," He told them that although they could not yet come where He was going, nor follow Him till afterwards, they were henceforth to walk in a *new* way, according to the "new commandment" of the more excellent way of His *new* covenant: in love for one another, such as that wherewith He had loved them. And this "true note of the Church" He strikes in the parable of the vine, showing that this mutual love is a necessary condition of true "abiding" in Him: and again in His prayer for their unity in the Father and in Him. Of His oneness with the Father He told them, even more emphatically and plainly than before, and declared that to the Father's house of many mansions He was but passing on before to prepare for them a place. He promised the advent amongst them and upon them of the Third Person of the Holy

Trinity for their instruction, direction, and consolation. He foretold plainly their coming tribulation, but forbade them to be troubled in heart, or to be afraid, for in Him they should have peace—His peace which He would leave with them; though they should be accounted to be of all men the most miserable, yet “their joy should be full,” for the Blessed Paraclete, Whom the world could not receive, should dwell with them for ever.

Then as His words of exhortation and prediction—premonitions of war and peace, of suffering and glory—ceased in their ears, awe-struck they heard Him, as He passed on with His eyes lifted up to heaven, pray to the Father for them and for all His Church, for their preservation from the Evil One, for their unity, for their sanctification through the Word of His truth, for their communion in His glory and His love.

III. Again, these were dying words, a farewell to them for this life.

With His “little children” He was now to be “but a little while:” His hour was at hand, and He was to be parted from them. This interval between that last Passover and first Eucharist and the coming of the traitor was brief; and then, before they should see Him again—before with His risen body He should ascend to the Father—there was the yet more terrible interval of the “lifting up” upon the tree of His Sacrifice. So now, like the householder in His parable, he was departing into a far country, and had gathered about Him, for His last words, and charge, and benediction, the servants and the children whom He loved. “A little while and they should not see Him,” and then would they have sorrow; they would weep and lament while the world should rejoice: but He would see them again, and then should they rejoice, and with a joy of the Holy Ghost which no man could take from them.

Mark, too, the significance of His praying at the time when death was quickly coming in between Him and His apostles. It was His will that the parting should be thus sanctified. As in days far back, dying Jacob blessed the twelve who were his sons and the fathers of the future Church of the first dispensation; and as the twelve tribes which sprang from them were blessed by dying Moses, so here the dying Head of the spiritual Israel blessed with the benediction of His prayer those—not twelve, alas! but eleven—who were the fathers of the Church to come, the spiritual parents of His elect in all the world. Such prayer was like the preface of His Sacrifice; the cloud of

the wrath of God for sin was beginning to darken over Calvary; the premonitory moaning of the coming tempest was in His ears; the Agony, the Passion, the Cross were close upon Him; He was about to be offered, and so His prayer was that of a Priest now offering sacrifice,—sacrifice in virtue of which *all* prayer was to be made. And so, in the same thought, by this prayer is suggested the character and efficacy of that intercession which after His death He should ever live to make “within the veil” for all His people.

O comfort great indeed in this! When we come to know the might of the forces of evil which are against us, within us as well as without us; when we come to estimate truly our own weakness on the one hand, and on the other the skill, and resolution, and the hate of the principalities and powers which meet together to compass, if they can, our perdition; then it is comfort great, indeed, to remember at what hour the Redeemer prayed, and to know by that suggestion that He is still praying, for our deliverance from the Evil One!

It is no wonder, truly, that these chapters have always been especially dear to the Church of God. How many a lukewarm and undecided Christian has been pricked to the soul by the earnestness and power of purpose which has rebuked his half-heartedness; and not less by the self-sacrificing love and tenderness which has touched him and incited him penitently, and yet hopefully, to a worthier life. How many a stricken and forlorn soul has learnt from them, with unspeakable comfort, that the path of tribulation in the world is the way of peace in Christ, and has gained from them a firmer trust, a deeper love, a patient quietness and confidence which is the strength of the Holy Ghost. How many a soul fighting a hard battle has won from the words a new spiritual vigour and impulse as a clearer sense of his Saviour's knowledge of him and sympathy with him has filled him with joy; and the power of the Saviour's prayer has been manifested for his defence and deliverance. And about how many deathbeds have these chapters been a breathing of peace and benediction—to dying eyes bringing that presence of the dying Redeemer which is the only brightness able to illumine the valley of shadows—to dying ears bringing that only sound which is able to drown the troublous murmurs of the world and the discords of doubt and fear; the voice of the dying Lord with such a bidding as this: “Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.”

UP A GUM TREE; OR, A QUEENSLAND FLOOD.

BY WILLIAM SPICER.

SOME ten days' travel had taken me about three hundred miles into the interior of Queensland. I had passed the border settlement of the colony, Roma, beyond which point there lay nothing in the shape of civilization but the stations of adventurous squatters, few and far between, and began to tire of my solitary journey, enlivened only by a halt for the night at some roadside "grog-shop," a bullock-driver's camp, or, when particularly fortunate, some station near my road. Long marches and short commons were telling on my horse's condition; and as my ultimate destination was still over a hundred miles beyond me, I was seriously thinking of claiming hospitality from some one for a few days till my jaded hack was better able to do his remaining work. Thus I was not sorry when, the tenth evening of my journey, on emerging from a thick scrub, I saw lights in the distance, heard the barking of dogs, and in a few minutes rode into a clearing on which stood the barracks of a detachment of the Queensland Native Mounted Police.

"Glad to see you; come in," said Lieutenant Parr, the officer in command, as, roused by the clamour of the dogs, he came to the door: "You are just in time for dinner: Here, Tommy," to a black trooper, "take the gentleman's horse. To me, "Do you wish him hobbled, or shall he go out with mine?"

"Why, in truth," said I, "I was going to ask you to take me in for a day or two till my horse picks up a little."

"With the greatest pleasure.—Off with the saddle, Tommy, and let him go with the rest." Upon which poor Bob was speedily relieved of bridle, saddle, and "swag," introduced to the troop horses, and led off by them to their favourite pastures.

"Your coming is quite a God-send," said Mr. Parr; when, after a long talk, it was bedtime. "If you are not pressed for time, stay here as long as you like. I patrol your way in a fortnight; give me the pleasure of your company till then, and we will ride together; in the meantime your horse will regain his con-

dition, and you can have such sport in the way of hunting, fishing, and shooting as the country can give you."

With the return of daylight I arose, and strolled out to view my new quarters and breathe the morning air. Anything more delightful than the early morn in the bush in Australia it is difficult to imagine. The air is so fresh, so balmy, so pure, and withal so delicately perfumed with a thousand strange and delicious aromatic odours, that one can almost *taste* it, and the mere act of respiration becomes a positive pleasure. The woods are resonant with the songs of birds and the humming of innumerable insects, and yet their small music hardly seems to break the majestic silence, which becomes more impressive when at intervals the various creatures intermit their song, and the only audible sound is the murmur of the wind among the trees, the only visible motion the sweeping of a fleecy cloud across the blue.

My present resting-place was the police camp at Euleutha, on the Bungil Creek, in the district of the Maranoa. The barracks were a collection of slab huts built on a grassy bank sloping gently towards the Bungil, a "creek," *anglice*, small stream, flowing into the Condamine river, which latter further on in its course becomes the Balonne, then the Darling, and finally is merged in the Mississippi of Australia, the Murray river. The central hut was the officers' dwelling, flanked on one side by the quarters of the non-commissioned officers of the detachment, on the other by the store-huts and the winter quarters of the native troopers, who, disdaining all cover until the colder weather set in, slept during the summer months *à la belle étoile* in rear of the buildings. On the left was a stock-yard tenanted by a few cows, which Mrs. Cassidy, the sergeant's wife, was busy milking; on the right a garden, small but well stocked with both fruits and flowers; beyond it again a paddock, in which the horses waiting duty were kept. The front was the parade-ground, on which at this early hour a few pet rabbits, on the best possible terms with the kangaroo hounds, were hopping about. On the opposite side of the creek the ground rose somewhat abruptly sixty or seventy feet above our level, throwing from its wooded height a grateful shelter over the camp as the day grew hotter.

Strolling round to the native quarters I made acquaintance with the troopers, who, busy about their accoutrements, were preparing for a parade. A finer set of fellows it would not be easy to find. Tall, athletic, muscular, active as cats, savage

upon occasion as tigers, they were the very men for the rough and ready duties of a border police. Their fidelity is secured by their invariably serving out of their own districts: thus the Queensland force is recruited from tribes on the Murray river, and the Victoria police in Queensland. All Australian tribes are at enmity with each other; these black constables are therefore so many Ishmaels in uniform, and as a deserter would certainly be killed and probably eaten by some tribe through which he would have to pass, he as much from prudence as from loyalty sticks to his corps.

"Tommy," the black corporal, Parr's factotum and right-hand man, was a magnificent fellow, strong as a Hercules, and, without exception, the finest rider I had ever seen. All the men were more than a match for any ordinary vice in a horse, but there was one brute in the troop that was too much for any of them but Tommy. On the second day of my stay he was driven in with other horses, and an exhibition was got up for my especial benefit. The "Devil"—such was his appropriate name—was "baled up" in a corner of the yard, bridled and saddled after infinite difficulty, mounted in the bale, and then let go. As soon as the small enclosure was opened, his Satanic majesty darted out into the large yard, cleared the slip-bars, and began a series of the most diabolical attempts to unseat his rider that I ever witnessed. With back arched like a bow and head between his knees, he bucked for a minute at a time, screaming with rage: then throwing up his head so suddenly that I feared for Tommy's brains, he reared upright and executed a fandango on his hind legs: resuming a more natural position, he flung his heels in the air, jumped sideways, spun round as on a pivot, repeating or varying these performances in every way that his infernal fancy could suggest, but all to no purpose; Tommy and the "Devil," so to speak, were one: there was no upsetting that admirable balance, no getting rid of the vice-like grip of those brawny thighs. His eyes flashing with excitement, and white teeth gleaming, as it seemed to me, all over his black face, Tommy bore it all unmoved, till presently, watching his opportunity, he dug the spurs into Satan, who with one tremendous bound dashed into the woods. In half an hour the pair returned, the horse white with foam and sweat, and for the present conquered: his rider dismounting took off saddle and bridle as coolly as if nothing had happened, and quite ready to repeat the performance whenever it might be required of him.

A week or ten days passed pleasantly enough. Kangaroos and emus were abundant. There were brush turkeys and bronze-winged pigeons in the scrub, bustards on the plains, ducks in the lagoons, fat bream and cod in the creek, and we had as much hunting, shooting, and fishing as we wanted. The long evenings we wiled away with talk, and smoke, and hard fights at *écarté* and piquet. The time drew near for Parr's patrol ; my horse Bob, fully recovered from his fatigue, was as frisky as a kitten, and orders were given for a muster of the horses on the following day.

But next morning broke sullenly and in gloom. The clouds, black and ominous, were gathering heavily ; it was evident we were on the eve of the autumnal rains. However, late that afternoon the horses came trooping in, when those required for duty were drafted from the herd, and the remainder again turned loose.

That evening the floodgates of heaven were opened, and the rain came down as it does only in the tropics ; one might almost say not in isolated drops, but in one vast sheet of falling water, a very avalanche of rain. For about a couple of hours this lasted, when the first fury of the storm abated, but it merely subsided into a steady downpour, with no sign of slack or diminution. The monotonous pelting on the roof had its effect on our spirits ; we threw by the cards, and drew near the fire, which, spitting and hissing as the big drops fell upon the flame, was bravely endeavouring to make head against the rain.

"If this sort of thing goes on," said Parr, "we may give up all idea of starting to-morrow. There is every appearance of a flood ; you may then be stuck here for some days longer."

The morning brought no change for the better, the rain was still falling, falling. Breakfast over, we went down to inspect the creek ; its waters, though swollen and turbid, were not yet so considerably increased in volume as the continuous downpour had led me to anticipate. "Wait till the water comes down from the hills," remarked Parr, "you will not know the creek."

In another hour the waters *did* come down. We, hearing the roaring of the torrent, visited the creek once more, and what a change ! The stream but yesterday a limpid brook, in some parts scarce ankle-deep, was now brimming over its banks. A swiftly moving mass of yellow water, bearing on its distracted bosom great boughs and branches, chafing wildly at every obstacle, rushing like a cataract over the fallen trees and boulders that here and there blocked its impetuous course.

Parr, stooping, stuck a twig into the ground at the brink. In a few minutes it was surrounded with water. The river was still rising. "A flood without a doubt," he exclaimed; "we must get the sheep driven up." This was a small flock of some sixty, slaughtered from time to time for consumption in the camp.

On our way back to the huts I asked where the general limit of high water mark was on these occasions, as some slight fears for safety of the barracks were beginning to haunt me.

"We are all right here," was the reply. "At the worst we can only be surrounded by the water for a few days. You see that," pointing to the stump of a tree about a dozen yards from the stock-yard, and between it and the river,—“the water has reached that once, but only once during the five years we have been here.”

By dusk that evening the water was nearly up to the stump, and the rain was still falling steadily.

However, everything was made "snug," as sailors say; the cows were in the stock-yard, where they looked very miserable, with the water running in one constant stream down their sides and tails. The sheep were in the fold; the blacks under cover in their quarters, whence the plaintive music of their songs reached us at intervals through the ceaseless patter of the rain; and we two white men sat late into the night, sipping hot coffee, smoking, and fighting stout battles with the cards. Before going to bed I went to look at Parr's high water mark. The water was two feet past the stump. "Very good," said Parr, unmoved at the announcement, "then we have seen the worst of it; the water will fall to-morrow. Good night, old fellow!"

I hardly know how long I had slept, when, half awake, half asleep, after pushing back the coverlet (the night being hot and close), my arm fell listlessly outside the bed towards the floor, and—into water up to the elbow! The shock was sufficiently startling; I, as the reader may imagine, was awake in an instant.

"Parr," I cried, "the water is on us!"

"What?" was the sleepy rejoinder.

"The flood!" I exclaimed; "the water—it is in the room—the floor is covered—get up!"

Parr, awake, but not perhaps fully conscious, threw his legs out of bed, and as quickly withdrew them with an ejaculation savouring somewhat of our "English shibboleth."

Then arose a yell from the blacks, and presently Tommy splashed in,—

"Get up, Misser Parr! Get up quick! or ever you get away, I'm thinking."

To strike a light and hurry into our clothes was the work of a few seconds, and we hastily debated what was to be done. Escape seemed impossible. The nearest high land on our side of the creek was at least a mile off, and although the hill on the opposite side of the stream was barely three hundred yards distant, there were no means of crossing the river to it. The water was rising with frightful rapidity. There were only two plans to adopt,—to mount the roof of the barracks and wait there till the flood subsided, or to take to the trees as less likely to give way to the current. We luckily decided on the latter alternative. There was a clump of gum trees hard by, and to these we made our way, the water sweeping past us with alarming force, and the native women of the party howling with affright. These, on reaching the friendly shelter, skipped up it with all the promptitude practice and fear could give them, but we Europeans were not so nimble. One of the troopers luckily had secured a ladder, and with its help Mrs. Cassidy was perched with two native girls in one tree, whilst Parr and myself occupied another. We had barely time to secure a few blankets, and such scraps of bread and meat as we could get together, before the water had risen too high, and the current had become too strong to venture into it.

Our party in the trees consisted of three women, four troopers, Parr, and myself. The strength of the detachment had fortunately been decreased two or three days before by a patrol under the sergeant. If these men had been with us our embarrassment and suffering would have been still greater.

We had not been long in our refuge when strange sounds of agony and distress were heard in the direction of the stock-yard, heavy plunges, and a wild choking bellowing indescribably pitiable to hear. The cattle! They were drowning in the yard! Tommy, fine fellow, tried to reach the yard, in order, by lowering the slip-bars, to give them a chance of life; but the current was too much for him, he could not make head against it. In a few minutes the sound ceased; the poor brutes were all drowned; the sheep of course had gone before them.

Day broke upon a leaden sky, and still the constant rain. Cold, wet, hungry, cramped, and wretched as we were, there seemed no present prospect of a release from our captivity. We built a sort of platform between the forks of our tree by lopping

some of the upper branches, and there, covered with a few blankets, we huddled together. We divided a few scraps of meat and pappy-bread, and on them made a miserable and scanty meal. We had no fire, and could not even enjoy the solace of a pipe, but with lack-lustre eyes, and the apathy begotten of cold and hunger, gazed on the scene of desolation at our feet.

It was fortunate we did not mount the roof of the barrack; it had been all but swept away. Beneath us was an impetuous flood, covered with a frothy scum of grass and sticks and leaves with ever and again the carcass of a drowned sheep as it was swept from the fold. Several trees had already fallen, undermined by the current, while those we were in occasionally shivered ominously, and thus the day dragged on its weary length, till night once more overshadowed the land.

But the dawn of the second morning showed us, to our inexpressible delight, that the waters were subsiding. There had been a fall of at least a foot during the night; we plucked up a new courage, and began to get quite cheerful. Soon after sunrise we heard a loud "cooey" from the other side of the creek, which was immediately answered by a hearty shout from us. The cry was from a squatter whose house was some three miles from us on the opposing ridge, and who had ridden down to see how we fared.

Oh, how impatiently we watched the subsidence of the waters that morning! At last, about noon, we determined to try if we could not communicate with our friend on the opposite shore, and managed to reach the bank of the creek without accident.

"Well, Mr. Parr," roared Mr. Waller across the stream, "how do *you* get on?"

"Very badly," was the reply; "the barracks are washed away; the sheep and the cows are all drowned, and I expect the horses in the paddock are lost too. We have been in the trees for two nights with almost nothing to eat, and are near starving with cold and hunger."

"I have lost three hundred sheep," returned Waller, "but the station is safe. You had better cross over and get some dry clothes and some food."

"But there was the rub; to cross then was out of the question, so we disconsolately struggled back to our trees.

But an Australian deluge falls as quickly as it rises. In the afternoon we went down to the bank of the creek again. The stream was still running furiously, but we determined to

try and effect a communication with the opposite shore, where Waller and a man were ready to help us. Tommy, selecting a spot where the river made a convenient bend, plunged in, with a light line round his waist, and struck out for the other side. He was swept away like a cork, but presently as a favouring eddy washed him nearer in he caught at and grasped an overhanging bough, and with the aid of Waller and his man was safely landed.

It was now proposed that our friends should drag us one by one across, but this expedient had its drawbacks. Suddenly a thought struck me; old kid-gloved, play-going days in London, the Colleen Bawn, and "*Myles na Coppeleen's Bridge*" flashed across my memory. I explained the device to Parr, and the idea was immediately acted on. Tommy, being directed to a tree likely to suit, ran up it, fastened one end of a rope to a branch, made a loop at the other; then attaching a light line to this extremity, flung it across to us. A black fellow was sent flying through the air on an experimental trip, and landed safely; the two native girls were then despatched, followed by Mrs. Cassidy, who, while in mid-air, poor woman, sent forth an Irish yell which was heard far above the roar of the torrent, and roused the sleeping echoes of the ravine. Our swing-bridge answered admirably, and in a short time, thanks to MR. BOUCICAULT, we were all on the summit of our little Ararat, where supplies from Waller's station already awaited us. Before an enormous fire we dried our drenched and shivering bodies: to strip some sheets of bark and build a few huts was a short task for the ready blacks, and before dark we were under cover, feasting on fried mutton, "damper," and tea.

In a few days the water fell, the creek returned to its normal bed, and we were able to start on our journey; but of the pretty police camp scarce a vestige remained. Of the buildings nothing was left but a few slabs. The vines and rose trees of the garden, the little luxuries and comforts which poor Parr, during five years' residence, had collected around him in his bush home, had vanished. All the Government stores were swept away, some of them being afterwards recovered lower down the creek, where my own saddle, by the way, was found hanging, like some quaint fruit, from the branches of a tree. The horses, luckily, broke out of the paddock, and escaped the fate of the cattle and the sheep.

LEONARD, ABBOT OF BEAULIEU.

BY THE REV. ALAN BRODRICK, B.A.

A DREAR, foggy evening in the year of grace twelve hundred and something. Very ghostly looked the forest in its white capote; very ghostly looked the abbey and the village; while up the sluggish Exe came the sea fog, and wrapping tower and tree in its woolly comforter, made them exceedingly uncomfortable and moist. Very ghostly looked the shivering brotherhood of the Holy Order of Citeaux, as, in their white coarse robes and black scapularies, they went in long procession, while with a dolefully hoarse voice the great bell of the abbey called to vespers. At their head, amid a cloud of incense, and the low, faint organ tones stealing through aisle and nave, and wailing among the clustered pillars of the Lady Chapel, or swelling on a jubilant song among the fretted roofs,—at the head of the brethren walked Leonard, Lord Abbot of Beaulieu. The gleams from many a huge waxen light fell full upon him. A tall, thin man, slightly bent, and of an age very difficult to guess. He looked not of English race; for an oval, olive face, and long, almond, Oriental eyes spake of Southern blood. There was a subdued pathos in the sensitive mouth, and something of human passion in the clear-cut nostril and chin. He was the third abbot who had been called to rule the brethren since the foundation of the abbey by King John. Hugh, the first abbot, who spent¹ five hundred marks in feasting the king and queen, and Earl of Cornwall, died suddenly. Then came another abbot of little note, who ruled but for a short time, and then Leonard. Now it is very possible that some Dr. Dryasdust may assure me that there has been no such abbot as Leonard. I am incapable of persuasion. Is he aware of the small leaden box found among the ruins of Beaulieu? Is he aware that this box contained records of inestimable value? Then let him rest contented that he is not in possession of all the facts of the case. I shall be quite happy if an indulgent reader will say of this humble effort to amuse a weary hour, or to fill in the vague dreams of a summer noon under grey beeches—if up among the gold-fields of the

¹ *Vide* Wise's valuable book on New Forest.

gorse, or stretched on purple heather, lazily watching the chalk cliffs of the island—one gentle reader say, “*Si non è vero, è ben trovato.*”

The thirteenth century was drawing to a close. The long reign of Henry III. was nearly completed. That monarch, so profuse in his gifts to his favourites, had embittered his parliament against himself, and was sinking lower and lower in the nation's good graces. Most of the highest offices of the Church had been filled by a crafty Pope, taking advantage of an imbecile king, with his own creatures—foreigners, and not Englishmen.

Leonard was the third foreigner who had held sway in Beaulieu—much to the discomfort of the English brothers of the Order,—and a dreary time had he at first with those monks; for, unaccustomed to English ways, he made terrible mistakes in his “civil principedom.” The vineyards which lay along the sunny slopes above the monks' wine-press, the *bouverie*, or ox farm, and its rich pasture meadows, were unwisely administered (so said the representatives of roast beef among the brethren); the iron smelting works at Sowley, the forges,—in fact, the whole out-of-door life of the abbey, were badly arranged by my “Lord Frenchman.”

It is true indeed that my Lord Abbot was a munificent patron of architecture. Many a noble gift had he given to those free-masons who built for God throughout the land; and many an exquisite bit of carving on the stonework had they in return added to the abbey. The roofs, too, of the abbey, and cloisters, refectory, dormitory, had been enriched by that rare colouring which neither water colours nor oils ever yet surpassed either in lightness or durability. Then, again, my Lord Abbot was confessedly a master of music, and was possessed himself of a rich soft voice. The choir sang after the new-fangled scale of the foreign monk Guido Aretino. All this was in some degree in his favour. He was zealous for the honour of the Order. No one so promptly extinguished a rebellious vassal or predatory baron. But then he squandered by mismanagement, said the English monks (one Brother Sampson at their head), what he had so courageously defended against the laity.

Above all, and which filled up Brother Sampson's cup of indignation, the Oxford monk, Friar Bacon, a decidedly dangerous Liberal in those days, was an especial favourite of the abbot; so much so that a room was especially set apart for this stranger in the abbot's own house. There were to be seen tables covered

with strange glasses, embryo telescopes and microscopes, astronomical and mathematical instruments, down to the most humble spectacles. Brother Sampson well remembered that day when a fatal curiosity drew him to the chamber in its tenant's temporary absence; how, after piously crossing himself, he set himself to put things to rights; how, seeing on the table a coarse-grained powder, he carefully swept it up and threw it on the blazing logs. Flash! flash! bang! and a roar up the chimney. Had he not reason to remember that terrible vision of the evil one? How he had recited his Ave, and Credo, and Pater Noster, and seen the evil one make a claw at him—thanks to our Lady, in vain; and then vanish up the chimney, leaving behind part of his tail, and a most undeniable odour of brimstone! Yes, ever since that day Brother Sampson suspected his superior, my Lord Abbot, of wicked tampering with occult sciences. He watched him zealously. The good, honest old brother was certain there was some secret behind that strangely calm face. This miserable suspicion followed the poor brother like a shadow. At prayers he lost his verse in the antiphonal chant. He was abstracted at meals, and spilt the salt and wine. While the reader was reading Holy Scripture, Brother Sampson, instead of keeping his eye on the table, according to the rule of the sainted Hugh of Lincoln, peered cunningly at my Lord Abbot's unconscious countenance. The monk felt sure that he was cautiously creeping to some great discovery. The position was sensational, if we may so say. He behaved in a manner so strange to his English brother as to excite surprise and pity from all his brethren. His dress was disordered, his manner abrupt and disrespectful. More than once he forgot his "Gratias tibi agimus," and made no obeisance to his superiors. More than once he had been absent from his cell at wrong times, and a white figure seen near the Lord Abbot's room at midnight had been suspected to be that of this poor "Brother Sampson."

And thus the time flew by,—my Lord Abbot an unworldly ruler of his little world, kind and liberal, and hospitable to vassal and guest, tender and gentle to the fallen and erring and penitent; Brother Sampson jealous and suspicious, growing crusty under his secret and the merciless jokes of the fraternity.

Nature spread her wreath around that quiet house of prayer. Corn sprang and ripened, and grapes grew red and gave their blood to generous wine, while court and camp kept up their strife and intrigue, and men were born, and loved, and hated, and died. Earth and love and friendship, all the sad story of the human heart,

seemed barred out of that lonely brotherhood, as they floated so still and passionless, with the tranquillity of a great river bathed in purple sunset, to the sea. Now and then every face in the abbey would lighten up when news came that some foreign bark had sent a boat with the tide up the Exe, bringing news from Normandy. At one time, perhaps, they heard that his Blessedness the Pope had superintended a High Council of the Order, where the holy Abbot of Citeaux, as Superior, was assisted by the Abbots of La Ferté, Clairvaux, Pontigni, and Morimond, and sought counsel also of the good Abbot of Beaulieu. At such times some brother at Beaulieu would remind the English brethren how it had been through the exertions of the blessed St. Bernard de Clairvaux that within one hundred years from the first foundation of the Order in 1099, the society had embraced no less than eight hundred rich abbeys in various parts of Europe. Now such visits by no means increased Brother Sampson's happiness. He was growing each year greyer, crustier, more irritable. He made cynical observations to himself, or some bosom friend, that foreigners were "all very well when you could trust them," but *he* had lived long enough, &c., &c.; and then he would wink with one of his little gooseberry eyes, and make allusion to *bacon*; all of which proceedings were very "fast" indeed in a monk, and highly irregular, and, in fact, were speedily bringing Brother Sampson into immense disrepute.

And of all this suspicion on the part of the old brother, my Lord Abbot was supremely unconscious, and once only was he unusually moved.

One bitter night before the holy Christmas-time came a loud summons to the monastery from without. A horn thrice wound the Norman recheat, and a knight richly dressed, but travel-stained, demanded instant and private audience of Leonard, Lord Abbot of Beaulieu. Brother Sampson had been on the alert. Directly he found that the stranger would hold communication with none save my Lord Abbot, he had gone himself to the outer gate, and questioned the aged brother who admitted the stranger so closely, so vexatiously and minutely, that at last he reduced him to a dangerous state of snappishness and irritability. However, Brother Sampson was not to be daunted. The door of the closet where his skeleton lay hid was a little ajar. Peep in he must at all hazards. He walked with a prouder step, as he thought what high reward might await him if he were but successful in exposing the machinations of the evil one over a servant of the

Church. Everything was possible to virtue and courage and holiness. Were Englishmen always to be inferior to Normans? How well would sound "My Lord Abbot Sampson"! A mitred abbot, richly stoled, with the splendid crosier engraven with the symbol of the holy Lamb! The word "abbot," too, had a sonorous dignity about it which no such poor title as "pro-abbates," "co-abbates," "majores," or "ministri" conveyed. Here, then, was something to engage the best faculties of an eminently practical man like Brother Sampson. He was one of your "thoroughly good fellows," gifted with capital common sense, "knows what's what, I assure you." He thought, he planned, and we leave him for a while to introduce our gentle reader to the stranger's interview with my Lord Abbot.

Just one word of description, and I have done. In those days the abbot's house stood quite by itself, surrounded by elms and poplars, which have now disappeared. The new comer had been ushered into the reception-room. The walls were covered with tapestry, whose varied scenes bespoke the prevailing tastes of former abbots. On one side a forest glade was depicted, with all the accessories of a stag hunt, horse and hound. On the opposite wall a pair of lovers, with semi-dropsical limbs, considerably out of perspective, sufficed to stir the flagging verse of any drowsy minstrel whose supply of song or lute grew dry and muddy. An enormous fire of oak logs threw its ruddy blaze on groined roof, and lancet window, and high-backed chair; played on the small carved table with its tall glasses and flask of Burgundy; lingered on the stranger's jewelled plume, and lit up the abbot's piercing eye. The stranger had risen and locked the door, and then laying aside his cloak, which had half covered his face, flung himself at the abbot's feet.

"Rise, my son, my foster-brother. Welcome news from sunny Normandy and home. How fare they all? Hubert and Marguerite, safe under our merciful Lady's care, I trust?"

"Excellently well, my lord. The castle lacks not stout hands and hearts to defend it; but the days are stormy, and the Lady Marguerite at times looks wan and worn. I have come hither in hot haste with a letter to thee, my lord."

"Benedicite, my son," said the abbot, eagerly taking the letter. "The night wears apace. We will reserve our further parley till to-morrow's dawn. Refreshment shall be sent to thee. To-night I would be alone. To the guardianship, therefore, of our Lady and the blessed St. Bernard de Clairvaux I commend thee."

The guest rose and made a low obeisance, while at the summons of the abbot's golden whistle, the door being unlocked, came a servant of the monastery to guide the knight to the dormitory in the eastern corridor. As the knight followed the lamp-bearer, had his eyes not been somewhat heavy from his long journey, he might have caught the sparkle of a keen pair of eyes near the last angle of the passage. At last the owner of these eyes, which had narrowly watched the stranger knight, emerged cautiously from his hiding-place. Looking all round, and listening for the retreating footstep, Brother Sampson (for he it was) crept carefully back through the dark passage. He had reached the door of the abbot's room, when his further progress was arrested by two obstacles,—(1) by a deep groan proceeding from the poor abbot's room; (2) by an insane tendency to sneeze violently which overtook the good monk.

The night was cold even for November. The monk's garments were thin and scanty. A catarrhal explosion would have been fatal to the skeleton in the closet. Too much and sudden light would have crumbled him into dust. Yet the monk's curiosity and disobedience were bringing their punishment; for in the first place he really felt alarmed lest the abbot should have swooned in any sudden sickness, and in the next place he found from bitter experience that the suppression of a violent sneeze produces an internal earthquake, accompanied with incipient asphyxia. However, the crisis passed in a noise something between a howl and a gasp, but hardly audible. The monk stooped to apply his eye to the keyhole, but before he had satisfactorily adjusted his sight another groan came from the abbot's chamber. Suddenly startled, the monk flung his head up sharply, and bringing it thereby into sharp and painful contact with a stone finial, gave vent to a low howl. All was over, he felt, and he slipped despairingly into a recess in the wall, fortunately near the door. A step, however, came slowly to the door, the handle was turned, and Brother Sampson felt that the abbot was standing in the doorway looking out into the dark passage. Twice the abbot called; but, of course, receiving no answer, sighed heavily, and went back into his room, closing the door.

Brother Sampson was cold, his teeth chattered, he longed to be safe on his straw mattress; but prudence said "wait." He applied his eye after a few minutes to the keyhole again, more carefully avoiding the sharp finial, and there he saw my Lord Abbot Leonard on his knees before an ivory crucifix. The lamp-

light streamed on his face, on the noble brow, the full dark eyes, from which one by one fell those heavy tears. Men seldom weep. Who could doubt the truth and self-devotion of one wrestling as a prince in his loneliness with God? Then the eyes and head would droop in an attitude of deepest contrition. With tremulous rapidity moved the lips in silent prayer, while the convulsive working of the thin wasted cheek and throat told Brother Sampson that some iron had entered into the soul of Leonard, Lord Abbot of Beaulieu. Brother Sampson crossed himself as the Lord Abbot rose from his knees and bent himself again before the shrine of our Lady which was set in a canopied niche beneath the eastern lancet. The monk could hear the abbot's broken prayer,—“Holy mother of God, hear thine unworthy servant. Thine am I, mother of mercies, in life and death. If ever I have done thee good, O blessed patroness, shower thy richest blessings on him and her” (*him and her*, Brother Sampson growled between his teeth). “May no shadow ever cross their love. In city or country, by field and by flood, let not one hair of their heads be hurt. In patience may I possess my soul. Even so, Amen.”

As the voice faltered, a momentary blaze, caused by the kindling of the withered grass on the smouldering peat, revealed to Brother Sampson the abbot kneeling like a statue, his hands reverently crossed on his bosom, and holding a letter there tied by dark brown hair. Twice he kissed it, and then rising hastily untied the fastening, kissed the letter again, read it with strained eyes, and paced the room with hasty steps; very pale and tearless, ever wringing his hands, with a low wailing moan, or covering his face. At last, exhausted, he flung himself down, once more kissing the letter, and the fire died out, and the lamp gave one dying gasp, and then darkness hid the abbot and the room and all else from Brother Sampson's meritorious eyes.

Yet had not the monk seen enough? Why, here was more than one-half of the whole body of the skeleton! Here was a departure with a vengeance from the reformation of Clugny! This mysterious messenger! this letter, which was, forsooth, to be kissed in this way! my Lord Abbot's groans! his general conduct! *Mem.* “abstinence from wine on feast days even; unwillingness to excommunicate sinners; undignified condescension to the vassal and servant of the abbey!” Here was a coil with a vengeance. Here was matter enough to call for a commission of inquiry on my Lord Abbot. My Lord Abbot Leonard must

he sat upon speedily, and this in defiance of Friar Bacon, whom may the saints protect us from. And so went the monk, drowsily grumbling, to his dormitory. Soundly he slept, dreaming of deposed abbots, and kindly and discerning Popes, and promoted Sampsons; and the monk's first waking thought was, "The letter! the letter! the letter!"

But "boast not thyself of the morrow" is written for men of all times, monks and laity; for as the brethren rose from their straw pallets, and were hurrying to their early prayers, there came across the court Hob the miller, who worked at the grange, pale, and with great trouble hovering round lip and eye.

What he had to say was startling, for he staggered the brethren with the tale that some sickness, very like the plague, had been brought by the boat that conveyed the stranger to the abbey the evening before.

Two of the foreign mariners lay ill at the ox farm, and prayed the ghostly help and counsel of some of the holy brethren of Beaulieu. To do the brethren justice, all received the tidings as became men of God. They crossed themselves, and took the news to my Lord Abbot. He received them very calmly, led the brethren to their usual morning services. After that he gave orders, as became a religious man, for a procession of the most saintly relics in possession of the abbey. Father Sampson alone seemed unequal to the occasion, and applied himself frequently to a very rare cordial, which he averred to be infallible in case of febrile sickness. It may have been so, but there certainly was an odour of veritable cognac, or its ancestor, in the said cordial. Nor did the abbot underrate the difficulties. He marshalled a body of monks in companies to relieve one another as priests and nurses of the sick; for by this time the fever was increasing among the vassals. He himself laid aside his abbot's robes, and dressed himself in the simple dress of the order. "Fratres dilectissimi," he said, "I leave awhile my dignity, remembering the words of the Blessed One, 'I am among you as he that serveth.' And again, 'I have given you an example; ye ought also to wash one another's feet.' Pascite oves meas. Pascite gregem meum. Brethren, let us go."

And so sped forth the holy procession, not without penitential chant, nor without holy cross uplifted, and pictures of the holy Child and mother; and thus they came to the great barn.

"They cast the wheat into the sea," said the abbot, and forthwith ordered grain, and hay, and straw to be thrust out, that the

barn might be made into one vast hospital. Patient after patient was rapidly brought in; some in convulsions, others screaming, with frothed and bloody lips. Here one, clutching a monk's robe, confessed his sins with blackened tongue, shrieking for help. Another in despair endeavoured to rush away and drown himself. He felt hell within him. Panic slew more than disease. Well worked the brotherhood in their courses. Prayer and sacrament took their place with medicine and skilful nursing. Well wrought the good Lord Abbot, passing from bed to bed. Many an agonized conscience he lightened of its load by pointing to the Crucified; and the abbot's face grew thinner and paler every hour, but his eye was clear and intensely bright. He moved about with that tranquil assured look which high and holy motives give to the soul. Even Brother Sampson was touched by the humble nobleness of the abbot's self-devotion. He had not forgotten, indeed, the mysterious letter; but still, perhaps, my Lord Abbot was a superior being, and not to be judged by ordinary mortals. "Certes," said the monk, "our Lady loves him; for he bears a charmed life in the pestilence that walketh in darkness, the sickness that destroyeth in the noonday. He washes the foulest sores of the diseased. He leans over even when the black vomit makes each lightest breathing an infection." Yes, even so it was. The true man came out in the deepest need. When the brethren begged him to take more care of himself, he listened and obeyed as in a dream. He would not cast away life, for he knew it was God's gift. But the holy command was, "Pascite gregem meam," and that he must do. If death came, then "Bonus pastor dat vitam suam pro ovibus suis." "I am ready to depart," he would say, "and the time of my departure is at hand. The merciful One will pardon me if I have lived a more easy and pleasant life than I ought to have done. Had He not led me hither when I least expected it, He is my record that I had chosen a different life. I would have lived like the great Antony in the desert of Egypt, or Pachomius on his island on the Nile. But God knoweth best. His lovingkindness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

However, such a strain on mind, and soul, and body at last brought its result. One day the abbot had been tending carefully a poor dying girl; very ignorant and sinful had she been, and doubly anxious had her spiritual father been about her. "See, brother, see!" said the abbot, "she does look to the Holy One," as the poor girl, in a last paroxysm of pain, raised herself,

grasped the abbot's ivory crucifix, and kissing the blessed Figure thereon, and the abbot's thin hand, too, that held it up, fell back in her death gasp.

Abbot Leonard fainted, and sank back into the arms of Brother Sampson. For many a day the great barn was full of sick people. Many a one, old and young, died; yet slowly, the violence of the disease gave way, till at last, towards the blessed Christmas-time, the only one dangerously ill, whether monk or layman, was the Lord Abbot himself.

Had he been conscious, he had not allowed himself to be moved to his own house; but there he lay in the guest-chamber. At times he would utter words of Holy Scripture; at other times he spoke in a foreign tongue, or again came the names of Hubert and Marguerite.

Once, as Brother Sampson sat watching at midnight, he was startled by seeing the sick man spring up suddenly, and shout out fiercely, "It is false. I loved her as men so love only once in a lifetime. Priest! I had never been priest but for her sake. Give me my father's sword,—Hubert is too young. Edward of England, and the good Louis are for the Holy Land; let me go!" he shouted, throwing wildly his arms, and then falling back again exhausted, muttering, "Marguerite, Marguerite." Brother Sampson was sorely distressed. He loved the abbot, and yet his old suspicions half lingered jingling at times in a corner of his brain—"The letter! the letter!"

When lo! one sunny morning, as all around the sick man's room was bright and cheery, the discovery burst upon him. The monk had been looking from the window on the forest scene, lovely even in winter. A slight fall of snow had powdered all the trees, and a sharp frost succeeding, the forest remained clothed in a delicate silver filigree of fairy lacework. Glossy green peeped the hollies, with their crimson clusters. On distant roofs glimmered the virgin mantle of the snow. All nature, in brief, seemed to have donned the Cistercian garb, and to be worshipping with bowed head before the cradle throne.

Brother Sampson's musings were of a more earthly colour. He believed—as every Englishman ought—largely in Christmas, and in Christmas festivities; for field and fold, river and lake, forest and glen and moor, furnished then bountifully the brethren's board. Savoury recollections of turkey, and boar's head, and haunch, and wild fowl, washed down by potent ale or sparkling cider and mead, or by golden or ruddy wine, brought tears into

the good monk's eyes. To do him justice, he mourned over the good company as well as the good fare of other days.

Therefore sorrowfully he looked at the now slumbering abbot. Sorrowfully he sank back on his seat. Sorrowfully he rose and paced the room. What makes him pause? He sees beneath the niche of our Lady a letter! He looks at the sleeping abbot—at the silent Virgin—at the gleaming letter. The temptation is great. He cannot resist it. He opens and reads—what, it boots me not to say; but eagerly, devouringly—large tears blinding his eyes,—he reads, he re-reads. He is heedless of everything else. At last he hears a low sweet voice,—“Brother.” The abbot is beckoning to him. He approaches, kneels down without one word restores the letter to the wasted hand which so eagerly presses it to the hot lips.

Brother Sampson is fairly overmastered. Falling on his knees by the bedside he bursts into an uncontrollable agony of tears. Then grasping the thin hand he covers it with burning kisses. He is as one beside himself. Yet all the time the abbot rests one hand lovingly on his kneeling brother's head. At last the stormy sobs cease, only now and then a low shudder convulses his whole frame. Then whispers my Lord Abbot, “Rise, brother;” and he sits down near the bed, not daring to face those dark, pure, holy eyes. “Brother,” at last said the dying man, “I am going the way of all the earth. I must leave our holy house for a better temple in a heavenly country. Yet would I not depart unknown with anything of mystery in my poor life not made clear. Thou has been good and true, brother, in the service of our Order; somewhat curious and suspicious of thy superior, of my unknown visitor, my letter, and of Hubert and Marguerite. Brother, listen to the story of a poor wanderer, and pray for the peace of my soul.”

A pause while the sick man raised himself a little, and Brother Sampson arranged the pillows and moistened the poor lips. A pause as the cough came on awhile, and then the abbot, looking up keenly across the snow-covered distance far away over the belt of forest,—“I am dead at heart now, brother, as a forest tree struck by lightning—withering slowly. But not always has it been so with me. I am going to the blessed city, with its walls of jasper, its streets of gold, its river of life clear as crystal. How clear the past and future seem now!—how little the present!

“Born of a noble family in Normandy, I inherited with my orphan brother all the hereditary pride and feuds of the family.

I was some eight years older than my brother. Three years after our sainted mother's death he was twenty, I twenty-eight. We never had a quarrel, or even dispute that I can remember. We hunted and rode together. Hound and hawk, feast and tourney, occupied our thoughts. At times we divided our vassals into two bands, and at the head of each we harried the lands and castles of our neighbours. Thou seest what I am now, brother; yet once was I tall, dark, with raven beard, and an eye, said our old armourer, like the sea eagle that made the castle-rock his throne. Hubert, on the other hand, was slight, with golden hair, and such a look as painters think the blessed St. John's to have been—the disciple whom Jesus loved. Brave was my brother, but womanly tender in his sensitiveness, with that strangely musical voice whose every cadence has its fascination."

The abbot paused, gave a long, low sigh. "Shall I ever forget when we first met Marguerite? Returning from an unsuccessful chase in the neighbouring forest after wild boar, as we cantered home along the rocky hill-side path, faster and faster came the beat of horse-hoofs. Turning a sharp angle of the path, we saw a runaway steed, clinging to which, her long hair floating wildly over her marble face, was Marguerite, daughter of the Sieur de St. Maur—called the pearl of St. Maur. When the frightened animal caught sight of us, he reared up and almost flung his rider. Then beating the air desperately with its fore-feet, as the ground crumbled beneath its hind feet, it hung tottering over the steep cliff. To spring from the saddle, bound forward, and rescue the lovely helpless form, was the work of an instant. She had fainted. I looked around for Hubert. Motionless he sat his horse, pale as death; and then, to my terrified surprise, sank with a hollow moan to the ground. I rushed away for water to the neighbouring brook. On my return she had revived, and sat gazing at the unconscious Hubert."

Here the abbot seemed overpowered by some hidden emotion, and after a few minutes' rest and a cup of wine, Brother Sampson weeping silently, he went on,—

" 'Many thanks,' she softly breathed, while her womanly pity rested on Hubert. At last he came to himself, tottered to his feet, kissed her hand, sprang on his horse, and galloped away. Awhile we listened to the retreating hoofs, then slowly returned to her father's castle. Hubert had been there first to tell of the accident. I, half proud, half miserable, refused to go in, and bade Marguerite a cold farewell. Well, I need not tell thee,

brother, how such an intimacy ripened into friendship. The old man had no sons, and so in all woodland craft and other expeditions relied on us. I was his favourite,—a sportsman more keen, a soldier more stern than Hubert, who loved best to listen to lays of each wandering minstrel. At first Marguerite seemed to wait for my word and look, and I enjoyed my delicious dream. How fair and beauteous was earth when life's sunrise dawned—she loves me!

“Daringly I rode, wildly I sang, till my courser went well-nigh mad with my curvetings. The country rang with new praises of me—so good, so kind, so gentle, so true, so brave. Marguerite loved me. Oh golden dreams of future never to be! Let me linger awhile;” and the abbot's thin lips were wreathed with smiles. Brother Sampson's heart was deeply stirred,—that “common heritage of woe,” that strange human heart which beat the old time in layman and priest. Mayhap the grizzled brother remembered a fair English summer day, long, long ago, and some bright, sweet face, the idol of his boyish dreams. The old brother wept, and still went on the dying abbot, more slowly, painfully,—

“Little remains to be said. I never spake to Marguerite, for Hubert was taken with a terrible illness. They cut off his golden hair. Day and night he tossed to and fro. Marguerite sent daily messages. I would not see her. One night I sat by Hubert; the lamp burnt low, heavily came his laboured sobs, and at last in his wild dreams he told the secret of his boy's heart. *He* loved Marguerite madly, passionately; but she was to be ‘for dear brother Leonard’—Leonard so ‘noble and brave. Hubert would die, and Leonard and Marguerite would go and plant flowers on his grave, and pray for him.’

“My whole frame shook. I saw all the sacrifice at once. My sainted mother stood in white, methought, near the bedside, weeping. ‘My darlings,’ she whispered, and held out to me a shining crown with crimson thorns on it. The struggle was terrible; but on my knees I made my vow. Slowly I unwound link by link the golden chain. Rarely would I see Marguerite. At last Hubert recovered, and then I filled our visits with accounts of his patience, his gentleness, and sweetness, and courage under his pains. And her eye filled with tears, and she gave long and earnest looks into my very soul, and sighed, ‘My brother, my brother.’ But an end must come. I took the plunge. I grew tired of horse and hound. I told them I had seen a vision of my mother. I had laid aside casque and plume. Oh, how I groaned

as I broke the trusty sword! Some laughed, some sneered. Old St. Maur pronounced me bewitched.

"And Hubert won what I was losing. A brighter colour flushed his cheek. He trod with loftier tread. He grew in grace and beauty. Love awoke dormant courage and generosity. Men would follow him to the death; and women trusted him as if he had been an angel. At last I escaped. I fled heart-broken to the holy house of Clairvaux. The Lord Abbot heard my tale, and I became one of the Order. I was proud, and they flattered my self-sacrifice. But oh, brother, was I right in God's eyes? What heart-sickening days! what wearisome nights! Often amid holiest music I heard Marguerite's whisper. I loved the Virgin mother's shrine because she looked like Marguerite. And now and then I heard from home. All heart-broken at first; then Hubert well and happy; Marguerite calm and sweetly pale, as of old. Then after three years came a letter. Marguerite would see me. She trusted me as she did Heaven. She came. Hubert had asked her hand in marriage, but she had always loved me. Would it be right to marry Hubert? What a wild leap my heart gave! For an instant I was tempted to throw all aside, and away to some quiet land where we might live and love unknown. But then glided in Hubert's face. Then came Marguerite's sweet voice. She knew how I loved Hubert. If it made me happier, she would marry him and be a faithful wife to him for love of me, and we would meet in heaven. Brother, what could I say? If she refused his love, Hubert would die. I consented, and they were married. Something gave way within my heart from that hour. They were childless, and Hubert was unhappy. The strange knight brought me a letter from Marguerite, telling me how Hubert seemed to be pining under some hidden grief, and asking me to go over to Normandy. Alas! I am going to a land where they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels. My life has perchance been a great mistake. The Good Shepherd will set it right. I see Him out there on the frozen moor, and His feet are bleeding. A crown of light is on His brow, and in the pure white fleecy folds of His shepherd's robe He carries a lamb. Is it my Marguerite? My Lord! O holy Jesus, I am coming. Forgive me, a careless under-shepherd, if I have thought too much of Virgin mother and saint instead of Thee. Forgive me. Let me go and help Thee on the shining hills, above the forest and the river and the silvery sea. There is no night there! I shall meet Marguerite and Hubert at Thy side, and then will

tell them all. And I, my Master, as eternity hovers round me, shall only cry, 'God be merciful to me a sinner! Even so, Lord Jesus. Amen!'

Brother Sampson was found senseless by the dead man, a letter clasped in his hand which he would show to none. Short time after came one young in years, old in look, who sought out the old brother, told of Marguerite's death, wept as he heard of Leonard. It was Hubert, and to his munificent generosity the abbey owned large estates in Normandy, wherewith was built many a goodly pile, and Leonard's Grange, and Leonard's Chapel at Beaulieu; Dr. Dryasdust says that in 18— a relic of stained glass, with Leonard, Marguerite, and Hubert traced thereon, still speaks of the good Abbot of Beaulieu, and that he spelt out a broken legend beneath,—

"Bene vixit, qui bene latuit."

“THE VEXED QUESTION,”

CAN I MARRY ON £300 A YEAR?

BY HUNTLEY SMYTH.

CHAPTER XII.

LADY ROUBRICK COMES HOME.

IN a beautiful apartment in one of the stately mansions of Belgravia sat Lilla, Lady Roubrick. It was in every respect a charming room, furnished in perfect taste. The carpet was velvet pile, curtains of *rose de chine* satin, with handsome lace draperies, carefully excluding the sun's audacious rays, which were not permitted to dazzle with their vulgar glare the fair priestess of this goodly shrine.

Everything that wealth could purchase or the most refined taste desire was here scattered with a lavish hand. Mirrors, pictures, statues, majolica vases filled with the richest flowers, Sèvres stands in gilt frames, containing rare tropical plants,—all that could be imagined *bizarre* in small tables, sofas, and divans. The fireplace, concealed by a velvet curtain bordered in gold, supported figures and groups in Saxony and old Dresden china, worth almost a king's ransom. The walls were painted in panels; here a group of flowers, there a landscape with shepherds and shepherdesses in Watteau's best style. There was but one portrait hanging on the walls. Look at it well, and mark that youthful, soft, fair face, the joyous spirit within breathing through the smile that dimples the parted lips; the hand is raised as if putting back golden sunny waves of hair, that would come down and shade those eyes so deep and lustrous, all telling of the full enjoyment of the very sunrise of life.

Such is the portrait. Now turn to the original, sitting carelessly back in that well-cushioned oval-backed Louis Quinze arm-chair. The same features are there,—that profile classically perfect, beautiful as an exquisitely painted picture; but the heart—the soul,—where is it gone? Those sunny glances of bright happiness which the picture gives are exchanged for the look of intellectual development and perfect self-possessed grace in the woman of the world before us. Her eyes are fixed on the

face of a man who leans against the mantelpiece, looking down on her with admiration, curiosity, and perhaps another feeling deeper than either. She is addressing him in a low, sweet voice, in most harmonious keeping with the speaker. The third occupant of the apartment is Mrs. Chandler, who is seated at a table looking over some photographs, and who seems not a little amused at an exquisite piece of fencing that is going on between the lady and gentleman.

They were comparing notes of their mutual experiences of Continental travel. Both had been enchanted with Milan and its Duomo, Florence and her galleries, and both had been equally charmed with Naples and its surroundings,—its beautiful cloudless sunset; Rome and its Coliseum seen by pale, poetical moonlight; and Paris—gay, bright, dazzling Paris,—by gaslight, of course.

"After all," said Lady Roubrick, "Rome is the place to spend a winter in, independently of the advantages of climate. Nothing can be pleasanter than society there. We met many London friends, and we were in such a good foreign set; for this division in the papal world seems to have brought the *élite* of Europe to rally round their spiritual prince. We had many Italian introductions, and we were well received everywhere. "Gus dear," added she, turning to Mrs. Chandler, "had you been but with me it would have been all perfect."

"I am so very sorry," said Mrs. Chandler, laughing, "your happiness wanted so insignificant an atom for its completion. We spent our winter in London, and found it agree with us very well."

"Indeed," said Mr. Lexington—for it was he that stood near Lady Roubrick. "Permit me to congratulate you on the state of your lungs. I believe," turning to Lady R——, "the initiated pronounce this will be a gay season. Marlborough House festivities are expected to form a good feature in the approaching run; London is becoming more crowded every day. I can't speak from personal experience, not having gone anywhere. I have led a hermit's life since I came up to town; and until now I felt there was no inducement sufficient to make me care to enter society."

He meant a great deal, but Lady Roubrick "did not see it," but replied,—

"Ah, yes, I can well understand. Tout pour elle—rien sans elle. Mais où est-elle?" With a look of innocent inquiry quite charming to behold, she added,—

"I thought we should have had to congratulate you long ere this, and but that the custom is obsolete, we expected to have received cards tied with a silver knot, inscribed with the united names of yourself and Miss Armytage."

He changed countenance, smiled coldly, and replied,—

"Oh, that is all off; the lady changed her mind; pleaded incompatibility of temper or something of the sort. It is so long ago I have quite forgotten." Rising to take leave he said, "Shall I have the pleasure of meeting you this evening at D—— House?"

"No, we are not going; I feel quite done up after our life of such excessive dissipation at Rome and Paris. I feel I must really lie by a little, and take the London season very quietly." With a pretty shrug she added, "After all, society here seems such a dull, spiritless affair compared with those brilliant reunions abroad; at least, my reminiscences of it are so."

Mr. Lexington winced a little at this speech, and said,—

"We English, in spite of our boasted superiority, are far behind our foreign neighbours in many things; but I see your carriage has come round, I must not detain you, so I shall say good-bye." And Mr. Lexington departed.

"What a brilliant passage of arms, Mrs. Chandler!"

"Was it not? Now come, let us get ready for the park. The carriage has been round for more than fifteen minutes; and the chestnuts, like their mistress, are averse to be kept waiting. I promised the Prince de Chimay to be there by five to admire a little grey Arab he is to ride, and which he is anxious Sir Compton should buy for me!"

The day was a bright and lovely one—the park seemed unusually gay with pedestrians and equestrians, and the "drive" was thronged with carriages. Rows of chairs were filled with gaily dressed occupants, and groups of men stood leaning over the rails watching the gay procession with cigars or short pipes in their mouths, after the manner of our ingenuous British youth of the present day. Many brilliant equipages passed, but none prettier than Lady Roubrick's light green sociable, drawn by a pair of thoroughbred chestnuts, perfect in the whole get-up, from the white streak of its light wheels to the top curl of the coachman's wig. Such, too, was the opinion of a group of men who stood discussing the merits and demerits of carriages, women, and horses.

"By George, sir," said Sir Harry Wynton, a *ci-devant* celebrity, but still a man of great weight, among his compeers looked up to as an authority, and as particularly sound on all social

matters by younger men, who spoke of him in such terms as "Knowing old daw; understands everything, Wynton does; I wonder where he found it all out?"—"by George, sir, nothing like the whole thing here to-day; worth sitting half an hour on a two-penny chair to see it pass. My lady is the handsomest woman in London."

"Would give all the rest of them half a stone and beat them without turning a hair," said young Lord Rackett, who had just entered her Majesty's service as a cornet.

"I say, Lexington, you let her slip through your fingers. You were bit there, old boy."

"I admit the fact as far as a mild flirtation goes, with some amount of mutual admiration; but matrimony only helped along by Cupid, without any assistance from that sensible old fellow Plutus, would not suit my book. I told the little party so, and advised her to turn her bright eyes elsewhere."

"That won't do, Lex," said Captain Gresham, a brother officer of Lord Rackett's; "I heard she threw you over for old Cotton-bags—what's his name?"

Mr. Lexington gave a forced laugh, sprang over the railings, and made his way through the carriages to where Lady Roubrick's stood. A stoppage had occurred somewhere on the line, and the chestnuts, much to their dissatisfaction, were obliged to stand still.

"What a confounded puppy!" said young Rackett. "And if what he says be true, it's an awful pity. I never saw a nicer girl than Lilla D'Arcy, or one who managed to keep the ball rolling better."

"She has drawn a wrong card in Sir Compton Roubrick, I fear," said Sir H. Wynton. "I met them both at Lady H.'s ball on Friday last. He remained the entire night in the card-room—only came out on his carriage being called, looking very much flushed and excited, and, I am sorry to say, rather unsteady in his gait. The look her ladyship gave him as he entered the carriage had nothing seraphic in it, by George!"

"What a shame of the little beast!" said the young lord. "I wonder how she ever came to take him; but women are so deuced mercenary."

When Mr. Lexington reached Lady Roubrick's carriage, he found the position he intended to take up already occupied by the Prince de Chimay, a foreign acquaintance of Lady R.'s, and who seemed on quite familiar terms with both ladies, who were

laughing and chatting with him about people, places, and events that they were intimately acquainted with, and had taken part in. Horace found himself, for perhaps the first time in his life, "de trop," and was made to understand it, though very courteously; raising his hat, he went off to a less frequented part of the park, and throwing himself down moodily on one of the seats, lit a cigar, and began to think; but not pleasant were the thoughts that came. His conduct, dictated alone by mere conventional selfishness, rose up in judgment before him, bringing with it the bitter feeling of "how different it might all have been." He made the discovery that he had loved Lilla D'Arcy, and as long as life lasted should love Lady Roubriek, but by his own hand and deed had lost her. Grace Armytage's fortune stood too temptingly in the way, and the scorn with which she broke off their engagement made his cheeks tingle even now to think of it.

In our earthly career we have many deep sorrows; life's troubled waters sometimes rise so high as nearly to overwhelm us; but there is no grief so bitter, no pang so great as that which comes to us accompanied by the words "too late." All power of reparation gone, all remorse; "Too late," the door is shut, the curtain drawn. Oh that our tongues had been silenced by death before we spoke those bitter words which wrung the hearer's heart in agony, and caused the head to bow to hide the trembling lip! or that the hand had withered that penned those lines to ——! She is gone, sleeps soundly under the cypresses some thousand miles away,—and *he*—he is gone too, where neither remorse nor repentance can ever reach them.

But whatever may have been the worldly advantages that accrued to us from our cold prudence, would we not gladly give up all—ay, were they tenfold as great—once more to clasp the hand now so cold, or for one short hour to tell of our bitter sorrow and deep repentance? but "too late,"—those words keep ringing in our ears with the same despairing knell as when pronounced of old to the five poor women shut out into blankness and desolation. May the "God unto whom all hearts lie open, and from whom no secrets are hid," mercifully grant that we may never hear them addressed to us, or stand under the portals of heaven's closed gates with lights extinguished, "lamps unfilled," and hear pronounced against us those terrible words,—"*Depart, I know you not;*"

"Too late, ye cannot enter."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE "QUESTION" DISCUSSED.

LADY ROUBRICK "received" on Thursday. From one o'clock until five on that day her drawing-rooms were usually well filled with fashionables, but at five a privileged few adjourned to my lady's boudoir, to enjoy there the afternoon tea. This was the pleasantest and most social hour of the whole day. All formality and conventionalism vanished with the sight of the china tea service, and friends discussed friends with that charming frankness which most of us employ when we discourse upon the faults or follies, fortunes and misfortunes, of our neighbours in general, as well as those with whom we are on terms of intimacy and friendship.

On this particular evening there were not many present; the Chandlers, with Guy, Hugh's eldest brother; Sir Harry Wynter; Mr. Deering, an *attaché*, of course with an immensity to say for himself; Captain Redmayne, a man met with everywhere, and who, consequently, it is presumed, enjoyed society after his own peculiar fashion, which was to stand with his back to the wall, twirling his moustaches, as if trying to elicit an idea from them. If the effort were successful it certainly did not break forth in words, for he spent night after night thus in solemn taciturnity, except when particularly addressed.

Lilla sat near the tea-table, looking very lovely, in an exquisitely fitting dress of no particular colour, which admitted of the *modiste's* trimming it most tastefully with a delicate shade of green. A ribbon of the same hue kept back her hair, snood fashion, from her temples, letting it wreath round her beautifully formed head in rich plaits.

Mr. Lexington sat near her, assisting in the duties of the tea-making. There were two or three young ladies, intimate friends of the hostess, and these completed the party. Sir Compton of course was not present. He was seldom to be seen in his wife's rooms; their feelings, sympathies, and tastes ran in quite opposite directions.

The balls present and future were talked over, flirtations commented upon, possible marriages stated, the newest novels criticised, and the latest *prima donna* praised or censured, as the case might be. All these matters having been discussed, the party sat in silence, waiting for some topic to be started, when

Arthur Deering called across the room, from Miss Bovill's side, who had been initiating him into the mysteries of a new stitch in tatting,—

"Come, Redmayne, we will trouble you for an observation; you have been standing there without saying a word for the last hour. Pray give us the benefit of your meditations at least."

"I was just going to make an observation."

"Pray do, if only for the sake of its novelty."

"Hear, hear; Captain Redmayne's going to speak."

Not in the least put out by the banter he was receiving, but with the stolid air of Landseer's mastiff in his celebrated picture of "Dignity," that gentleman went on,—

"I'll tell you something that will astonish you."

"Pray do, Captain Redmayne," said Lilla; "I am just in that state of stagnation that wants to be astonished in order to be revived."

"Some one we know is going to be married."

"Quite true," said Sir Harry, gravely. "*The Court Journal* of to-day announces eleven marriages shortly to come off. I believe we all know something of most of the parties."

"If you would only give a fellow time to speak, and not take him up in that sort of a way, you would hear that this is something quite out of the common."

"Pray tell us who it is," said Mrs. Chandler, "and put us out of pain! I am feeling quite excited."

"Well, then, Harvey Saville is going to marry Lady Isabel Hope."

"Incredible!"

"Impossible!"

"I don't believe a word of it."

"Bosh! they have been imposing on your innocence," assailed him on all sides from a chorus of voices,—all but Mrs. Chandler's, who quietly said,—

"I don't see why it may not be true."

"The Marquis of Hardcastle proposed for her."

"The Duke of Polyelatz meant to do so."

"Saltoun, the banker, the richest man in England, has been paying the whole family most marked attention for the last month."

Quite undisturbed by the incredulity with which they received the intelligence he gave, Captain Redmayne said,—

"Harvey breakfasted with me this morning, and told me all about it."

"The belle of the season, I always thought she was kept in reserve for some of the great powers," said Mr. Lexington.

"She has thrown them all over for romantic affection and Harvey Saville. I met her last autumn in Yorkshire. She's awfully nice."

Having made this unusual effort, Redmayne collapsed into the recesses of a large arm-chair near him.

"What has Saville? and what is he?" asked Arthur Deering.

"Something in the Foreign Office, and serves his country there for four hundred a year."

"What fortune has the Lady Isabel?"

"Six thousand pounds."

"It is a case for outdoor relief," said Sir Harry. "Poor young woman! Has she no friends?"

"I am so glad to hear of this," said Augusta Chandler. "I know that they have been long attached to each other. Lady Mersey would not consent to any engagement until Isabel was of age, and was sure she knew her own mind."

"Poor child! she has given clear proof of having quite gone out of it," said Sir Harry.

"I'll tell you what," said Guy Chandler, coming forward to deposit his cup on the table. "I consider she is a brick, that girl. I wish there were more to be found like her."

"And you would go in for one," said his brother, laughing. "Why don't you look about and see?"

"I don't understand, Chandler, why you don't marry," said Horace. "You are just the man that ought. You can afford to keep that most expensive of luxuries, a wife. Your tastes, too, are strictly domestic, to judge from the number of cups of tea you consume."

"I would not mind but for all the preliminary nonsense—the courtship, and all that sort of thing; above all, the St. George's affair. I never saw the man yet that did not look foolish and out of place acting the rôle of bridegroom. But if some nice woman had the good taste to fall in love with me, and asked me to meet her at a quiet church, soberly dressed, I would feel most grateful to her."

After the laugh created by this declaration had subsided, Mrs. Chandler said,—

"I have no doubt of this marriage turning out happily. Lady Isabel has not a single extravagant taste, and one morning that we were speaking on the subject of her marriage she said to me,—

"I don't care one bit for fine dresses, I detest riding—I prefer walking to driving. As for jewels, I never even wear those I have got; and having to dine every day off nine or ten courses is simply a bore. Under these circumstances it is hard to be expected to marry for the mere sake of those things which I don't in the least value."

"I suppose," said Arthur Deering, "poor men must sometimes marry. I think, however, women ought to be educated expressly for them, and——but here comes Mrs. Ward," addressing the lady who that moment entered. "She is an authority on the subject."

Kate often came to Lady Roubrick's Thursday teas. She was sure of her sister being at home, and usually met Mrs. Chandler, and sometimes her mother and aunt there. After returning the greetings of those present, she asked what the matter was under discussion. She was told of the approaching marriage in high life, and the argument it gave rise to as to the non-eligibility of the young ladies of the present day as wives for men of small fortunes.

"I don't think it quite fair," said Kate, "to assume that all the girls met with in society are extravagant and helpless. Women are not spendthrift by nature. In a general way they are brought up to know nothing of money, and are therefore often lavish without the least intention; but please don't say they are all mercenary. I do believe there are scores of women, ladylike and accomplished, and of inexpensive habits, willing to accept almost any pecuniary position not involving the entire extinction of refinement with a man whom they love, in preference to seeking luxuries at the sacrifice of marrying where they can never esteem or care for the donor.

"There may be such women," said Mr. Lexington, sarcastically, "but I never had the privilege to meet with them."

"I have got exactly six hundred a year," said Arthur Deering. "On that sum one cannot keep a French *chef*. I confess I like to dine well. Now, if I marry, the lady most probably has never entered a kitchen before her own—does not know one kind of viand from another until she sees it on the table. I am a good-tempered fellow in general, but I could not account for myself under the provocation of a series of badly dressed, ill got-up diners."

"You are adopting the views of some of the essayists," said Kate, "which are much overdrawn. I knew but little of house-

hold matters when I married, but in becoming the wife of a poor man I saw the necessity of studying the subject. I began my domestic career with good servants, there is nothing gained by keeping bad ones, they are much the most expensive. 'Where there's a will there's a way,' you know. And," added she, laughing, "Mr. Ward never complains of my dinners :—

"It has rather been a fashion lately," said Augusta, "with some of the journals to attack the unmarried women of England. Now here is one. Just listen to what this man says; for of course the writer is masculine :—

"'Women whose main idea is show, who neither marry for love nor liking, but mainly for an establishment—who are wretched if they have not maids of their own; and are more extravagant after marriage than before—who have all accomplishments and no knowledge—whose god is not even the world, something infinitely lower, "*le monde*." There grows up in them a hardness of heart, an active selfishness in the pursuit of luxury and amusement, which is infinitely worse for their husbands than the "fastness" of which they are often unjustly accused.'

"Writing like this does infinite mischief. There are numbers of men who accept this description, which is unhappily true of the few, as an accurate account of the many, and never take the trouble of finding out for themselves that the majority of English women, I am thankful to say, are neither senselessly reckless nor greedy, and are quite free from the taint of fastness."

"Poor darlings!" said Hugh. "It is a shame to misrepresent them. It is well they are able to fight their own battles."

Some of the party had now tendered their farewells. As Arthur Deering did so he said,—

"I am of opinion all the same that women ought to be taught useful things as well as receive a merely ornamental education. Our great-grandmothers were cunning in the arts of cookery, confectionery, and healing; and if we may fairly judge from the portraits transmitted to us, they seem every whit as much the lady as our most distinguished-looking modern belles. At the same time I agree with Mrs. Chandler that it is unfair to judge of 'women as they are' from a peculiar clique. It is like going into a second-class billiard-room for the type of the English gentleman."

"Your idea of educating girls for something more than a mere drawing-room belle is not a new one," said Mrs. Ward. "It originated abroad. In Germany a child's kitchen is an institu-

tion. 'Apropos to this, I'll read you an extract from a letter I lately received on the subject from a valued friend, a woman rarely accomplished and refined. My sister has the letter somewhere."

The letter being found, Mrs. Ward read,—

"I have a charming, accomplished neighbour. She has three nice girls; but she is so impressed with the necessity of making them not only accomplished women, but good practical housekeepers, that she brought from Germany a child's model kitchen, which is put up in one of the large rooms; and there, about once a fortnight, the children invite their young friends to meet and learn the art of cooking. 'Mamma' sees that all the necessaries for soups, pastry, jellies, &c., even ice, are properly weighed and prepared. Each child takes a department.

"I assure you the *pot au feu*, the skillets, every possible necessary, are a sight to see. No servants are allowed to enter. Everything is done with their own hands; and the paper caps and white aprons are perfect. When the dinner is dressed and dished it is eaten, and I have seldom tasted better."

"Thank you," said Arthur Deering when she had finished. "I shall certainly not marry for five years; by that time I may have a chance of marrying a girl brought up on this plan. I should prefer my wife to be able to manage her house well to singing a French romance or smoking a cigarette."

CHAPTER XIV.

TABLE-TALK.

"DOES Mrs. Deering smoke? I thought your fair countrywomen objected to the sublime weed in any form," said the Prince de Chimay, who had just then entered, and after having paid his respects to Lady Roubrick, and murmured an apology for not having made his appearance earlier, sat himself down in an arm-chair with the air of a man determined to make himself comfortable for the next half-hour at least.

"As Mrs. Deering's identity is altogether wrapped up in the mysterious future I will not venture to answer for her predilections," said Arthur Deering. "We were discussing the women of England, connecting the rapidly increasing taste for luxury

and lavish extravagance with their non-eligibility as wives for men of moderate fortunes."

"Your countrywomen are very charming," replied the Prince, "and bear the palm of beauty, I consider, unchallenged throughout Europe; but in the matter of domestic virtues I think the French, German, and Swiss girls are certainly brought up with more ideas of economy and household management."

"Yes, we English have gone on for some generations past in a blissful state of self-satisfaction. We have gone on lauding our institutions until we believe in them. The same with our progress in the arts and sciences, likewise our country, until we believe in it also. We are just now beginning to wake up and find other nations shooting past and leaving us far behind in many things; and if the writers of some of our leading journals may be credited, there is a sad falling off in what ought to be at all events the better part of us."

"Those people," said Lilla, "speak, I suppose, of the kind of women they have been in the habit of associating with. They know nothing about *us*."

"I should be sorry to put faith in their statements," said Kate, "that the women of England have fallen off from the standard of the Georgian era. No, I hold 'the good and true' to be the rule—the fast, slangy 'girl of the period' the exception."

"Hear, hear," from Hugh Chandler; "you talk like a book, Kate; nor do I believe we are retrograding in anything. So long as England holds to the true 'secret of her greatness,' she will never be left very far behind among the nations of Europe."

"I hope you may be right," said Mr. Deering; "at present I believe we are sending abroad for our machinery—for our ships, or at least to repair them, and many other matters in which we once took the lead; it would be too hard if we were obliged to send abroad for our wives too."

"I suppose," said Hugh, "men and women are about the same in all countries, good and bad everywhere."

"That is it, Hugh," said his wife, laughing, "and with that original observation of yours we will let the question rest. By the way, Lilla, what became of that girl you had with you as *femme de chambre* when we met you at Rome? She had a most peculiar face. The evil predominated there over the good if there be any truth in Lavater. A letter I received from Rome this morning brought her to my mind."

"Maria Frederic, unfortunate girl! She is connected with a most unpleasant reminiscence of our travels. You remember, Prince, my asking you to try and find out what had become of her. I knew she was in Rome, though I could not find out where."

"Yes, perfectly," said the personage addressed, "and I did discover that she was stowed away somewhere—put into safe keeping, in fact. There was a little scandal attached to her story, and it was thought expedient she should lie by silently."

"Tell us the circumstances, Lilla," said Augusta; "I always fancied that girl would have a history some day."

"She had, indeed, a strangely tragical one. She was a very good maid, and I was rather sorry when she told me she wanted to leave, and asked me to recommend her to the Comtesse Antolia, giving as an excuse that she did not like to come to England. I gave her a good character as far as I knew,—I had nothing to say against her, and the Antolias engaged her. Several months after this we went to stay at their place in the Alban Hills. We had been intimate at Rome during the previous winter, and had promised to pay them a visit as soon as the warm weather set in. The Antolias' villa was a charming one, and when we arrived we found a gay party assembled—the 'Dorias,' 'Traffords,' and others whom we had before met. The country about was beautiful and full of objects of interest; we had many delightful excursions, and all went on as merry as a marriage bell. When the party broke up the Comte and Comtesse begged of Sir Compton and myself to remain on with them for a little while longer, but I had not been feeling well for a day or two before the general break-up, and thinking that the air was relaxing, felt anxious to get on to some place nearer the sea, and we left. Monsieur de Chimay's brother, and a Mr. Charlton, an English friend of his, remained still at the villa. We went on to Monaco, which place Alphonse Karr's charming description has made us all familiar with. You remember he describes it as a 'microscopic city, looking like a toy carved by the sabotiers of the Black Forest, and as if a heavy hailstorm would crush it, surrounded by low rocks covered with thyme, and sheltered by cypresses, palms, acacias, and giant fig trees—woods of orange trees high as the French horse-chestnuts, all surmounted by steep, sublime-looking rocks crowned with forests of olive trees.'"

"I believe," said Monsieur de Chimay, "there are no such gardens to be found in Europe as those of Monaco."

"I think not," said Lilla. "Do you remember how the fields of the *Violettes de Parme* extended from under those wonderfully beautiful citron and lemon trees?"

"Yes, they were purchased at some fabulous sum by a Parisian perfumer."

"Oh," said Lilla, "of course that must be Violet—hence his name. We remained at Monaco for some time, where we were joined by Monsieur de Chimay and Mr. Charlton. They told us the place became most horribly unhealthy, every one seemed getting ill about the villa. They themselves were affected with what seemed like intermitting fever, accompanied by so much depression, they felt glad when they got away, and became better with every mile that removed them from the country. The Antolia children were extremely ill; one little thing, they told us, they thought would hardly recover. I felt exceedingly sorry at this account, and immediately wrote to the Comtesse to inquire for the family. I knew how she idolized her children, and what a grief it would be if this illness terminated fatally. After a few days I received a most heart-broken letter from my friend, saying little Bianca was dead; Carlo their boy was lying dangerously ill, and the baby showed some of the same mysterious symptoms. 'I say mysterious,' she wrote, 'because none of us can well tell what is the matter, nor do I think the doctor understands the complaint. We have sent to Rome for the English physician, and are now anxiously awaiting his arrival.' She went on to say the nurse had been so ill that she was obliged to leave. Maria Frederic was taking care of the children, and nothing could surpass her attention. 'She is a perfect treasure: the grief she showed at my little darling's death I must always remember with grateful feeling; she never left its cot, and sat up with it night after night.' We did not hear for some days after this, and then came a few lines containing, 'Pray for us, my dear friend, we are in sad trouble; we have lost our boy; the Comte is distracted; we are now on our way to Rome.' Some weeks elapsed before we heard anything farther, and when we returned to Rome I went to see the Antolias. I found their palazzo shut up, and was told they had gone to Paris with their surviving child, and were not expected to return.

"It was from a Madame de Salmi, a friend of the afflicted family, that I afterwards heard the account which I am about to give you of this mysterious affair. When I look back and think how very nearly mixed up we were in this tragedy, and that but

for the fortunate chance which caused us to leave at the time we did, we might have played another part besides that of reciter, a feeling of great thankfulness comes over me.

"It appears that the English physician when he arrived was equally puzzled at the symptoms the invalid showed, laughed at malaria in the sight of these mountains, but searched carefully for evidence of bad drainage or faulty sewage. Nothing of the kind, however, was the case. He watched the boy narrowly, let no one go near him but the mother, and the poor devotee to the family, Maria Frederic.

"‘It would seem to me,’ he said—‘but that the thing can hardly be possible—that poison of some subtle kind has been administered in the food.’

"This appeared impossible, for the servants had all partaken of the same viands; for there—as is the universal custom abroad—the servants dine, breakfast, and sup after their masters. A morning or two after his arrival the doctor called the Count out for a *tête-à-tête* walk, and asked him if there was any article of consumption in the house that the servants did not partake of.

"After thinking for a few moments the Count said,—

"‘Yes, the white sugar in our basin does not go down to the servants’ table.’

"‘Good,’ said the doctor, ‘use none whatever for the present, but empty the basin as if you had done so, and give me its contents, and, except to the Countess, say not a word of this measure.’

"The doctor shut himself up for some time in his own room, and when he joined his host he looked pale and thoughtful.

"‘Who,’ asked he, ‘has access to that sugar?’

"‘No one but Madame and her maid,’ said the Count, not a little astonished.

"‘Could you get rid of the latter, without exciting suspicion, for a few hours?’

"‘Yes, she constantly goes to the convent in the evenings for vespers.’

"‘Well, let Madame manœuvre her away, and let us search her room well.’

"When the Countess was made aware of the doctor’s suspicions, she could not be brought to believe that there was anything in them.

"‘Poor Maria grieved over their darlings almost as they did, and was now breaking her heart about Carlo, and never had left them but to say prayers to the Virgin to save them!’

"‘I don’t doubt a word of it, Madame,’ said the impracticable gentleman, ‘but we must search the young lady’s boxes, nevertheless.’

"Maria was despatched to vespers, while the Count and the physician emptied her boxes, and turned over their contents, but found no trace of poison. On the table was a pincushion—harmless-looking enough, one would think; this the Count taking in his hand perceived to be hollow. Opening it, he found some little papers containing a powder.

"Dr. —— took it, examined it at the light, and going up to the Count, said,—

"‘My dear friend, your children have been murdered, and your own and your lady’s life attempted by that young, pretty-faced fiend who is now saying her prayers—perhaps confessing her crime—across the fields there.’

"You must imagine the scene that followed—the consternation everywhere—the agony and despair of the parents. The Count was for sacrificing Maria Frederic on the spot, and was with difficulty withheld from it.

"The prior came over from the convent, and had a private interview with the Count, the result of which was that the whole family went off without delay to Rome, taking Maria with them as a prisoner to be dealt with by the laws."

"What a horrible affair! What could the motive have been?" was the universal cry of Lady Roubrick’s auditors.

"I am coming to that which is the worst part of all. On further examination of Maria’s things a packet of letters was found from the Count’s brother, a *mauvais sujet*, who had been on bad terms with him for many years. These were partly love-letters, but all instigating and urging her on to the crime, under promise of marriage afterwards. The wretched woman seems to have been reluctant about the children, and there was an unfinished letter found from herself speaking of her affection for and grief at their deaths. Still she went on remorselessly, and but for the English doctor’s opportune discovery the whole family would most probably have succumbed to the united villany of this "precious pair of lovers."

"How very dreadful!" said Augusta. "But what became of the brother?"

"Well, it was a great scandal, of course, a crime like this occurring in the family; Maria was given up to the church to be dealt with, and the brother, the wicked instigator of the crime, dis-

appeared; but it was rumoured that the authorities knew where he was, and that he did not go unpunished, though the affair was hushed up without coming to a public trial. My friends with their remaining child left Italy and settled in Paris. Maria's fate remains a mystery. I asked Monsieur de Chimay to endeavour to find out something relative to her, but you heard him say his efforts were not very successful."

"I was given to understand she was *safe*," said the Prince. "Nor is it likely she will get out of the keeping she is in. The honour of a high name is connected with the secret she holds. There is little likelihood of the woman's ever coming forward into the world to betray it."

"The story is much more fitted for the Middle Ages," said Kate, "than for these our peaceful nineteenth century days. What an awful picture of life it is!"

"What a consummate scoundrel that brother was! I hope he did not get off," said Hugh.

"Don't be uneasy about him," said the Prince; "the secret police of Rome is not the less deadly for being still in its movements. This upper crust of the earth will never, you may be assured, be graced with his presence again."

"Ugh!" said Hugh, "the story is an ugly one—enough to injure one's digestion, the bare recapitulation of it. I'll go and have a ride to take the feel off."

This broke up the sitting for the day.



KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH AND THAT
HE SHALL STAND AT THE LATTER DAY UPON THE EARTH

"In the vast Abbey where the sunbeams darted
Into the soft grey gloom with slanting rays,
We sat in peaceful silence, yet full-hearted,
And mused awhile of holiness and praise."—Page 525.

A GOLDEN HOUR.

BY SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE golden sun lay warm on yellow gorses,
 Out on wide breezy commons far away ;
 And flashed upon the shining watercourses,
 Where all the banks were bright with flowery May.

Deep in the hearts of forests green and mazy
 The sunshine nestled 'mid the plummy ferns,
 Shedding a gentle radiance mild and hazy,—
 That fair dream-light for which the spirit yearns.

They were far off, those sunny rural places,
 For near us was the City with its dim,
 And its great crowd of worn and weary faces,
 Bearing too oft the stamp of grief and sin.

Yet there was shade for us, and quiet gladness ;
 A calm, sweet rest amid the noontide heat,
 A shelter from the great world and its sadness,
 A haven from the tide of hurrying feet.

In the vast Abbey where the sunbeams darted
 Into the soft grey gloom with slanting rays,
 We sate in peaceful silence, yet full-hearted,
 And mused awhile of holiness and praise.

Above us on the old stone arches rested
 A dreamy tint from coloured windows cast,
 Soft as the hues of violets purple-breasted,
 Dim as those sunset gleams that fade so fast.

Down the long aisles we watched the stray beams wander,
Where the dark shadows forth to meet them crept
From the still tombs on which we gazed, to ponder
On the old stories of the saints that slept.

They fought as we do now, with secret sorrows ;
Their path, as ours, lay 'midst life's vales and heights ;
They had their golden days with dark to-morrows,
Their joyful mornings and their weeping nights.

Like us they loved,—like us they felt the pressing
Of clasping hands that must unclasp for aye ;
Their lips, like ours, exchanged the kiss and blessing,
And spoke those final words so hard to say.

They wait in peace the Resurrection glory,
While we must linger here a little while ;
Ours is the strife, the uncompleted story,
Theirs is the rest in yonder shadowy aisle.

O blessed rest ! O slumber consecrated
By the broad shadows of God's house around !
O happy end for those who toiled and waited,
To sleep within the ancient Abbey's bound !

We thank Thee, Father, for the calm protection
Of Thy dear Church,—safe guarded by Thine hand ;
We seek her walls with reverent affection,
The Rock's great shadow in a weary land.

Keep Thou her sanctuaries pure and stainless,
Be Thou her shield, her never-failing guide ;
Preserve her grand old creeds, unchecked and chainless,
And O come quickly, Jesu, to Thy Bride.

Our golden hour was ended, and we hasted
Back to the world ; and parted after this
With purer, calmer hearts, for having tasted
That one deep draught of quietness and bliss.

TRUE PASSAGES FROM A GERMAN PASTOR'S FAMILY CHRONICLE.

BY THE REV. E. FROMMEL.

V. WHAT MY GREAT-UNCLE DID IN THE BAD TIMES, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

My readers must go back with me more than fifty years to understand the following story, and to know what Germans mean when they speak distinctively of "the bad times." That any of them have still a grandfather living who played his part in those times it would be hard to affirm; for the generation that wept for and struggled against the misery of our nation has now almost died out. Among the men of to-day, the veterans who saw Napoleon and Blucher in the flesh stand like weather-beaten oaks in a beech forest. I lately buried an old sergeant-major, eighty-eight years of age, who in his day had tramped through the Russian snows, and after the battle of the Beresina had cut the regimental colour from its staff, and brought it home to the palace at Carlsruhe wound round his body. When I asked him once how he felt amongst the younger generation, he answered in the following graphic if not very romantic fashion:—

"Sir, I had once a mouthful of splendid teeth, white as snow; but I lost them nearly all in the Russian campaign and the siege of Dantzic; I've only a couple of old stumps left in my head. It's just so with my old Baden regiment. Most of my comrades lie in the battle-field or the churchyard, and only a few old shaky stumps like myself remain alive."

The Russian campaign was made in the year 1812-13. Napoleon the First had reached the climax of his prosperity. He was the man the most feared in the universe. He had humbled Prussia and banished her king from his capital; and Austria had been compelled to give one of her imperial princesses in marriage to the upstart, who had made his way from a lieutenancy of artillery to the throne of France. With the exceptions of England and Russia, all the world was at his feet, and the small states dared not budge for fear of utter annihilation. As if

to crown his good fortune, a son was born to him in the year 1811, and I remember hearing that as he held his new-born infant in his arms a great tear rolled down the cheeks of him whom no cries of the wounded and dying ever melted, and whom no victory, however great, seemed able to rejoice. One would have fancied that on such an occasion Napoleon might have looked into his own heart, and have learned that even as his child was dear to him other people's children were dear to them, and might have reflected on the miseries of separation and sorrow which arise from war. It was not so, however; he wanted to pass the summit he had reached; forgetting that if we would go beyond the summit of a mountain, it must be by going down the other side; and it is a true word that says, "God resisteth the proud." So Napoleon aimed his next efforts against Russia, to invade which he assembled an army of nearly half a million of men, numbers of whom were impressed Germans. When he heard that the Emperor of Russia, on the approach of this marvellous host, had ordered public prayer to be made in the churches against him, he replied, with a laugh of defiance, that his bayonets could beat the Russian prayers. And yet somehow the Russian prayers carried further than the French muskets. In one night God said to him, "Thus far shalt thou come, and no further." Moscow was burned down,—burned down by her own people to deprive Napoleon of a shelter; and the Russian winter came, a far grimmer and sturdier customer than Germany or France had ever had to deal with; and he smote the French, laying whole regiments low, without sound of shot or stroke of sabre, and covering them in chill compassion with a frozen shroud of snow. So the French army, fighting and failing time after time, struggled back towards the Rhine. It was still a great though a beaten army, but rendered insubordinate and demoralized by the long campaign. Consequently the men on their march ravished and plundered everywhere, carrying off "everything but fixtures and fire." And unhappily there were even Germans found to encourage these doings and turn them, to their own unworthy gain. German spies there were, who, secretly corresponding with the French, gave them information against all true patriots and lovers of their country who had exulted in the defeat of Napoleon, and these poor men were scandalously used. In those days three men could scarcely come together to express an opinion without running the risk of being betrayed; and those whose hearts were bleeding for their country's shame

had to press their hand close upon the bitter wound to hide it. Other wretches, again, contracted for supplying the French, and ruined whole villages by carrying the cattle off from their pastures.

Those, then, were "the bad times" of which I spoke, and in which occurred the following circumstances.

My great-uncle, the registrar, lived at that time with his family in a large town in the Middle Rhine district of Baden. He was a tall, stalwart man, who seemed better fitted to wield the sabre than the pen. He wore his waving hair long, which became him well, though when he grew angry it looked like the mane of an infuriated lion. But ordinarily he was a quiet, grave man. The hard times had ploughed deep wrinkles in his forehead, and, kindly though his nature was, his aspect gave the idea of melancholy. He looked as if something which he could not utter weighed upon his mind. The proximate cause of his depression was manifest to any one who entered his dwelling. He and his wife had a string of five children, entirely uneducated, following each other in stature like a row of organ pipes, the eldest being a boy of only twelve years old. And the future of these children was one of his great anxieties. They were hard pinched even now; his salary was small, and the war times had kept the two last quarters in arrear. It was well for him that part of his payment was made in kind, of wood, corn, and wine, for otherwise he would have been quite unable to stop so many little mouths. But even this resource must, he felt, soon fail him if the war continued. And yet, after all, this was not his heaviest trouble. When he had dismissed his clerk, shut his office, and put on an easy coat, it was a sight to see him amongst his children; he would take them one after another, and hug them till they almost screamed; or get them all on his knees while he tossed the baby, and sang them patriotic songs until many a time his wife ran in in terror, crying, "Hush, dear! hush! Don't sing so loud. Who knows but there are spies listening to you somewhere?" And this was enough to check all his spirits, and make him roll his eyes and shake his long hair, while a heavy sigh escaped from his breast. The state of his country was, after all, his greatest trouble. In the town he lived in there were not a few well disposed to the French—bribed people, for the most part—who would have been glad enough to become Frenchmen altogether. And these kept a close account of all those persons in their neighbourhood whom they suspected.

of patriotism, hoping by their accusations to earn themselves a scarlet mantle, or even perhaps only a bit of red ribbon to decorate their button-holes.

Now the registrar's immediate superior in office, the mayor, was exactly one of this sort. He heartily detested the registrar, who was a true and thorough German, whom the disgrace and misery of his country made utterly wretched. The mayor had often threatened him with loss of his place and his bread if he gave trouble, or spoke out of things that happened day by day. For the registrar often could not help expostulating when he saw a few patriotic men burdened with heavy billetings and contributions, while timeservers and toadies were let off altogether. And the mayor had even gone so far as to offer him money on some such occasion, the effect of which offer was to make him shake his mane furiously and draw himself up to his full height, fixing a piercing gaze upon his tempter, and crying shame upon him, at the same time declaring, that were such a hint repeated, he should no longer have enough self-restraint to keep his hands off his worship. The mayor had slunk away, afraid of the prowess of the registrar, who was famous for colossal strength.

All these circumstances made his wife the more anxious to keep him quiet, with the continual reminder, "Think of your wife and children, and put your trust in God, He will guide things right at last." And, on the whole, he bore her remonstrances well, though his natural sense of justice would often break forth indignantly, and patient endurance was by no means his strong point. Yet patience, after all, is a precious thing, as surely as the Scripture says, "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city." He often answered his wife by saying that "so far as his German heart allowed him, he would hold his peace, but she must admit herself that God in heaven must be moved to see how Germany was treated ;" and she would answer time after time, "The Lord chasteneth whom He loveth."

At last came the news of Moscow and Leipsic ; and the more uneasy the mayor became, the merrier grew the registrar. When the returning French troops made their appearance the mayor suddenly vanished in order not to compromise himself ; and as no one knew well what to do on the registrar reporting his chief's absence, he was requested to undertake the duty provisionally himself.

And so he entered on his arduous task. Already French quartermasters were coming with their requisitions. From hour

to hour the registrar's difficulties increased, and before long there was not a spot in the whole district which had not been beggared by contributions. For though, as the Grand Duchy was not regarded as hostile territory, the supplies were supposed to be paid for, yet the rate of payment was so contemptible as to ruin those who were compelled to part with their property. This state of things went sadly against the grain of the honest registrar, whose spirit groaned within him at the sufferings of the people.

"Now I'll have done with it," he said to his wife, as the last quartermaster left the office, and the last hamlet had been placed under contribution; and so saying, he was in the act of locking his office door, it being already late in the day, when a great jingling was heard on the staircase, and a French quartermaster, in hussar uniform, clamorously demanded admittance.

"Ah, ha!" he cried, haughtily, in broken German, "is this the registrar, the good patriot? Parlez-vous Français?"

"No French spoken here," answered the registrar; "this is German territory. What's your business?"

"Forage for two hundred horses; and bread, meat, and wine for my men," answered the quartermaster.

"Impossible," replied the registrar; "everything has been given up."

"Eh! impossible? Do you say impossible to me? Say it again, and I shall lock you up."

"You'd better not try it," said the registrar, threateningly, and drawing himself up to his full height.

"What! will you do me a violence?" cried the quartermaster, making for the door.

"Stay where you are," answered the registrar, "and listen to me. I tell you your requisition cannot be supplied. Six of your people have come already to-day, and have got all that was to be had. The people can furnish nothing more."

"What! the German dogs, they refuse to supply us, do they? Then I'll report to the General at once."

"Report away," said the registrar, "but," he added, shaking his clenched fist under the Frenchman's nose, "say 'German dogs' again, and you'll repent it."

It was plain to the quartermaster that he had found his match. He suddenly changed his tone, and said in a good-humoured way,—

"Well, well, Master Registrar, don't lose your temper over it; war is war, you know. Look here, let's do a little bit of business together, between ourselves, you know."

And so saying he unbuckled a heavy leathern girdle from his waist and laid it on the table. The registrar looked puzzled.

"Aha," cried the quartermaster, "you don't understand. Why, look here: I give you a thousand francs in gold; you give me a receipt for three thousand; you net one thousand, and I two; eh? what d'ye say?"

"What!" cried the registrar, "you want to bribe me, do you?" and with a bound he tucked the slender-waisted quartermaster under one arm, swung the door open with the other, and flung his burden down the long staircase with such force as to shake his sword out of the scabbard and break the spurs off his heels then he slammed his door to again, exclaiming, "There, you rascal, reflect on your roguery outside!"

"For God's sake, husband," cried his wife, rushing in, "what have you done? You've never flung the man down-stairs? We're lost, we're lost!"

"Take it easy, wife," he answered; "he'll do well enough. I stood his abuse patiently, but I think I've given him a German lesson in honesty which he'll not forget the longest day he lives." And so saying he went to romp with his children.

An hour after the "generale" was beaten, and the French were seen to march hastily out of the town, instructions for their instant departure having arrived. The house door was locked, no signs of the quartermaster being discoverable on the staircase save his spurs and the broken balustrade.

After supper the registrar had occasion to return to his office. It was nearly dark, and while striking a light he stumbled against something heavy. On lighting his candle he saw it was the quartermaster's money-belt, which had been forgotten in the circumstances of his ejection, and the hasty departure of the troops. The belt was heavy, and full of gold. The registrar looked hard at it, and thought for a moment, but only a moment, of his wife and children; then he placed the bag on the table, sealed it with the office seal, and rang for his groom.

"Andrew," he said, "saddle a horse at once, and ride after the French quartermaster who was here last."

"The one you threw down-stairs, sir?" said Andrew.

"Yes, the same. Take him his passport, his money-belt, and this letter, with the registrar's compliments, and wishing him a speedy recovery; and bring me back a receipt for the things."

Andrew shook his head. He was an honest, faithful fellow, but this treatment of the quartermaster passed his comprehen-

sion. However, he was used to prompt obedience, and within a quarter of an hour was galloping after the Frenchman.

He came back late at night. The registrar was still up, and let him in.

"Well, did you overtake him?"

"Yes, sir," replied Andrew, "here is his receipt; and you might like to know what he did. Why, the poor wretch howled and cried for joy, and danced about me, and actually kissed me; and then he gave me a napoleon; but that must be yours, sir."

"Nonsense, Andrew!" was the reply, "keep it to buy yourself a new pair of buckskins against the day that our turn comes to ride towards Paris."

And so saying the registrar went to his bed with an easy conscience. In the night his wife said to him, "I'm afraid, husband, you must have injured that poor Frenchman very much; the whole balustrade is broken."

"Take it easy, wife," he answered; "I've given him a plaster for it."

But years and years passed by before she knew what the plaster had consisted of.

I have now, according to the promise in my title, told "what my great-uncle did in the bad times;" I have now to tell further "what came of it."

If any of my readers suppose that some fine day the registrar received a letter of thanks from the quartermaster, or perhaps even a parcel full of all sorts of Parisian nick-nacks, they are greatly mistaken. Perhaps he may have thought that the saving of his credit and the return of his bag of gold only squared the account for his having been so unceremoniously flung down-stairs. At any rate, no acknowledgment from him ever reached the registrar. After the taking of Paris the absconding mayor returned and resumed his post, exactly as if nothing had happened, and as if he had always been the staunchest-hearted German in the world; talking very big of "the fatherland," and so forth, and helping to persecute the former partisans of the French. But he never could look his registrar honestly in the face, and would have been heartily pleased at his removal, could he have contrived it; for a bad conscience is an ever-smouldering fire. The registrar kept on his accustomed course, but he was a lighter-hearted man than before; he could speak out his mind without restraint, and sing his boys

songs of Blücher and Scharnhorst and Gneisenau to his heart's content.

After some years an unexpected legacy was left him. It had long been a favourite dream of his to take a holiday and see a little of the world; and just at this time a travel-bitten nephew came to see him, whom nothing would serve but to get his uncle to accompany him to Paris. The registrar refused at first, just because Paris was proposed; but then he reflected how satisfactory it would be to visit the great city his beloved Germans had helped to capture; and having thus a patriotic justification for his intention, he strapped his portmanteau and bid good-bye for a while to his wife and family.

In France all was tranquil; Napoleon was laid to rest in solitary St. Helena, where he had had at least the opportunity of learning that if God resisteth the proud, He giveth grace to the humble; and the registrar had nothing to disturb his security on his journey. The travellers spent a week on their journey to Paris, passing through Strasburg, Nancy, and Chalons, there being no railways in those times. On their arrival they had much to see, for the city was something wondrously different from what the registrar had expected; and he often had to call his patriotism to his aid, lest he should allow himself to over-admire. But evening came at last, and the travellers were weary, for even beautiful sights can fatigue, especially when the inner man asserts its claims and clamours for attention. So they turned into a restaurant, called for some refreshments, sat down in a corner, and amused themselves with studying the Parisian life around them. In an adjoining room, of which the folding-doors were open, sat a party of gentlemen, for the most part officials and half-pay officers, engaged in animated discussion, the subject of which happened to be the German people. Every one of them had something to say about it; one called them stupid, another loutish, another unpolished, and so forth. The registrar experienced in some sort a return of his feelings of 1813, and his arms twitched with a longing to let his strength out once again. But his nephew restrained him with the prudent reminder, "My dear uncle, just remember that we are in Paris, and anything of that sort may lead to broken heads, and, at the best, to our being sent about our business." And so he yielded to reason and kept quiet. And it was well he did, or he would not have heard the sequel.

"Yes, gentlemen," said a stout, well-dressed man, wearing the

cross of the Legion of Honour, "you may well say the Germans are rough fellows. Every bone in my body aches when I think of it. But one thing I will give them credit for; they are honest. In the year '13 I came with the army through one of their towns, where I made a requisition for forage. I stormed like an ogre, and bullied about till I quite enraged the man I had to deal with, a great German six-foot. Then I thought to try a little dodge by offering some money to pacify the creature, when he snapped me up as a cat might a mouse, and flung me right down the stairs, so that I hardly knew whether I was flying or falling; I know it made all my joints crack. Just after, an alarm was sounded, and we had to start. I had got three leagues off before I remembered that I had left my money-belt in the savage's office. There were sixty thousand francs regimental money in it. I gave myself up for lost, for the General swore I should be shot if the money were not forthcoming. Just then comes in an orderly, to say a countryman was asking after me. I went out, and there was the savage's groom (I can't keep the tears out of my eyes when I think of it) bringing me the money to a single sous, and a message from his master to ask how my bones felt."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried his hearers with one voice—for Frenchmen can admire generosity; "that was a fine brave fellow."

"Ay," resumed the narrator, "a fine fellow indeed. It's a thousand pities I never knew his name. I've often wished to write to him, for there's no sort of doubt he saved my life."

My readers may imagine how the registrar felt as he listened to this narration, and identified in the now stout gentleman the very quartermaster to whom he had given a lesson of honesty in German.

The registrar started up. His nephew, alarmed and knowing nothing of the matter, tried to detain him; but his uncle, saying, "All right, just wait a moment and you'll understand," walked into the next room, planted himself in front of the quartermaster, looked hard at him, and said,—

"Well, quartermaster, should you know me again?"

All the company stared. The quartermaster looked at him for a single instant, and exclaiming, "Good heavens! it's the very man!" started up, rushed at the tall stalwart registrar, and actually kissed and embraced him, till the poor man, in his embarrassment, could not tell which way to look. "My friends, he saved my life," cried the quartermaster.

At last the registrar got loose. "I only did my duty," he said; "but tell me, did the fall do you any lasting injury?"

"None whatever," replied the Frenchman; "on the contrary, I have never forgotten your lesson, thank God, and I hope I am now become an honest man."

Then he begged the registrar to become his guest. That same evening his luggage was brought to the quartermaster's house, whose owner insisted on showing him all the sights. He introduced his German friend to his wife and children, saying, "Bid this friend welcome, who saved my life;" and the stout quartermaster and the tall registrar went day by day arm in arm through Paris, murdering the French and German languages between them to their own intense satisfaction. This lasted for three weeks, when, after a touching farewell, the registrar set out for home.

There was quite a family festival to celebrate his return; and all were amazed at the cheapness of his trip till he told his story; and then they drank a hearty bumper to the quartermaster's health.

VI. MY MOTHER'S FATHER AND COUNT NARBONNE.

I HAVE a lively recollection of my mother's father,—a man with a high forehead and long hair, which he wore combed straight back. He had lost one eye by small-pox, and wore a glass one in its place; but it seemed as if all the power of the destroyed one had passed over to the sound, which was wonderfully bright and piercing. He was anything but a tall man; but there are persons small enough of stature whom we cannot help feeling we must look up to, and this is caused by the spirit that radiates from them; for such a spirit enables even a little man to overtop a giant. And such a spirit my worthy grandfather possessed.

He had gone to Paris between 1770 and 1780, having been appointed German and French preacher in the church attached to the Swedish embassy there. He witnessed the gradual approaches of the great Revolution,—for gathering thunder-clouds, and strange gusts, and sometimes still stranger lulls come before the bursting of such a storm. The apostasy from the living God advocated by the writings of Voltaire and his party, the corruption of the upper classes, the poverty and discontent

of the lower, and finally, the weakness of the well-intentioned king, were but so many heralds of destruction. My grandfather himself was a republican, heart and soul. However woefully mistaken, he considered—as many noble and excellent Germans did—republicanism to be the form of government best suited to France. But just because he was a thorough republican he was an uncompromising opponent of lawlessness and bloodshed.

Well, the Reign of Terror came; the prisons were thronged with the noblest of the land, who were proscribed. All who could made their escape; the Swedish ambassador himself was recalled, and left the affairs of the embassy in my grandfather's hands, who was thus left alone in charge of the palace.

Late one night the hall bell sounded, and the door was cautiously opened by the porter. A servant announced, "Count Narbonne," and inquired whether my grandfather would admit him.

My grandfather had often seen him in company with the ambassador, and knew him as a stand-off, proud, and haughty courtier, and a chamberlain to the now imprisoned king. He surmised the reason of his coming, knowing that his name had been placed on the proscription list as that of an enemy of the commonwealth; my grandfather also knew that to harbour an "enemy of the commonwealth" was to incur sentence of death. He hesitated a moment, and then desired the servant to admit the Count. Arising hastily, he put on his cassock, and went down to an anteroom, where he found the Count richly attired, but pale as death and trembling with fear.

"May I ask your business, citizen Narbonne?" said my grandfather.

"Oh, reverend sir, for the love of God," cried the Count, "save me! They are searching my house for me even now. Unless you shelter me I am a lost man!"

My grandfather fixed his piercing gaze upon him, and said in a loud voice,—

"Citizen Narbonne, you know that you are in the hands of a republican and a Protestant. As a republican I am bound to hate you as a foe to your fatherland, and as one who has aided in bringing about the present misery. But you have appealed to me in the name of God, who commands me, as a Christian, to love my enemy. Your appeal shall not be made in vain: follow me."

So saying, my grandfather took a heavy bunch of keys, a thick woollen rug, and a candle, and led the hunted fugitive through a number of long passages. At last they reached a narrow winding stair, at the bottom of which my grandfather opened a door, passing through which they stood in the embassy chapel. He went to the communion-table, pulled off the cover, opened the back of the table, took out the communion plate, and spread the rug in its place.

"You must remain here, citizen Narbonne," said he. "Tomorrow I shall make you a little breathing-hole, and for to-night I shall leave a piece of the panel open. Good night."

And so he replaced the communion-cloth, locked the door, and went away.

Early next morning my grandmother took the keys and brought the prisoner some breakfast.

"Doubtless you have had but an indifferent night, citizen Narbonne," she said, while he pressed her hand, and the great tears rolled down his pale cheeks. And so when he had finished his meal, and made with her assistance an air-hole in the panel, she left him again.

Two nights after, there came a terrible knocking at the gate. It was opened, and two commissioners from the Convention entered, accompanied by eight soldiers.

"Where is the citizen chaplain?" cried one of the commissioners. "Bring him here."

My grandfather had not yet gone to rest, and came downstairs.

"Citizen chaplain," began the commissioner, "you are accused of carrying on a correspondence with Sweden, and further of giving shelter to Count Narbonne, who was seen to take refuge in your house. In the name of the republic—one and indivisible—we require to search the premises."

It was perfectly true that my grandfather was in correspondence with the king of Sweden, though only to the extent of reporting the course of daily events. A lengthy report of the kind was lying at that moment among his papers. But with undaunted courage he replied,—

"Well, Mr. Commissioner, you know me to be a republican: search, by all means, for whatever you can find."

He took a light himself, and showed them the way. They searched chamber after chamber, and at last came to his study. My grandmother was standing by while the search went on. As

the searchers came to the important drawer in which the report lay, she saw her poor husband draw himself up to his full height, and actually marked his hair all gradually stand on end. The drawer was opened, and the searchers burst out into a loud "Hurrah!" They had found in the very top of the drawer two republican songs, which had been sent to my grandfather a day or two before, and which, without thinking what he was about, he had casually placed above his report. Scarcely had the commissioners laid eyes on the songs when they exclaimed,—

"'Tis a good citizen; leave him in peace."

And so saying, they shook him by the hand, and drew off their men without any further examination.

He thanked God upon his knees for his wonderful preservation. After that day, week after week passed away, and every day my grandmother went down to the chapel to bring food to the prisoner. There were as many as twenty servants in the palace, every one of whom knew of the Count's concealment; but such was their love for my grandfather that not a man betrayed him. He himself was constantly devising plans for setting the Count at liberty. At last a great Parisian *fête* day arrived, when multitudes of people from the whole vicinity thronged into the city by every gate.

The night previously my grandfather went down into the chapel and let the Count out. He looked changed enough as it was, but to make him altogether unrecognisable his face was begrimed. A complete suit of carter's clothes was ready, which the Count put on. In the courtyard one of the servants—dressed also as a carter—was waiting with a two-horse water-cart. My grandfather handed the Count a Swedish passport and some money, gave him his hand, and cutting short the expression of his thanks, said,—

"You asked it for God's sake, Count, and for God's sake I did it. Go then in God's name, citizen Narbonne, and may you learn something in your absence."

The pair rode off,—the servant on one of the horses, the Count on the cart. As they came near the city gate the servant began a pretended abuse of the Count as an idle good-for-nothing, and struck him as they passed the sentry twice across the shoulders with his whip.

"You lazy scamp," he cried, "hold the barrel better, can't you?"

"Ah, sentry," he added, "you don't know the trouble I have

with that lout; he's so full of the *fête* that I can't get him to leave the town."

And the sentry laughed, and passed them through the gate.

This scene, of course, had been all rehearsed by my grandfather with the servant. The Count escaped, and the servant got back into the city by another gate. Napoleon restored order in France, and showed to the satisfaction of the people at least what his notion of a republic was; and years passed by without my grandfather hearing anything further of Count Narbonne.

But one evening there was a large party at the house of the famous Madame de Staël. My grandfather—whose friendship she highly valued, and to whom she makes flattering reference in her letters—was one of the guests. She had planned an especial pleasure for him, and called to him in the course of the evening, leading a stately gentleman towards him by the hand.

"Count Narbonne," she said, "this is the Reverend Mr. G——, who saved your life."

"Oh, indeed," said the Count, in a distant tone, and so saying made a bow, and turning away, mixed once more amidst the throng.

"Is that your thanks, my friend?" said Madame de Staël. "For what a wretch you risked your life!"

"I would do it again to-morrow, under the circumstances," said my grandfather, in a grave and solemn voice.

PARISH CHOIRS AND CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

A DIALOGUE.

"I HOPE," I said, "you find ample field for your musical energies in your pair of curacies."

We were sitting together under the weeping ash tree in the corner of my garden,—Ellis and I, two old college friends who had not met for some years. We had been drawn together at Oxford chiefly by our common love of music, of which Ellis was a very energetic executant, well known in all the choral societies of the place, where at our various concerts his sturdy form was generally a conspicuous object in the corner allotted to the basses. Since I had seen him last he had been appointed to the curacy of two small parishes in Essex, and after many repeated promises he had at last managed to get away for a little time and spend a few days with me. We had held many a discussion in the old days about church music, and the possibility of improving it; and when we had adjourned, one day after dinner, to a seat under my favourite tree, I brought up the old subject again.

"I hope," I said, "you find ample field for your musical energies in your pair of curacies."

Ellis. Well, no doubt there is plenty of room for improvement, if you mean that, which I hope, indeed, shortly to be able to make; for my worthy old vicar has never been able to do much in the matter, as he really could not tell one tune from another, and the singers have been left entirely to their own devices. But his last seizure has quite incapacitated him, and I have pretty much my own way in consequence, so I intend to take the singing under my especial protection, and try to mend matters as soon as possible.

Myself. You have some singing, then, at present?

E. Singing? I believe you,—plenty of music such as it is, vocal and instrumental. I never was more astonished in my life than when I heard for the first time a specimen of their powers at my first morning service at Clayford.

M. Probably they intended to astonish you.

E. Well, if they did they succeeded perfectly. I was so dumbfounded at first that I could not account for some of the strange noises I heard; for to look in the direction of the gallery whence the principal body of sound issued I simply did not dare.

M. I suppose you have got "manured" to it now, as the old lady said.

E. Yes. I think I can tell you now how the various noises are produced. The whole vocal strength of the choir consists, I find, of one girl, of about sixteen years of age, with a dreadfully shrill voice, (the school, numbering sixty boys and girls, share the same gallery, and never open their mouths,) and a tenor of about fifty years of age. This is the entire vocal force. Then we have a clarionet; which plays the air; a cornet-à-piston, which plays an inner part—it is difficult to say which—an octave too high; and an ophicleide, which has replaced a trombone. It is needless to say what part that takes. Well, it plays it very correctly. Besides this, a man with a stentorian voice roars out a bass—any that comes uppermost—in the middle of the congregation.

M. Well, that is pretty well for one church. Is the other as formidable?

E. Pretty nearly. There is a somewhat similar musical entertainment there, though not on so large a scale. The instruments are a flute and a clarionet; the voices two baritones, who yell unisonally. Need I say more than "*Me miserum*"?

M. Well, you are to be pitied, I think, but I fear you will find a good deal of trouble in making a change. Those old-established village choirs are very awkward institutions to manage. One would not willingly shelve them altogether, but they have so much confidence in their own powers that it is very hard to remodel them, they are so thoroughly satisfied with their performances. Thank goodness, I had virgin soil to begin upon here. Not a note of music had been heard in our church for years, so that at least there was nothing to be unlearned.

E. And how do they get on now?

M. Well, respectably enough, but I have had to take a good deal of pains with them. Still, considering they have been at it little more than twelve months, it is satisfactory to find they do so well. Then my materials are but scanty. I can hardly

muster a dozen voices at most, which I accompany on the harmonium.

E. I don't altogether like an harmonium, though of course it is infinitely preferable to our band. I fancy it makes the choir shout, it is so overpowering when you are close to it. But the sound does not penetrate.

M. That is very true; but we could not afford an organ, and it was out of the question to try to get them to sing without some support to the voices. Even tolerable choirs very soon get out of tune woefully when left to themselves; besides, as I teach them to sing entirely in unison, something was wanted to put in the harmonies.

E. I must say I don't quite go with you there. I certainly prefer to hear the voices singing in harmony.

M. So, on the whole, do I, though the unison singing is, perhaps, more effective than you would think. The fact is, however, that it is next to impossible to accomplish harmony, unless you have far better materials than I had, or nine-tenths of our parish churches are likely to have. You may manage to get some of your male voices to sing a bass, but the inner parts are very hard to fill up, and a village tenor is a very uncertain animal.

E. Do you teach them to sing from notes?

M. As far as possible; but we have so few opportunities for practice that I can't do much in that way; still, every step taken that way I feel to be a step in the right direction. I do my best to teach them the ordinary intervals, and they soon pick up a sufficient notion of time, and the relative value of notes, to enable them to understand my beat. Certainly many of them understand enough about their notes to be able to depend on them to a great extent as a guide in acquiring a new tune.

E. Do you find the congregation join you at all? What I want is to get up congregational singing; for as it is, with the exception of the solitary individual I told you of, who extemporizes a bass in a voice of thunder, no one else opens a mouth.

M. No doubt congregational singing is what we ought to aim at in all our parish churches. I should like to make our people feel that they should bear their part in the musical parts of the church service to the best of their ability, no less than in the responses. But, of course, if they don't choose to sing you can't make them. One old farmer in our parish, the only malcontent, by the way, chose to object to the singing, on the

ground that it was not congregational. "My good sir," I said, "if you will teach me how to induce you to sing, I shall be very glad of the lesson."

E. What was his recipe?

M. Well, unfortunately he had none, being one of those persons who are very apt at finding fault, but never seem to dream of proposing a remedy. I believe all you can do towards getting the congregation to join you is to have music of the simplest form, which they can readily follow, and to teach your choir to be as distinct and precise both in words and music as possible. The trumpet must not give an uncertain sound; and that is one of my chief reasons for teaching them to sing in unison. I fancy that the uneducated can more readily pick up a tune when sung in this way than if they have to disentangle it from the accompanying harmonies.

E. But don't you find that most of our hymn tunes sound very poor without the harmonies?

M. Well, that is to be obviated partly by putting them in on an harmonium or organ. That won't militate against my theory, for they will be very subordinate to the melody, which will be sung by the whole strength of the voices. It has been suggested, and, I think, rather happily, that the organist should vary the harmonies and the style of accompaniment as much as possible in the different verses; but your organist must be considerably above the average of country organists to be able to do this well.

E. Don't you think we might stimulate congregational singing by training a number of singers, and mixing them with the congregation? That would help, I fancy, to give the rest confidence. People are generally so nervous at the sound of their own voices, and imagine every one is listening to them; whereas, if they heard others singing near them, they might get up pluck enough to go on.

M. I fear you could not sufficiently depend on your singers when thus separated. That "union is strength" is as true in the case of a choir as in anything else. In fact, I have seen, or rather heard, the experiment tried, and it failed signally; for not only did the congregation fail to join, but the singers themselves, thus separated, lost heart, and stopped singing, or at least sang but feebly, and it was impossible for the organist to keep any control over them. I think, however, you might do some good by encouraging some of the congregation to be present at and

take part in the practices. I fancy things might be got to go more smoothly, and the chanting especially would be more precise and intelligible.

E. I think you would be somewhat astonished at our people's chanting. I can't make out where they get their chants from. They are the most abominably florid jingling things I ever heard. Indeed, one would almost be inclined to take refuge in Gregorians.

M. I hope you will never do that; and, indeed, I am convinced that they are harder to sing with effect than any other style of chant: what little melody there is in them seems so totally unnatural to our ears that I am sure nothing but the most exaggerated mediæval mania could ever have unearthed them. I try to get Anglican chants, not florid, but with as simple a melody as possible; and there are many such chants admirably adapted for the purpose. As to pointing, as we only attempt the Canticles, I do it after a fashion of my own, keeping it as far as possible syllabic; strictly syllabic you cannot have it without introducing some very undesirable effects. There is no book of pointing that I like altogether; Elvey's is perhaps the best; he certainly spared no pains to make it perfect, for he was at work upon it nearly all his life, but it has some eccentricities in it. There is also an edition of the Canticles pointed by Sir F. Ouseley, for the use of parish choirs, with accompanying chants, but I don't quite agree with that on all points; and besides, one is restricted to single chants, and very few of them; and I feel sure that greater variety is desirable.

E. I can't say that I am particularly wedded to any system of pointing I have seen; it has always been a disputed subject, and I suppose will remain so; but the main thing, I take it, is to get the words said distinctly, and the emphasis laid upon the proper syllables. Our people go to work in the worst possible way; they gabble the words on the recitation note as fast as they can, while they drawl out the syllables on the melody of the chant most dolefully, so that it is very hard to tell where they are, especially as their pronunciation is not of the most intelligible kind.

M. That is one of the greatest difficulties one has to contend with. I have great trouble to keep poor letter "h" in his place. The only way is to insist on the choir pronouncing the words properly and distinctly, and to go over the ground several times till you get it right. One of the most frequent faults in that line

is to run the end of one word into the beginning of the next, which sometimes produces a very odd effect: for example, they sing "make it" as if it were "ma kit," and so on; and unless one is very careful, they will be sure to take breath in the wrong places, and utterly ignore the stops. Of course the same is likely to be the case in the hymns as well.

E. I suppose you don't use Tate and Brady, as we do. I should like to get rid of it myself, but I fear I shall have some difficulty in introducing a hymn-book. People seem to have a prejudice in favour of the metrical psalms because they say they are the words of Scripture, and there is no danger of introducing any false doctrine by their means.

M. But they are not the words of Scripture, but very bad paraphrases—with a few exceptions, certainly—of the Psalms of David; while many of our hymns are very beautiful paraphrases of different parts of the Bible; and it would be very easy to make a collection of such hymns—indeed, there are many in use—without trenching at all upon questionable doctrine. Besides that, I don't see how we can afford to exclude from our services everything which is not in the actual words of Scripture. If we do, a large proportion of our Liturgy will have to go.

E. Then I suppose they would argue that that is in a manner hallowed by long custom.

M. Well, so are many of our hymns—only, unfortunately, they have dropped out of use of late years,—while we have many others besides, more modern, of very great beauty and the deepest devotional feeling, than which I can imagine nothing more suitable for divine worship. Now to Tate and Brady I see several objections:—first, that it is a shockingly bad version (Sternhold and Hopkins' is a more faithful paraphrase, but the versification is so very rugged); then that we have the Psalms already in their appointed place in the service. But perhaps the strongest argument in favour of hymns against metrical Psalms is given by Coleridge in his "Table Talk." Here it is in his own words:—"In that part of our public worship in which, more than all the rest, the common people might and ought to join, which by its association with music is meant to give a fitting vent and expression to the emotions, in that part we all sing as Jews, or at best as mere men in the abstract, without a Saviour. You know my veneration for the Book of Psalms, or most of it; but, with some half-dozen exceptions, the Psalms are surely not adequate vehicles of Christian thanksgiving and joy. Upon this

deficiency in our service Wesley and Whitfield seized ; and you know it is the hearty congregational singing of Christian hymns which keeps the humbler Methodists together. Luther did as much for the Reformation by his hymns as by his translation of the Bible. In Germany the hymns are known by heart by every peasant: they advise, they argue from the hymns, and every soul in the church praises God like a Christian, with words which are natural, and yet sacred to his mind." And then he adds what we were talking of just before, " No doubt this defect in the service proceeded from the dread which the English Reformers had of being charged with introducing anything into the worship of God but the text of Scripture."

E. Certainly there is no lack of hymn-books now for one to pick from. It is almost a pity that there is not more uniformity; people complain that for every different church they go to they have to get a new hymn-book.

M. I expect there would be a great deal of difficulty in making a selection which every one would approve; and, indeed, I don't know who could be entrusted with it except Convocation; and then the progress of business with that venerable body is as tedious as a chancery suit. Perhaps it is as well, after all, that we should be left to our own choice. For my part, I use "Hymns Ancient and Modern," which, though not faultless, is sufficiently good for all purposes.

E. I must have recourse to that or some similar book for tunes, for I simply will not stand those we have now; really, for the most part, they are indescribable. Job, Calcutta, and Cambridge New are in their *repertoire*, Job having been invariably used for the three first verses of the 106th Psalm, N. V., so as to bring out the division in the last line,—

" But always prac—
But always prac—
But always practise what they know,"

in its full beauty. However, though *they* choose both words and tunes, *I* give them out—not the clerk,—and for some time past I've bilked "But always prac—" by giving out, instead of verses 1, 2, 3, which they send me on a slip of paper, "The two first verses *and the last verse*," in a remarkably audible voice. These, however, are only ordinary tunes; the indescribable ones must be left to your imagination.

M. Well, you will find plenty of tunes to suit all tastes in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," without having recourse to Job,

or any other of your foes; still I wish the authors had not altered many of the tunes to suit their own fancy. Bedford, Angels', and Winchester New—all fine old tunes—are altered from the triple time in which one used to know them into common time, and sound to my mind very lame and poor in consequence. Winchester New I always teach my choir to sing in triple time, in defiance of the book.

E. Well, I shall expect to hear of your reading a paper on Church Music at some future congress.

M. No; I'll leave that to wiser heads; still I wish we could hear the subject discussed there in a practical way. Those papers which are read by awful professional swells on those occasions, and illustrated by faultless choirs, are all very well as intellectual and musical treats; beyond that I don't think they do much good; and I could wish they were followed by some practical discussion.

E. Such as we have been engaged in, for example.

M. Well, even from such a conversation as ours it is possible that some hints may be gained. Anyhow, we have discussed it long enough, and the wind is beginning to be chilly. Let's go in.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Church and the World. Essays on Questions of the Day in 1868.
By Various Writers. Edited by the Rev. ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.
London : Longmans, Green, & Co. 1868.

THE object of this series of essays is well known. It is to familiarize the ordinary English reader with the vocabulary and practices of the exaggerated modern Ritualism within the Church of England. Some of these essays are written with considerable ability ; but, we submit, ability utterly mistaken. It will take a good deal more wit and learning than Mr. Patrick Cheyne possesses to convince the minds of English Churchmen that the Roman custom of praying for the dead is not inconsistent with the teaching of the Church of the Reformation ; and after Dr. Littledale's coarse invectives against such great men as Ridley and Latimer, who "loved not their lives even unto the death" for the truth's sake, his wholesale condemnation of the Ritual Commissioners appointed by the Crown last year will not materially affect their comfort or their work. Dr. Littledale says of them, "They are not fit to be trusted to mould the devotions of a nation, and the Crown might as well discharge them at once," p. 76. Judging from Dr. Littledale's general tone and statements, we should decline to acknowledge him as a judge of any devotional subject whatever.

The Changed Cross, and Counsels selected from the Imitation of Christ.
Illuminated by K. K. London : R. Hardwicke, 172, Piccadilly.

THESE two little books are beautifully illuminated, and are admirably adapted for presents. The extracts from Thomas à Kempis are well chosen, and cannot prove otherwise than helpful to a thoughtful reader.

A Household Book of English Poetry. Selected and arranged, with Notes, by RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London : Macmillan & Co. 1868.

IF it be true that a good selection of poetry can only rightly be made by one who is a poet himself, we may be quite sure of the high character of the volume before us. There are few poets of truer and severer taste and judgment than the most reverend Prelate who has edited the present collection, and we have in it the results of extensive reading and matured judgment. Whether the Archbishop's book will become a popular one is more than we are prepared to say ; that it will

live and become a standard book in the literature of the century we have no manner of doubt. We venture to call special attention to the "notes" at the end of the volume. In short compass they contain a wonderful amount of interesting information.

Services and Readings on Prolonged Sickness. By Rev. L. TUTTIETT, Perpetual Curate of Lea Marston. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 77, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

THE present manual has been compiled to meet the case of sick persons who, lingering on through weeks or months of pain until the end come, yet desire the frequent visits and pastoral counsel of the parochial clergyman. It consists of passages from Holy Scripture, specially the Psalms, with suitable reflections, Collects from the Liturgy, and original prayers.

Mr. Tuttiett has accomplished his aim with singular success, and we doubt not that the clergy in general will thankfully avail themselves of his useful and instructive labours.

Sacred Archæology: a Popular Dictionary of Ecclesiastical Art and Institutions from Primitive to Modern Times. By MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT, B.D., Præcentor of Chichester. London: L. Reeve & Co., Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. 1868.

MR. WALCOTT'S purpose in the present volume is thus briefly expressed in the Preface:—

"It is an endeavour to render a subject, which in all its departments has been investigated by the writer during many years, intelligible and interesting to others who have not the leisure for similar research, and also want the opportunities furnished by a large and accessible library."

We feel bound to say that the endeavour has been most faithfully and ably carried out. We have carefully examined many of the articles, and in all cases have found a large amount of information that could only have been obtained by careful and accurate research. Specially are we bound to commend the tone of Christian moderation that runs through the whole book. Mr. Walcott is a gentleman and a scholar, and leaves to writers in mis-called religious newspapers the doubtful privilege of using hard names and mistaking abuse for argument, and pity for piety. This *Sacred Archæology* will be found a most useful handbook for all who are interested in the history and usages of the Church from the beginning.

The Churchman's Shilling Magazine & Family Treasury.

A WOMAN'S CONFESSION.

BY J. A. ST. JOHN BLYTHE.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN UNEXPECTED MODIFICATION OF ARRANGEMENTS.

THEY were very happy days that followed. I could feel, now that the cloud had passed from General Fairfax's brow, how heavy it had been, and I reproached myself severely for my thoughtlessness. Those few words he had so earnestly spoken at Deanswood, the night I had promised to be his wife, ought—now I could really fathom his meaning—to have made me guard carefully against the slightest thing that might lead him to suppose I was not perfectly happy, seeing there was always that dread ready to start up in his mind at any moment.

I was charmed with Spain, it was all so new; and then travelling to me had all its pleasures and none of its discomforts. General Fairfax knew every place we visited, and always took good care that I, at least, should have every luxury I could desire.

We sketched out a charming programme for ourselves for the whole of the winter and the following summer, including all that was best worth seeing in the Mediterranean.

"And then," General Fairfax said, "I shall consider your education complete, Kate; and by the autumn ~~we~~ we will consider of settling ourselves in England again."

"Do you consider all this wandering about in the light of education?" I asked.

"Of course I do; and I think, on the whole, educating one's own wife is rather an amusing occupation. I should not have liked you to settle quietly down in England, after what your childhood ~~was~~, without seeing a little of the world."

"I have certainly contrived to see a good deal in the last fifteen months, but I think I ~~should~~ like to be settled quietly at home soon, Walter."

"So you shall be next autumn, and then we shall see what sort of mistress of a house you will make."

"Oh, Walter, I don't know anything about that," I exclaimed, rather in dismay.

"Never mind; Mrs. Lowther shall teach you. You will soon learn. Now look at the maps again, and settle which shall be our route home in the autumn; subject, of course, to future modifications."

A wise reservation; we neither then dreamed of the modification that was in store for all our arrangements.

We were going to Gibraltar for a few weeks, and then on up the Mediterranean, but by the time I reached Gibraltar, I was thankful to think we were to rest there for a little. The last week of our travels in Spain had been rather an unfortunate one. We had fallen in with several mishaps, which had, for the first time, introduced me to some of the discomforts of travelling; and we had been obliged to make one or two rather long forced journeys, so by the time we reached Gibraltar I felt so thoroughly knocked up, I was very glad to think of being quiet for a little.

"I am afraid you are terribly knocked up, Katie," General Fairfax said, looking at me with rather an anxious look, as we reached the hotel. "Let me carry you up-stairs, child."

I was going to disclaim being so very tired, as I got out of the carriage—hardly truthfully, I must admit, for I had never felt so prostrate with fatigue as I did at that moment; but I did not disclaim it. What I did do was to stumble heavily forward into my husband's arms. I just remember seeing everything whirling, and hearing an exclamation from him, and I knew no more, until I found myself in the hands of Moss and another woman, being undressed and got into bed.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"Nothing of consequence, ma'am," replied Moss; "only you have been dreadfully over-tired, and you fainted."

"I faint?" I repeated.

"Yes, ma'am."

I was too much astonished to say anything more. I had never done such a thing in my life, and my feelings at the moment certainly did not incline me to hope I should ever do so again.

"Lor, ma'am! you do look dreadfully ill," Moss said.

"I don't feel so, only very tired," I replied.

What a relief it was to find myself quiet in bed. I had never felt so thoroughly overdone before. The day's journey had certainly been a very trying one.

I spent the next day in bed, a thing likewise I had never done before, but General Fairfax insisted.

"You must stay quiet, Kate," he said, "you are thoroughly overdone."

"I am quite well now," I replied: "the night's rest has put me all right."

"Nonsense, child; I insist on your not getting up. If you could have seen your own ghastly face when we arrived yesterday, you would not wonder."

I was fain to yield. I always knew I must, when my husband spoke in a particular tone; so I lay and read a novel all day, and confessed that perfect rest was a very enjoyable thing.

I soon got over my fatigue, but yet I did not feel equal for very much; and when, after a fortnight, I still felt the effects of my journey, General Fairfax insisted on my seeing the doctor of the regiment quartered there.

Likewise a fresh experience in my life. I had never seen a doctor in a professional capacity before.

"You have certainly been overdone," he said, after asking me a few questions. "I should recommend your avoiding all fatigue. Have you any acquaintance here?"

"I have made one or two."

"Do you know any of the ladies of our regiment?"

"The major's wife is an old Indian acquaintance of General Fairfax's. I have seen her."

"Oh, Mrs. Ellison; a very charming person. Do you like her?"

"Very much, as far as I can judge from the little I have seen

of her," I replied, rather wondering if these questions were to be considered professional.

"I am glad of that. How long do you intend remaining in Gibraltar?"

"About a fortnight longer."

"And where are you going then?"

"Up the Mediterranean."

"For how long?"

"We intend to spend the spring and summer in that way, and return to England towards the autumn."

He smiled. "A very charming programme, but I fear you will hardly be able to carry it out."

"Why not?"

"I fear you will not be equal for it."

"Oh, indeed I shall," I exclaimed. "I really am very strong; as soon as I have got over this, I shall be quite ready to go on."

"I am afraid I cannot sanction any such arrangements," he replied, "though I do not mean to prescribe for you."

"Why not?" I asked, in some surprise.

"Yours is hardly a case for me; I mean to hand you over to Mrs. Ellison. My interference will be limited to a recommendation to General Fairfax to make arrangements for returning to England very shortly."

I must have been helplessly stupid, for I only looked at him in astonishment. "What do you mean?" I asked. "Why should you turn me over to Mrs. Ellison?"

"Because as the mother of several children she will be of more use to you than I can be. Your youth and inexperience, Mrs. Fairfax," he added, gravely, "make me rejoice at your having made Mrs. Ellison's acquaintance just now. I will leave you now. Will you give me leave to ask Mrs. Ellison to come and see you?"

"Please," I said, without the slightest idea what I was saying. I soon found I was alone, though how the doctor went I did not know. I felt so utterly bewildered when his words at last brought the truth before me; and then I wondered how I could have been so blind. Then came back the remembrance of what my husband had said in Paris, with a strange tumult of mingled feelings. I could understand better now what he had then said, and I was plunged in a deep reverie when he came in himself."

"Have you seen the doctor, Kate?" he asked.

"Yes."

"And what does he say?"

I told him, and had no cause to think he had not spoken truly when he said that day would be a happy one to him.

Mrs. Ellison came, and of course laughed at me as much as the doctor, she told me, had done. I could not but laugh myself, at the thoughts of my own inexperience and thoughtlessness. I could smile at the remembrance now, if I had not long since ceased, I think, to have the power of smiling at anything.

"It is well enough to laugh at you as it is, Mrs. Fairfax," Mrs. Ellison said, "but it would have been no laughing matter if you had gone on. Your inexperience might have cost you dear, if you had succeeded in reaching some of the wild regions you purposed visiting."

"What are we to do now, Walter?" I asked my husband one evening.

"You must decide that, Katie. The doctor thinks you had better stay quietly here for a few weeks, to get over the fatigue which has tried you so much; and then we can start, either for England or Paris, whichever you would prefer."

"Would Paris do as well as England?"

"Quite as well."

"Then I would rather go there," I said. I was a very bad sailor, and rather shrank from the thought of even the short passage across the Channel.

I had written to Mrs. Lowther, and I received her answer just before we left Gibraltar. She said no words could tell how glad she was. It was the thing of all others she had most longed to hear. The whole letter breathed all a mother's love. It lies now, yellow with age, among a few other relics of the past, which I guard with jealous care, but never dare to look at.

It was a long journey back to Paris, but not an unpleasant one. I had quite recovered from the temporary evil results of our hurried journey to Gibraltar, and was well able to enjoy it. I would often have willingly done more than General Fairfax would allow, but about everything of that kind he was peremptory enough. We travelled very slowly; often not more than a few miles in the day, and often stayed for a week at a time in one place; so the spring had come again before we reached Paris.

I could not but look forward with an anxious feeling. It seemed rather a lonely prospect. There were people enough in Paris at the moment whom I knew, though none I cared about, and every one would be gone before very long, and I felt terribly

conscious of my own inexperience. General Fairfax had ordered a carriage to meet us at a station some distance from Paris, and I gave a deep sigh, almost involuntarily, as we drove along and I thought of all this.

"What is that sigh about, Katie?"

I told him, "I cannot help feeling rather nervous sometimes, Walter."

"Don't you think I am quite capable of taking care of you?" he asked, with a smile.

"Quite," I said, with the tears rising in my eyes, as I thought of all he had been to me during the journey; "but still——"

"But still you are nervous. Well, child, we shall see whether you approve the arrangements I have made for you. I have looked a long way forward already."

There was something in his tone which implied more than the actual words. As he spoke the carriage drove under an archway I recognized.

"Why, where are we going?"

"To Count de Martigny's. They are not coming to Paris this year; and I had a long letter from her the other day begging we would use their hotel. She is a kind-hearted little creature. One would have thought, from her letter, she was begging some great favour. Do you approve of arrangement number one, Kate?"

"Highly," I replied; "nothing could be pleasanter."

"May it be an omen," he said.

The carriage stopped as he spoke, and as the door was opened, I heard a voice say, "Is that my daughter?" In another moment I was in Mrs. Lowther's arms.

"My darling child," she said, as she surveyed me, "how well you are looking. You do not look as if your journey had tired you in the least."

"No more it has; and if it had, I should have forgotten it now. Oh, Mrs. Lowther, how long can you stay?"

"Till I can take you home with me."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Indeed I am. Colonel Lowther has a sister with him just now, so I have got unlimited leave of absence."

"That is arrangement number two, Katie," said General Fairfax. "Is that right?"

I could not speak. He patted my cheek, and giving me a kiss, said, laughing,—

"Now I have done with you ; I wash my hands of you altogether, and make you over bodily to Mrs. Lowther."

I found a most characteristic note from little Madame de Martigny awaiting me. Full of delight at the thought that I should have her really charming rooms, and declaring that now she was quite happy to stay in the country, as they were obliged to do in consequence of the count's illness ; while before she had, she declared, cried herself into a perfect fright at the thought of not seeing Paris all that year.

I thought I had never seen Mrs. Lowther so bright and cheerful as she was then. She said it was caused by pleasure at having me with her again ; but I could not help a suspicion that an absence had quite as much to do with it as a presence.

"Besides," she said one day, when I had been rallying her about her high spirits, and telling her she was the child now, "another reason for my being so merry is my extreme delight at your prospects."

"I know that ; but why should you be so very enthusiastic on the subject ?"

"Because it is the thing of all others I most wished for you. You know you are not quite what I should like to see you, and now I hope to see you grow more what I would have you to be ; more domestic in your tastes and habits ; and something more than that."

"I shall never be religious, if that is what you mean."

She smiled rather sadly as she replied, "You are talking about a thing you do not understand, Kate ; but I fully believe I shall see you one day all I could wish, only I fear sometimes it will not be without coals of fire being heaped on your head ; but now I hope. Ah, Katie," she added, with a tremor in her voice, "baby teaching is wonderfully powerful teaching. God grant it may be all to you ; it was to me."

Those were very merry days. My health was no drawback on many amusements, and the beautiful garden belonging to Count de Martigny's hotel was a never-ending source of enjoyment as the summer came on. Of course there was but little incident in our life. I do not think that since the day I fled from the manor the time had ever passed so quietly, and with so entire an absence of all variety, and yet I do not think, since that same day, I had ever felt so happy. I had more occupation for my thoughts than I ever had ; and a safe subject as well on

which to indulge my old propensity for castle building—a propensity which had never entirely left me, and which now came back in great force, but without producing that sort of discontented feeling with respect to the realities of the present as it had so often done of old.

I was longing to ask Mrs. Lowther about her brother and Miss Murray, but I did not like to cloud her bright look with any such recollections. At last, however, she one day casually mentioned Miss Murray's name herself.

"Oh, do tell me about her," I said. "Is there any hope?"

"Not the slightest: I have seen her myself."

"Have you?"

"Yes. Indeed she paid me a long visit in the winter, and the sight of her only increased my regrets."

"Is she very charming?"

"Well, perhaps she hardly comes under that head. She is not at all good looking, but she is a very nice girl: quiet, sensible, and the sort of woman a man must respect. Just the sort of girl from whose influence I should have hoped everything; but there is no chance."

"Why not, if he was to change?"

"I fear there is little chance of that, but there would be none even then. Miss Murray told me herself all particulars of her engagement, and showed me all the letters which had passed. I can only say Gerald behaved disgracefully, painful though it is to me to say it; and I can see that Miss Murray has so entirely lost all feeling of respect for him, that every particle of affection has gone with it. I believe she would always feel an interest in him, but never anything more."

"I have a great curiosity to see your brother," I said. "I wonder whether it will ever be gratified?"

"Very likely some day, I should think."

"Have you no likeness of him?"

"Only one, and that one is not here. It would not, however, give you the least idea of him: it was taken when he was quite a child, and I hear he is wonderfully changed. In fact, I have some doubts whether I should know him myself, if I saw him unexpectedly."

"Is he at all like you?"

"Not in the least. People used to say, when we were children, it was hardly possible to believe we were related, we were so utterly unlike each other in appearance."

"Well, I hope I shall see him some day."

"If you do, Katie, I shall be very pleased to remember that you are married."

"Why?"

"Because I think you are just the sort of girl Gerald would admire, and I should not like that, unless you were safe. He was always a great admirer of beauty."

"Well, he will be able to admire in safety then," I said, laughing. I was so accustomed to hear my own beauty spoken of as a matter of course, that I no more dreamed of disclaiming it than another woman would have done being tall or short. I was really very curious to see Gerald Lyon. But for his fair hair, a lock of which Mrs. Lowther had shown me, I could not help thinking he must rather resemble Vincent Trevor.

"The time passed so pleasantly that I could scarcely believe General Fairfax could be right when he said one morning that we had been three months in Paris. In less than that time now—I could not look forward without a feeling of nervous dread. My husband caught the look, and in a moment he drew off my thoughts to something else. He almost seemed as if he could read my thoughts by the quickness with which he was ever ready to minister to the slightest wish, or guard me from the most trifling discomfort.

"Surely it cannot be so long!" Mrs. Lowther said.

"Yes it is; but what are you and Katie going to do to-day?"

"We are going to drive."

"Will you come too, Walter?" I said.

"Not to-day."

"Do."

"I can't, dear child; I would if I could, but I have letters of consequence which must be written."

That was the first thing I had asked him to do since we had been in Paris which he had refused; and what cause for thankfulness I had that he did refuse. I was never subject to presentiments, or I surely should have had one that day.

We started for our drive to the Bois de Boulogne, and walked for a little in the more retired parts. I felt rather tired when we got back into the carriage, and lying back, I fell asleep. It seemed to me as if I had only slept a few minutes, though, in fact, we were close to home, when I was awoken by loud cries, and a half-smothered exclamation from Mrs. Lowther. I started up just in time to see an empty barouche, drawn by a pair of

spirited horses, coming straight down upon us at full speed. I had barely time to realize the danger before there was a tremendous crash. I felt for a moment as if I was being hurled through the air. I just caught the sound of piercing shrieks from the bystanders, and a momentary sight of struggling horses, and then I remember nothing more.

CHAPTER XV.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

My life is a blank for long after that accident—a blank only broken at times by a half-consciousness of fearful suffering, and by a dim confusion of hideous shapes and sounds. I lay for weeks, hovering between life and death, but at last youth and a strong constitution conquered.

I well remember my first waking to consciousness. It seemed to me as if I had woken from a feverish, restless sleep, haunted by horrid dreams. I looked round and saw General Fairfax sitting beside my bed. I tried to put out my hand towards him, but failed. I could not raise it. Then I tried to speak, but it was not until after one or two ineffectual attempts that I contrived to frame the single word—

“Walter!”

It was hardly audible, but he caught the sound, and turned towards me with such a sudden gleam crossing his grave, anxious face that even then I caught it.

“What is the matter?” I asked, as he bent over me; “I cannot move.”

“Don’t try, darling,” he said.

“But what is the matter?”

“You have been very ill, and are too weak to move; but you must not talk. You will soon grow stronger now, if you keep quite quiet.”

“I am so tired,” I murmured.

“Go to sleep again, then,” he said; “but take this first.”

He gave me something, which I swallowed, and then he quietly kissed me, and I was soon unconscious again. That was the history of every day, and night too, for a long time; just waking for a few moments to take something, and then dropping off to sleep again.



"You have had a long sleep this morning, Katie," he said, seeing I was awake, "and the soundest you have had yet. You are getting a little stronger."—Page 561.

Gradually, however, my waking moments became longer, and by degrees I began to be able to move a little; but as to thinking, or remembering anything distinctly, the mere attempt confused me hopelessly. My husband or Mrs. Lowther were always beside me whenever I woke, and I often longed to question them, but I felt as if I could not even remember connectedly enough to frame words into an intelligible question as to what had happened.

At last I managed it one day when I saw Mrs. Lowther standing beside me.

"What has happened? Why am I here?"

"You have had a very severe illness, Katie dear, and are only just beginning to rally a little."

"But where am I?"

"In Paris."

"Yes, but where?"

"In Count de Martigny's hotel."

"Oh yes, I remember now; but what made me ill?"

"I cannot answer any more questions now; you are not to talk much even yet."

I could get no more information then, but in a few days, as I grew a little stronger, dim half glimpses of the truth began to flit occasionally for a moment across my weakened mind. But I could not hold an idea for more than a moment. I just got a glimpse, and then it was gone again. I was on the watch now for my husband. I wanted to ask him, not Mrs. Lowther. At last one day when I woke from a sound sleep I saw him sitting beside me.

"You have had a long sleep this morning, Katie," he said, seeing I was awake, "and the soundest you have had yet. You are getting a little stronger."

"Yes, I am better," I said; "but lift me a little closer to you, Walter. I want to talk to you, and I cannot speak loud."

"You must not talk very much even yet," he replied, as he obeyed me.

"I don't want to talk much, but I want you to tell me all that has happened. Please do," I added, seeing that he hesitated. "I cannot remember distinctly, and I cannot help trying to do so, and that worries me. Something happened; what was it?"

"You were out driving, dear, with Mrs. Lowther, and had an

accident coming home. The carriage was overturned, and you were very much hurt."

"And Mrs. Lowther?"

"She was very much bruised and shaken, but that was all. She soon got quite well again."

"Why was I so much more hurt?" I had a confused idea there was some reason, but I could not get it clear.

My husband looked at me with an anxious look and hesitated; but I think I read his face, for in a moment the truth became clear.

"Oh! Walter," I said, with a stifled sob.

"Hush! hush! Katie, you must keep very quiet," he said gravely, "for my sake, dear. It is a terrible disappointment for you, my poor child."

"No; I was thinking of you," I said.

"Never think of that, darling. I should have been very much disappointed under ordinary circumstances, I daresay; but I cannot give a thought of that now for thankfulness that I have been spared a grief which would have made all others seem trifles."

"What grief?"

"The fear of losing you, my treasure. I cannot feel anything but joy now, as I see you improving surely, though slowly as yet. But now you must not talk more. You are a very good child to have taken the first knowledge of your disappointment so quietly; it is a great relief to me, for it was the thing we most dreaded for you."

I had thought only of him. For once my thoughts had taken an entirely unselfish turn, and it had stood me in good stead. I suppose whatever good there is in one is generally predominant in times of severe trial.

"Well, I won't talk," I replied; "but please tell me all about it. I shall be able to remember now, I think; and then it will not worry me so much."

Then he told me all—all except what his feelings had been, when both Mrs. Lowther and I had been carried into the hotel insensible; save the thankfulness he had felt that he had not accompanied us; and had thereby escaped the chance of being helpless himself in that terrible moment. Mrs. Lowther's injuries were but slight; a few bruises and scratches, of which at any time she would have made light, and which in her dread

for me she entirely disregarded. For me there had been of course little chance. My life was despaired of for some time; and even then, when it was all passed, my husband said he could not think without a shudder of all I had gone through.

"The doctors say your constitution must be remarkably good, or you could never have lived through it, Katie; but even now you have much before you."

"What, more suffering?"

"No, dear child, I trust that is over; but it will be a very long time before you can really recover entirely from this dreadful affair. You will have to do the invalid for a long while to come."

He would not let me talk any more then, but I really felt better for having it all clear. I heard afterwards more about the accident. It was a miracle that Mrs. Lowther had not been killed; doubly so that I should have escaped. The doctors thought that possibly I owed my life to the fact of my having been asleep at the moment, and not having had time to make any struggle to save myself. The barouche belonged to an English lady who was in Paris. While waiting for her at a shop the horses had taken fright and started off. In turning a corner the coachman was thrown off the box, and doubly terrified by the shouts of the bystanders, the horses had only redoubled their speed, until they came in violent contact with my carriage!

"Oh, Kate!" Mrs. Lowther said afterwards, when talking to me about it, "no words can tell you my feelings when I saw the carriage coming straight down upon us, and thought of you. I certainly never expected to hear you speak again. But you are a dear good child to have borne your disappointment so bravely."

I doubt whether it was so great a disappointment to me as they thought. I was grieved for my husband's sake; but it was not only his words, his look, his manner, everything told me he was conscious of nothing save deep thankfulness that I was spared to him. Oh, Walter! Walter! would you have felt thus could you have seen the future? I can only say, Would to God I had died then!"

It was more than three months before I was out of my bed again; and much longer still, past the time when I had hoped to have been able to start for England, before General Fairfax carried me downstairs, and laid me on a sofa in a charming little boudoir of Madame de Martigny's, looking out upon the

garden, where autumn's tints were well advanced already. I gained strength but very slowly; the doctors said it must be so; that my constitution had received a shock the effects of which I should feel for some years to come; and they forbade all thoughts of going to England, or of even leaving Paris at that time.

Mrs. Lowther had to leave at last; she had lingered long, much longer than I had dared to hope she would be able to stay; but still it was a great trial to part with her—the contrast was so strong between what was, and what was to have been. I think I grieved more then over all that had happened than I had yet done.

"Why, Katie, my dear," Mrs. Lowther said, "you are surely not going to give way to immoderate grief now, when you have borne your trouble so well as yet."

"No; but I feel it more now, I think, now that I am stronger; besides, the remembrance of what General Fairfax once said comes back so strongly now."

"What?"

"That it would be a safeguard to the happiness of both."

"I believe it would; but I cannot help hoping now it is not so much needed as I feared it was when first I knew you. Still I could wish you a better one, dear."

I knew what she meant, and only sighed. In my secret heart I admitted she was right; but alas! I was content with doing no more than that.

She left Paris a few days after, and I felt very lonely at first. I had grown so accustomed to her presence, that her absence left a blank.

One thing I had not yet had courage to face, and that was going out, at least beyond a few turns in the garden, leaning on my husband's arm. I could not overcome the dread I felt at the thought of getting into a carriage. I was not aware of the feeling myself until the first day I tried it. It was a lovely afternoon, and General Fairfax asked me if I would venture on a drive. I agreed, and the carriage was ordered. A sort of horror came over me as I descended the stairs and saw it standing at the door; but I determined not to give way. It was no use, however. The moment I put my foot on the steps I broke down, and my husband quietly cut the matter short by taking me up in his arms and carrying me back into the house.

"My poor Katie," he said, "your nerves are more shaken than I knew. I am so sorry I asked you to go."

"I did not know it myself. I am very sorry, Walter; it seems so foolish, but I could not have borne it."

"It is perfectly natural. You will get over it in time, dear. We will not try it again for some time."

How I dreaded the next attempt! but General Fairfax said not a word about it, even though our walks had been extended once or twice beyond the garden.

"I want you to come out into the court this afternoon, Kate," he said one day, "as soon as you are ready for your walk, and look at a new purchase of mine."

"What is it?"

"You will see when you come;—a trifle which I think our establishment requires."

I came down slowly, wondering greatly what this new purchase could be. He was waiting for me at the bottom of the stairs.

"Come along," he said, "and we will see if we cannot manage to get a little further to-day than we have done yet. You are getting stronger, Kate, by the way you come down-stairs."

"I know I am," I replied, as I stepped out into the court of the hotel. "I dare say I shall be able to face the carriage soon. Oh, Walter!—"

"That is my new purchase, Kate. Can you venture, dear?"

A low, light pony carriage was standing close to the door, drawn by two small but most beautiful ponies.

"If you think you can venture, Kate," General Fairfax said, "get in at once. I will drive you myself, and we will avoid all crowded thoroughfares."

"Venture? Yes," I replied—"anywhere with you."

He placed me in the carriage immediately, and almost before I had time to think, we were driving quietly towards some of the least frequented environs of the city.

"If you feel in the least nervous about anything, however trifling, speak at once, Katie, and I will stop directly. Don't make the least attempt to overcome any nervous feeling."

I really enjoyed that drive. The very low carriage, my husband driving, and being able to see all round, had a wonderfully soothing effect on my nerves. I was obliged to make him stop once or twice, though, when anything came at all near us; and I believe, but for his skilful treatment of my shattered nerves, it would have been many a long day before I should have entered a carriage again.

A few days after, I had a note from Madame de Martigny. She was coming to Paris for one day, she said, and might she come and see me. I was really glad of the proposal, for I was beginning to feel equal to a little more society, so I wrote and begged her to come. It seemed almost too much to be receiving the kind-hearted little creature as a guest in her own house.

"Dear Mrs. Fairfax," she exclaimed, springing across the room the moment she entered, and throwing herself down on her knees beside me, "how glad I am to see you again! Please let me have a look at you. Ah, that is just right! I amish happy."

"What is just right?"

"You are more lovely than ever. Sometimes," you know, when people have been ill like you, it leaves them quite ugly, and I was so afraid; but you only just look charmingly delicate. You are as beautiful as ever. I am so glad. It is just right."

"I do not think it is just right that I should lie here, keeping you out of your own house."

"Now if you say one word more like that, I will go away and never come near you any more! It was the only consolation I had, when I heard that dreadful story, to think that you were in my comfortable rooms, instead of being in a horrid apartment; and now I am only come up for one day, and I am staying with Madame de Villefort, my cousin, you know."

"I owe you a great deal, indeed, for all your kindness."

"Then say not a word more about it; only promise to stay here as long as you like. But now do tell me, are you getting stronger?"

"Yes, I am getting better fast."

"Ah, but how you must have suffered! It nearly broke my heart when I heard it. I cried myself quite ill. And then you must have been so unhappy before."

"I unhappy? Why?"

"When you found what was going to happen, you know."

"Indeed I was not."

"No? Mrs. Fairfax, you are not in earnest. Why, I was so miserable, I could not think what was the matter at first; and when they told me, I would not believe it for a long time; and then I did nothing but cry until Alphonse was born. It was so dreadful to think that one might lose one's figure, you know, and look like a horrid old woman while one was quite young. Ah, I

was so frightened; were not you? Just think how dreadful it would have been!"

I could not help laughing; but General Fairfax's entrance put a stop to the confidential communications of the pretty little brunette, and prevented my having to answer the question which she had put with the most earnest gravity! How I envied her then the beautiful little boy she seemed so little to value!

"Ah, there comes the dear General," she exclaimed, springing up from the low stool on which she was sitting. "General, she is more beautiful than ever."

"Shall I chain her up, then, for fear some one should carry her off?"

"No, no," she replied, shaking her head gravely; "there is no need. Those scornful flashes of her great eyes are stronger than any chains. But, General, she ought to have change of air."

"So the doctors say," I replied General Fairfax, "and I am thinking about it."

"Yes, and I have a charming plan, and I have seen the doctor, and he says it is very good. You must come to our *château*. It is an easy distance from Paris, and so healthy, and we are so quiet now, because the Count is hardly strong again; it would just do. Please say you will come.—Would you not like it, Mrs. Fairfax? I know I am too silly to be a good nurse; but you do not want a nurse now, and I would take so much care of you. Please say you will come."

It was impossible to say No, nor did we wish it. All she had said was perfectly true; and so, before another fortnight had passed, I was established at Count de Martigny's quaint old *château*, under the care, as she imagined, of my butterfly little hostess, and really gaining health and strength fast enough to make it seem probable that by Christmas I should be strong enough to go to Italy for the rest of the winter, which was what General Fairfax wished.

"Who knows, after all, Kate," he said, "but what we may be able to carry out our interrupted project next summer instead of this, and go back to England in the autumn!"

I sincerely hoped we might. I do not think I had grown much more domestic; but still I certainly did wish to be quietly settled in a home of my own now. Two years of wandering, and the prospect of a third, with the addition of delicate health as a drawback, certainly imparted a charm to the sound of the word home.

CHAPTER XVI.

MADAME DE MARTIGNY LECTURES IN VAIN.

WELL as I liked Madame de Martigny, I could not but admit, now that I saw more of her, the full truth of all Mrs. Lowther had said of her. She was thoroughly frivolous; generous, enthusiastic, and good-tempered, but all surface. She was incapable of a deep feeling. The same almost extravagant expressions of unbounded affection, the same lavish caresses, were bestowed, by turns, upon her child, her husband, and her lapdog; while the former were pretty freely lavished upon her numerous admirers as well. One day she would declare she was dying of love for some man, whom she would pronounce the next day to be tiresome beyond description, and not to compare to some other adored one who had suddenly appeared upon the scene. I must admit, however, that her confidences were very freely bestowed, and quite as freely in her husband's presence as out of it. If he had any cause to dread a rival, he was at least kept fully informed on the subject. The only person whose presence seemed to have the effect of keeping her in any sort of check was General Fairfax.

"I cannot think how it is you are not afraid of the General," she said to me one morning.

"Why should I be?"

"He does look so grave and serious, just like an Englishman. I should be frightened to death if Henri ever looked like that."

"I wonder what you would think, then, if you saw my husband when he is really angry?" I said.

"Does he look worse than he did yesterday, when he scolded you for having walked too far?"

"A thousand times. I did not even think he looked angry then, only a little serious and anxious."

"Oh, Mrs. Fairfax! and I just trembled all over. I thought he looked so angry. If he looks worse than that when he is angry, I should run away and hide, and not come out again for a week. Has he ever been angry with you?"

"Never. I once made him look angry, but he was not really so."

"How was that?"

"By telling him I should like to make him a little bit jealous."

"Did you tell him that? And what did he say?"

"He told me I had better not."

"No, no," she said, shaking her head, "that would never do, I am sure. But indeed, Mrs. Fairfax, you are too severe; and now you are stronger and are able to go out a little, I am going to teach you better. Yes, indeed I am. You know I am a great deal older than you, and I have been married four years, and you only two, so I must know better."

"Better what suits you, I dare say, but not what suits me."

"Yes, indeed I do. I don't want you to go on as I do, but you are too severe; you are just like a beautiful statue, quite cold and lifeless. It spoils your beauty; besides, it is so cruel. There is poor Monsieur de Villeneuve, to whom you used to be so severe in Paris; he has come down here on purpose, because he heard you were with me, and you will see him soon; you must be just a little softer to him."

"Indeed, he is the very last man I am likely to be softer, as you call it, towards," I answered.

"Ah, there! you look just like an Englishwoman, but it is too bad. I am so sorry for him, poor man. He adores you; he is dying of love for you; he would be quite happy if you would give him one little smile. He has never cared about any one since you left Paris."

I thought this was a little too much. "You must not say such things to me," I said. "You must remember there is a great difference between English and French ideas."

"Yes, yes; but I don't want you to be like a Frenchwoman. If you had been French, I should just have planned a nice little meeting, and left him to plead his own cause; but, you see, I understand the difference; I only want you to be a little less cruel. You don't know your power. If poor Monsieur de Villeneuve blows his brains out some day, it will be all your fault."

"I suspect it would puzzle him to do that," I exclaimed, scornfully. I had a particular dislike to the man. "He might put a bullet into the cavity where they ought to be, but that is about all he could do."

"There, that is just like you. I believe you really have no heart. How can you speak so of a poor man who adores you? I should never forgive myself if I were so cruel."

"Why do you not console Monsieur de Villeneuve, then?"

"He does not care for me, or I am sure I would be kinder to him. I am so sorry for him. Ah, Mrs. Fairfax, you do not know

If you were only a little less severe, the whole world would be at your feet; and you are more beautiful than ever now. Will you promise me you will try to be just a little bit kinder?"

"Do you know what would be the consequence if I did?"

"No."

"That I should be instantly carried off."

"By whom?"

"By my husband."

She shrugged her shoulders. "Ah, how terrible to have such a husband! Now the dear Count, he is so good; he lets me do just as I please. Ah, there he comes.—Come here, Henri, I want you," she exclaimed, as Count de Martigny entered the room.

"What is the matter?"

"Come here. I have been scolding Mrs. Fairfax. Come and say if I am not right."

"I am sure you cannot be right if you have been finding fault with her."

"Yes, but I am right, and so you will say. I tell her she is too severe and cold. Would she not be better with just a little more warmth and animation?"

"Mrs. Fairfax is so charming in any way, that I really cannot say she would be more so one way than another. She makes whatever manner she assumes seem, for the time, the most charming that could possibly be."

"Ah, hear him!" exclaimed his wife, clapping her hands. "What would the General say? Mrs. Fairfax, you have made a conquest. I never heard my dear, sulky husband pay such compliments before."

"You are a silly child, Thérèse."

"No, no, no, I am not. Now confess, Henri, do you not adore Mrs. Fairfax?"

"Is it possible to see her and do otherwise?"

"Ah, yes, that is all very well, but do you not love her as much as I love—who?—mon cher Albert, you know? and would you not fall down and die at her feet if she would reward you with only one melting glance?"

"Be quiet, Thérèse," said the Count; "Mrs. Fairfax does not like your nonsense."

"But she must learn to like it. I am going to teach her to be better, and get rid of her stiff propriety. She pretends to care for no one besides the General, but I don't believe it. There must be some one somewhere. I should die of *ennui*. Think

of caring for one's own husband! Ah, how tiresome! I hate you, Henri; you are an ugly old bear. I care only for mon cher Albert, who is so handsome."

The Count only laughed as he rose to leave the room, saying, "Your tongue is enough to be the death of any one, Thérèse."

Such a scene seems hardly worth recording; but it is a fair sample of many another, and I believe they were not without their importance. Some of the links in the long chain of cause and effect running through one's life are very small ones, yet the chain would be as incomplete without them as without some of its larger ones.

I told General Fairfax all that had passed that evening. He heard it with a smile.

"She is an arrant little flirt," he said. "How she contrives to keep clear of scrapes I cannot imagine. I suspect, though, she may thank nature for that."

"How?"

"She doesn't possess the sort of attraction that attracts the greatest danger. But is it really true that man De Villeneuve is in the neighbourhood?"

"Yes; he is staying at a neighbouring *château*."

"Have a care, then, Kate," he said, gravely.

"Why?"

"Because he is not a man to trifle with. He is a most thorough profligate. I have no inclination to make either you or myself ridiculous by acting the jealous husband, but stand on your guard. I believe he does admire you immensely, and he is quite capable of making a tool of your scatter-brained little hostess for his own ends. Fortunately for her, he doesn't admire her."

"Why fortunately?"

"Because he is a man of a very different stamp from her admirers, as she would soon find out."

"Then do you think I am more safe?"

"Kate," he exclaimed, "do you think I would for a moment place you, even in thought, in the same scale with her? All I dread for you is lest, between them, they should land you in some difficulty. But you will be on your guard now, and if you want any help you can come to me."

If Monsieur de Villeneuve had ever had a chance of a smile it would have perished then, for ever, in the feeling which that proof of my husband's entire and careless confidence called up.

Madame de Martigny lectured and scolded in vain, or, at least, she said it was in vain: I only wish it had been entirely so. But though she did not succeed, either in infecting me with French ideas in general, or in mitigating my aversion to Monsieur de Villeneuve in particular, her words, though perhaps not actually the seed of the future harvest, certainly fostered its growth.

I could not help wondering sometimes at General Fairfax, after all he had said, seeming to have no objection to the acquaintance, and one day I expressed this feeling to him.

"The reason is rather a flattering one to you, Kate," he said, with a smile.

"Then do tell me what it is."

"Simply this; that you have not a particle of female vanity about you. I never saw a woman so devoid of all feeling of the kind. If you had had the least tendency of that sort, you may depend you should never have had her for a companion."

"But you do not approve of her proceedings?"

"No; but I am not afraid of your imitating her. You have sense enough to see through all that. Besides, there is no vice about her; it is all mere childish frivolity, and that makes a great difference. She would be an unsafe companion only for a very vain woman."

General Fairfax was both wrong and right: wrong as to his opinion with respect to Madame de Martigny's companionship, through want of a complete knowledge of the situation, but right as to my entire freedom from vanity. I may well allow myself whatever credit may attach to that, for it is the only merit I can truly claim. I certainly was not vain. Perhaps in beauty as in other things, "all or nothing" is the safest motto. I suspect that the woman who knows she has no chance of admiration, and the one who knows she has no chance of failing to excite it, both have a truer and a safer estimate of its real value than she who occasionally tastes the intoxicating draught, and for whom it has all the exciting charm of uncertainty. Perhaps, too, the sharp lesson on the value of admiration which had preceded my entrance into the world had something to do with this: there was certainly something hard and bitter in my feelings on the subject.

Those hard and bitter feelings had been lying dormant for a long time, and I had almost begun to fancy they had died out. Everything had appeared in a very different light to me since the time of my arrival at Gibraltar, and my thoughts had been

fully occupied. But now I felt them beginning to stir again, just enough to let me know they were not dead, but only sleeping. General Fairfax's remarks about Monsieur de Villeneuve roused a dangerous train of thought. I had not the least idea till then of his character; he was an agreeable enough companion in a drawing-room, I could not but allow, much as I disliked him; and I had never given the subject a further thought. But now the idea suddenly came, that perhaps similarity of character had something to do with the likeness which I had noticed. Certainly, in outward appearance, no two men could be more dissimilar, yet Monsieur de Villeneuve constantly made me think of Vincent Trevor. Could the likeness really result from an internal resemblance? Then another idea presented itself. I was perfectly, though most scornfully, aware of Monsieur de Villeneuve's admiration. Would Vincent Trevor feel the same if he could see me now? and if so, would it not be a triumph to be wished for, that we should meet, and that he should see and feel the utter contempt with which I would cast aside as worthless the admiration which I had once—as he knew only too well—so deeply valued? The idea presented itself before me in a moment, but instinct came to the rescue again, and I almost tried to catch it back, as one tries to catch back words rashly uttered, and to think of it no more. But I disliked Monsieur de Villeneuve more than ever after that, for the thought would keep trying at least to come up when I saw him: "If you were Vincent Trevor, how I would treat you." It was just at this time, too, that a most unexpected incident occurred, which seemed to break in most strangely on my present life, and which, while it gave the only clue which has ever been mine to my uncle's strange, unnatural conduct, seemed suddenly to strengthen all bitter feelings, by carrying me back to the past again.

One morning General Fairfax and I were busy with our letters over breakfast in my boudoir, when a sudden exclamation of astonishment from him made me look up from the perusal of a letter from Mrs. Lowther.

"What is the matter, Walter?" I asked, almost amused at his perplexed face.

"Matter?" he said, "why, you have turned into an heiress."

"What do you mean?"

He gave me the letter he was reading. It was from a lawyer in London, and I was as surprised at its contents as my husband had been. In the first place, it gave me the information

that I possessed, or rather, had possessed, a great-aunt, Miss Sybil Fane; that she had just died at the advanced age of ninety-one, and that her will constituted me sole heiress to her property, which was considerable.

I laid down the letter and looked in speechless amazement at my husband. He was looking grave and anxious, but he smiled as he caught my eye.

"Well, Katie, are you very much elated?"

"I don't believe it," I said. "I don't believe I ever had such a relation."

"Yes, you had, child. I remember having heard of her years before you were born; but I thought she had died long ago. I wish to goodness the excellent old lady had been kind enough to put off doing so for another year. This is a great bore at this particular moment."

"Why?"

"Because it will necessitate my going to England at once."

"Must we go directly?" I said, rather dreading the thought of the journey, for I was still far from strong.

"I must; not you."

"Oh, Walter! let me go with you," I exclaimed, forgetting everything in the thought of being left alone.

"No, my child, it is not to be thought of. You are not in the least fit for the journey. I shall not be gone long. I do not much like leaving you here alone, but it cannot be helped. I shall have to do the submissive now," he added, with a smile, "and take your instructions about the property."

"Why, it is all yours."

"Not at all, my dear."

"Doesn't a married woman's property all belong to her husband?"

"Oh, you have been getting up the law, have you? Well, that depends on the terms of her marriage settlements."

"But I had none."

"Yes, you had, Kate."

"I never knew it, then."

"I dare say not; but don't you remember what happened the evening before we were married?"

"I don't remember anything that happened then very distinctly, except that horrible police affair."

"Don't you remember signing your name a great many times?"

"I don't."

"Yes, I remember that."

"Well, those were your marriage settlements, child. The fact was, dear Kate," he added, more gravely, "my mind misgave me then as to what I was going to do. I could see no other course, and yet I dreaded to trust my own judgment where my feelings were so deeply concerned. But on one point I was determined, that none should ever say I had taken a mean advantage of a mere child for sordid ends, and so I had settlements drawn up accordingly."

"But, Walter, who could have said that? I had no fortune."

"That was just what I did not know, and I dared make no inquiries. I suspected that if your uncle, or rather cousin, died without a will, you would be his heir-at-law, and I had always distrusted his protestations of poverty; nor did I know anything about any other relations you might have, so your settlements were drawn up with a view to possible contingencies; and now, it seems, it is well I was so cautious. You are very independent of me now, Katie."

"Walter, don't say that," I exclaimed; "if I had known what I was doing, I would not have signed those settlements."

"Yes, you would, silly child; there was a great deal more in them than that."

"What was there?"

"The settlement of all my own property hereafter. I did not forget then that I was forty years your senior."

That was too much; my tears fell fast.

"Hush, hush, child!" he said, softly stroking my hair, as he so often did, "it is no use being blind to a fact; and I hope mine is to be a green old age. I certainly don't feel any signs of it creeping on yet, and I don't think about it. I am content to enjoy my happiness without looking forward."

"That is very well for you," I sobbed, "but it is a poor thought for me."

"Never look forward, Katie, then, at all. Who can tell what the future may bring? Don't poison present happiness with thoughts of trouble which may never come. It seemed as if a very black future was before me, child, a few months since, and now the cloud has passed again. Besides, I have another hope for you now."

"What?"

"That if that day should come, you may not be left entirely alone."

"Yes, I shall, Walter," I said. I knew what he meant.

"You cannot tell. I hope and trust it may not be so."

"It will," I repeated; "I am certain."

"What makes you so certain, Kate?" he asked, rather anxiously.

"I do not know; but I have a conviction that all chance of that is over for good. I have not the least idea why I think so, but I feel certain of it."

"Nonsense! you are a silly child," he said; "and I hope most earnestly you will prove quite wrong."

That was another of the conversations which I remembered only too well in after days.

It was very terrible to think of being left alone. I had never been parted from my husband for a single day since our marriage. General Fairfax said he hardly knew whether to feel pleased or not, that this necessity for leaving me had arisen then instead of a little later.

"For some things I would rather you were here than entirely alone; but yet I do not quite like leaving you with Madame de Martigny."

"I think I would rather be here, Walter. I should have felt so dreadfully lonely all by myself. It would have been like the old times."

Madame de Martigny was delighted at the idea of having me all to herself.

"Ah, you will see how much I shall teach her while you are away, General," she said.

"You are quite welcome to try," he answered, with a look at me, which might have told her, could she have understood it, that her efforts would be in vain.

At last the day for his departure came, and he was gone—leaving me, I think, feeling nearly as desolate as on that dreadful day so long ago, when he had gone away to India. I contrived to keep up a semblance of cheerfulness during the day, but I cried myself to sleep that night, and many another night too. It was very foolish, but I was still weak; and after all, though I had been married more than two years, I was not twenty.

OUR PARISH CLERKS.

BY REV. DR. CORNISH.

WE are evidently living in a transition state, and we may well say, in no irreverent spirit, "Old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." It is therefore more than ever desirable, not only to catch "the passing follies as they fly," but also to take notice of any little peculiarities, either in classes or individuals, which threaten in due course to disappear or become obsolete. And the value of such observations rises with the difficulty of making them when the most favourable time is past. What would not an enthusiastic naturalist give for reliable information touching the habits of the dodo or the *dinornis*? True it is that Professor Owen, with a scientific imagination little less than inspired, was enabled to reconstruct the gigantic moa from the examination of a single limb—it was literally *ex pede Her- culum*,—and subsequent discoveries of the abundant remains of that animal in New Zealand have amply confirmed the conceptions of the great naturalist. Those of us, moreover, who have graduated on the banks of the Isis, remember well the extraordinary picture of the dodo, and the head and foot of that which was almost regarded as a fabulous animal (preserved in the Tradescant portion of the museum of old Elias Ashmole), which fortunately escaped destruction when the more decayed portions of the skeleton and skin were so ruthlessly destroyed, with the rest of the supposed rubbish, about a century ago, by the vice-chancellor and curators of the museum. It may be doubted, however, whether the same reconstruction is attainable in matters of character and manners in regard to man, the *animal bipes im-plume*; and whether the "parish clerk" could be reproduced, by the most suggestive imagination, from the contemplation of a fossilized hand, even though it grasped the (formerly) inevitable pitch-pipe. Let us do our best, then, to fix him in our conceptions, ere he passes away, as most assuredly he will, with the peculiar circumstances that produced him. His office, indeed, is of no great antiquity, and is far from reaching back to legal memory. We shall not be wrong in dating its origin from the

Reformation, when the great change which was introduced into the public services of the Church, by having them conducted in "a tongue understood of the people," made them at once congregational; and the novelty of the new mode of worship, and the want of even the simplest education on the part of the great mass of the people, made it almost a matter of necessity that there should be some one appointed to lead the devotions of the congregation, and act the part of Coryphæus, in the responses and amens. . . . Whether such an office exists among other reformed churches I have had no opportunity of ascertaining; but on consulting a Roman priest, who ranked among the first ecclesiastical antiquarians of the day, I was assured that there was no corresponding office in his church, but he considered that it most nearly resembled that of the *aquasbajalus*. With all due submission I should have imagined it to be more like that of sacristan, of which our sexton is said to be a corruption; but the two offices of clerk and sexton are very much mixed up, and in fact, in rural parishes, they are often united in one person. If the above account of its origin be the true one, the reason for the anticipated disappearance of the office will command itself to the reader. . . . For a time, indeed, the parish clerk would seem to have firmly established himself, with "no rival near his throne," for the supineness and indifference of the people favoured his usurpation, and, from leading the voices of the congregation, in process of time he superseded them entirely, and took one part in that miserable duet, which constituted the chief feature in the cold-hearted services of the eighteenth century. . . . Happily, the advanced education of our people, the truer conceptions now entertained of what constitutes congregational worship, and the rapid spread of choral services, conspire to make the clerkship a sinecure, and (*horresco referens*!) in the eyes and ears of many an abomination. . . . It may be, then, that, as Davies Gilbert was wont to assert that the last native wolf seen in England was captured at Rospeith, near St. Michael's Mount, so some future President of the Royal Academy, if the society should last so long, will be able to record the disappearance of the last specimen of the once acknowledged mouthpiece of an English congregation. Be this, however, as it may, it will not be without interest or amusement to collect some records of the office and the men who fill it, as well from past literature as from present observation. . . . By common law, the parish clerk has a freehold in his office, and need not seek a vote for Parliament under a fancy franchise, or house-

hold suffrage. His only qualification is that he be at least twenty years of age, and known to the parson to be of honest conversation and sufficient for his office—by whom also he is appointed, unless there is a custom for the parishioners to appoint him. He can only be suspended or removed for misconduct or neglect.

The parish clerks, indeed, in and around London, are incorporated, and that may serve to prolong their official existence; but it is greatly to be desired that in the growing dearth of clergy and inadequate endowments, some plan may be adopted to utilize these appointments, and convert their holders into "clerks in orders" with cure of souls. In many instances their emoluments from fees exceed the income of the incumbent, and are subject to none of those outgoings which press so heavily on the clergy. I do not know the date or origin of the incorporation of the London parish clerks, but it would be rather a curious fact if it is at all connected with the humorous account of the Club of Parish Clerks to be found in the 372nd Number of the *Spectator*, by Sir Richard Steele.

In three or four of these taverns I have at different times taken notice of a precise set of people, with grave countenances, short wigs, black clothes, or dark camlet trimmed with black, and mourning gloves and hatbands, who meet on certain days at each tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving club. Having often met with their faces, and observed a certain sinking way in their dropping in one after another, I had the curiosity to inquire into their characters, being the rather moved to it by their agreeing in the singularity of their dress; and I find, upon due examination, they are a knot of parish clerks, who have taken a fancy to one another, and perhaps settle the bills of mortality over their half-pints. I have so great a value and veneration for any who have but even an assenting amen in the service of religion, that I am afraid lest these persons should incur some scandal by this practice, and would therefore have them, without railery, advised to send the Florence *[wine imported in flasks]* and pullets home to their own houses, and not pretend to live as well as the overseers of the poor."

But it is not in these well-to-do citizens, who may fairly be expected to be hindered from forming any distinctive character by constantly rubbing against their fellow-men in the metropolis, and who, in their glossy black coats and snow-white neckerchiefs on Sundays, are scarcely to be discerned from the clergy, that we

are to look for the parish clerk in all his peculiarities and *œt generis* propensities. Let us invite our readers to accompany us to some simple parish church in one of our rural villages, such as that in which Sir Roger de Coverley was wont to worship, where we read, when the good old knight "upon a catechising day has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon for his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the Church service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit."

In such localities, next to the squire and the parson, he is the most important personage in the parish, the "Sir Oracle" of the village politicians. He contests the palm of scholarship even with the schoolmaster; helps the unlettered overseers in making the rates; and if he cheats the lawyer of his first fee, he often makes ample amends for it by the little family feuds and litigations produced by his concoction of the last wills and testaments of his expiring neighbours. Who that has once read the "Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish," can forget the numerous traits of character so humorously introduced by Alexander Pope, as illustrative of "the importance of a man to himself"? "Thou mayest conceive, O reader, with what concern I perceived the eyes of the congregation fixed upon me, when I first took my place at the feet of the priest. When I raised the psalm, how did my voice quiver for fear! And when I arrayed the shoulders of the minister with the surplice, how did my joints tremble under me! . . . Notwithstanding which, it was my good hap to acquit myself to the good liking of the whole congregation; but God forbid I should glory therein."

Pastors, we know, are liable to promotion (many a curate will shrug his shoulders as he reads this), but clerks are stationary. They note the coming and the going of one minister after another; nay, in some cases they are like certain under secretaries of state, who have to school their superiors in office, and sustain the "usus" of the service as performed during their long incumbency. Woe to the new comer, be he priest or deacon, curate or incumbent, who attempts to innovate upon the good old jog-trot order of the years that are past! He may think himself lucky if he escape an angry reprimand from the

impersonation of ignorance and insolence—and, if that fails, a pettish sneer at his precocity, which is intended to express the superior judgment of the admonstrant. And no wonder that the parish clerk holds his head so high among his people. Has he not given the pitch-note and led the choir for untold years? Has he not stood sponsor to scores of the children—sometimes as a matter of feeling and compliment, and at other times to fill the gap on the non-appearance of some expected gossip? To how many a blushing bride has he not enacted the part of father, and delivered her perspiring hand to the minister in the absence (so common in the case of the poor) of the father or friend! How many an illiterate bridegroom (who figures on the marriage register as a “crusader”) has he not helped with his powers of composition and his pen in communicating with his absent mistress! Of what parish secrets has he not been the depository! ay, and kept them too, to his “credit and renown.”

And let it not be inferred from what has gone before that there is usually any want of cordiality between him and his master. The extent to which they can mutually assist each other provides against this, even if there were no better principle to guide them. But in truth, where there is a kindly disposition and accommodating spirit on both sides, the relation between the parties is close and confiding.

One can scarcely read without emotion the touching language of Izaak Walton in his life of Hooker, who, he says, “was of so mild and humble a nature, that his poor parish clerk and he did never talk but with both their hats on, or both off, at the same time.” And speaking of Hooker’s unworthy successor in his parish, the biographer goes on to say, “It was not long before this intruding minister had made a party in and about the said parish that were desirous to receive the sacrament as in Geneva. To which end the day was appointed for a select company, and forms and stools set about the altar or communion-table for them to sit and eat and drink. But when they went about this work there was a want of some joint-stools, which the minister sent the clerk to fetch, and then to fetch cushions (but not to kneel upon). When the clerk saw them begin to sit down, he began to wonder; but the minister bade him cease wondering and lock the church door. To whom he replied, ‘Pray take you the keys and lock me out. I will never more come into this church; for all men will say my master Hooker was a good man and a good scholar; and I am sure that it was not used to be thus in his

days.' And report says the old man went presently home and died; I do not say died immediately, but within a few days after. Let us leave this grateful clerk in his quiet grave."

Turning from this serious scene to a lighter strain, instances are not wanting of this *quasi-identity* of interests producing ludicrous results in the carriage and ideas of the parish clerk. A reverend friend of mine had his quiver filled after the most prevalent clerical pattern, and his humbler coadjutor in the church had closely followed suit, and had no more need to be ashamed to speak with his enemies in the gate than his master. In fact, their united numbers passed a score, and on the arrival of another young parsonet at the rectory, the clerk (who was early in the secret) communicated the interesting fact with great exultation to the congregation assembling for service round the church porch, adding, "This is *our* twenty-third child."

Perhaps there is no class of men who have figured more largely in the field of anecdote, or upon whom more jokes have been fathered or expended. In fact, it would not be difficult to fill page after page with waifs from Joe Miller, the flotsams and jetsams of (parish) clerical humour. These I am under no temptation to repeat; but it was my fortune to make a fourth in a stage-coach "long years ago" with three old clergymen of the Principality who were returning from some clerical gathering. The conversation took a professional turn, and at last culminated in a wonderful collection of the "sayings and doings" of parish clerks, enough to fill a supplemental volume of Percy Anecdotes. If my memory serves me rightly, they were mostly the fruits of personal experience. Take the following for samples of the pleasant chat in which our time was spent. One of my fellow-travellers had gone to serve a friend's church, and on parting looked up and made some casual remarks to the clerk as to the probable weather to-morrow. To which he acquiescing replied, "Ay, sir, they *do* say that the hypocrites *can* discern the face of the sky." This story was capped by another where a Church dignitary had been hastily summoned to some little out-of-the-way church in the neighbourhood. The clerk thought himself in duty bound to apologize to the distinguished individual who had been thus victimized, and he did it in the following equivocal terms:—"I am sorry, sir, to have brought such a gentleman as you to *this* poor little place. A worse would have done if we had known where to find him."

Many further anecdotes were related, chiefly connected with

blunders in the service, particularly in the reading of the lessons, which was commonly deputed to the clerk in Wales forty years ago ; but I forbear to repeat them, for they cross my own mind oftentimes by inevitable associations of ideas when they are least welcome, and I will not expose my readers to the same inconvenience.

To this close association of the clerk with the clergyman is due probably the fact that many instances are on record of sons of parish clerks, whose abilities have been early noted and developed, who have consequently attained a high position in the social scale. Such, for example, was Dr. Kennicott, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, the learned collater of Hebrew manuscripts, who published the beautiful and elaborate edition of the Hebrew Bible. His father was parish clerk of Totnes, and it is said that whenever his distinguished son visited his native town and was invited to officiate in the church, his good old father, with honest pride, would insist on helping to put on his surplice, which the Doctor protested against, but without success. In another parish not very far distant from Totnes, a poor lad, "wishing to improve his circumstances, became a candidate for the situation of parish clerk," but failed of success. He then in despair travelled on foot to Oxford, and found present subsistence in the menial offices of the kitchen of Exeter College, of which he subsequently became Fellow, and eventually Rector, then Regius Professor of Divinity, and was finally raised to the Episcopal bench. In his latter days Dr. Prideaux (for he is the subject of this little history) was wont to exclaim, "If I could have been clerk of Ugborough, I had never been Bishop of Worcester."

In speaking of the accomplishments of parish clerks I omitted to state that many of them come out strong in the poetic vein ; and I question whether we are not indebted for most of the metrical effusions to be met with in country churchyards to their prolific pens. Oftentimes, moreover, in moralizing over the fates of others, they have been tempted to become their own biographers, and with "uncouth rhyme" to "invoke the passing tribute of a sigh" from those who pass the "frail memorial" erected to their memories.

PREACHING AND PREACHING.

BY A GRADUATE OF OXFORD.

MANY will recollect the letters which appeared some years since in the *Times* with this title, and signed "HABITANS IN SICCO," who have long ago forgotten their subject-matter, except that it related generally to the defects of the preaching with which "the people" are most familiar. From some events of recent occurrence the present appears a not inopportune occasion for re-opening the subject.

Few even among the various sects of Nonconformists will attempt to deny that the clergy of the Church of England as a body discharge their general duties with zeal, earnestness, and self-denial; that the occasions on which an absence of sound judgment and discretion are painfully apparent are few and far between; and that those who are now ministering to the spiritual wants of the English people no longer look upon their duties as efficiently performed for a week to come when the Sunday evening service is concluded. Non-residence is the exception instead of being, as it once was (at least in the direction of) the rule; and the now happily few clergy whom exceptional, and for the most part uncontrollable circumstances keep from residence in their parishes are usually found to be constantly lamenting their compulsory inefficiency, and longing for the time when the completion of the glebe house or the restoration of health shall again place them in the midst of the people whose welfare is nearest to their hearts.

This is no overdrawn sketch of the view now taken of their duties and responsibilities, which are, moreover, in most cases regarded also as privileges by the clergy of the Church of England as a body. The exceptions are few; and the clergy are now found to be, instead of men whose minds are chiefly set upon the excitement of the hunting-field, or proud of the number of brace of pheasants they have bagged after a day's sport, visitors by the bedsides of the sick, regular in the supervision of the parochial school, and "instant in season, out of season;" ever

ready to give a word of advice or encouragement to the boy disposed to be idle, or the young maiden diffident and timid at the prospect of the "first place," at the cottage door, in a snatch of roadside conversation, or in the mansion of the squire or more wealthy peer, who may be as much the parson's neighbour as the cottager who is his weekly tenant. By the foregoing remarks no such inference is intended as that *none* of the clergy of bygone generations ever performed conscientiously the "week-day duties" of their parishes. But there were many who, while (*e. g.*) diligent in visiting the sick, spared to include "the whole" in their parochial rounds; and this not from carelessness or apathy, but from the view then not uncommonly held, even by those who were regarded as hard-working clergymen, that it was "no business of the clergy to go where they were not sent for."

Now, as has been shown, these duties are regarded in a different light, and the clergy are much more than formerly visitors of the people committed to their care. Where then is the fault in a body of educated men, who, as is generally admitted, perform with such exemplary care duties which a century since were little thought of, or at best considered of secondary importance? It must be confessed that it is in their preaching that so many of the English clergy turn out absolute failures. Included in the category of preaching is, according to Hooker (Book V., xviii., xix.), the "public reading of Holy Writ," and one great cause of the failure of many men who are more than well-meaning is, that they not only cannot "read Holy Writ," but are utterly ignorant of the art of reading anything whatever in a way fit to be heard. The fact is, that while the bishops in many instances take care that candidates for orders have a competent knowledge of a certain portion of the writings of Hooker and Pearson (it would indeed be shameful that any one altogether ignorant of them should enter holy orders), as well as of Church history and the Sacred Word, they do not as a rule take the trouble further to test their capability for preaching than by the requirement to write a sermon or division of a sermon on a given subject or text. Who can but recollect the genuine truthfulness (and humour) of the following conversation? and who that recollects it can help recalling feature by feature the *perfect* illustration to which it was appended?—

Bishop Punch (to candidate for ordination). "Now, sir, let me hear you publish banns of marriage."

Candidate. "I—aw—publ'sh banth of mawwidge—aw—between—aw—Wedgnald Wobertth—batchla——".

Bishop Punch. "Stop, sir, I think you had better take orders—in the commercial line."

This is of course a caricature ; but seriously, cannot almost any one point to at least three or four clergymen of his acquaintance or "within his ken" who cannot preach a decent sermon, read the lessons in an intelligible manner, or even go through the most ordinary routine of divine service without a blunder? The two following *bond fide* instances shall be called A. and B. respectively. Both were men of far more than ordinary attainments and ability, and had been for (from twenty to) twenty-five years fellows of their respective colleges. Both after many years of residence went down to wealthy country benefices in the patronage of their respective societies.

A. had never once since his ordination baptized a child, married a couple, buried a dead person, preached a sermon either university or parochial, or even once read prayers in his own college chapel. The consequence was, that being past the prime of life he was *absolutely incapable* of exercising powers which (if he had ever possessed them) had never been brought out ; his parishioners could not understand either the prayers or the sermon when he appeared in church ; and as for *visiting* them, and talking to them as a curate of a year's standing under ordinary training would know how to do, he had not so much as a notion how even to enter their cottages, much less to speak to them in the way to win their hearts, or indeed at all. No wonder that at least once a year for a long time an advertisement appeared in the clerical journals for "a curate for the parish of ——, in which the vicar was resident."

B., though not so utterly innocent of ministerial duty as A., had never had a parochial charge or served a regular curacy, but had preached some sermons before the university, erudite in matter and elaborate in argument, and had rendered occasional assistance to his friends. Yet he was so devoid of that common sense and general knowledge of what ought to be done, that the following unseemly occurrence actually took place the first communion Sunday after he had taken possession of his country benefice. A large gilt alms plate always stood on the communion-table leaning against the east wall of the church. When the non-communicants had retired, he took this alms-plate and stood with it in his hands, facing the congregation, without

uttering a word. The people obviously could not take the initiative in any movement. A churchwarden with any "gumption" might have set matters right in half a minute, but no such prompter was at hand. So when the people had wondered for some minutes at the helplessness of their vicar, they one by one walked out of church, and the vicar retired soon after them, leaving the most solemn and sacred of all the services of the Church unperformed till such time as he should have found out how to do his duty.

Now with such parochial action and the antecedents of our friends A. and B., what was likely to be the practical value of their *preaching* to their congregations? It is to be feared that zero might not inaptly represent it, and that it was of the kind which once on a time prompted a well-meaning villager to sum up the comfort of going to church by saying, that though he tried to listen to the service, yet (to quote his own words) "when you begins your sermon, sir, I sticks up my legs, and thinks o' nothin'." It is not intended, by the relation of these facts, to lead in any way to the inference either that the state of affairs to which they point is at all a normal one, or that the system by which college patronage is disposed of requires legislation, or that every one who has distinguished himself at the university is necessarily an inefficient preacher. Excellent preachers are to be found both among honour-men and pass-men, and no university antecedents, from failure in the schools to a double first class, have anything whatever to do with qualifications for preaching. But strong as is the *etiquette* by which seniority decides *as a rule* the disposal of a college living, the power unquestionably exists to refuse to admit the claim, and instances are not wanting in which it has been exercised. Instances also are on record, and more numerous than in the case just mentioned, of college fellows who, when the wished-for and perhaps long waited-for benefice has come to their option, have themselves become awake to their own disqualifications, and nobly waived their claim to affluence in which they would be keeping out those who are in every way better qualified than themselves for duties and responsibilities in the discharge of which they would be not only inefficient, but ill at ease. And where such a self-denying spirit is wanting, it would be well if collegiate bodies would themselves, in cases of necessity, lay aside all false delicacy on the ground of *etiquette* and precedent in so serious a matter, and at once do a real kindness to the individual

fellow, and an important service to the parish whose spiritual interests are on their consciences, by refusing to present a disqualified person to any benefice in their patronage.

But as regards the subject of preaching generally, independently of the foregoing considerations, it must be admitted that there are many clergymen whose ministrations are by no means a failure, but whose preaching is decidedly open to improvement. Its faults are attributable to various sources. Many of the clergy of the Church of England are at a decided disadvantage as compared with Dissenting ministers, and certainly with Roman Catholic priests, whether in England or on the Continent. With both Romanists and Dissenters preaching is made an important feature in the training which precedes the entrance on any ministerial duties, and in both instances comparatively unintelligent people will notoriously sit out sermons of considerable length with both patience and attention, while more intelligent congregations in the Church of England will show signs of weariness at far shorter discourses. But for really effective preaching we must certainly look to the priests of France, whose energetic and impassioned style of address not only lays hold on the attention, but penetrates the heart. It is not necessary in this place to discuss the relative merits of extemporaneous and written sermons, further than to say that where the power of extempore preaching exists, it is more likely to fix the attention, and to be lasting as to the effect it produces. That it is a gift is in a great measure true; but it may also in some cases be acquired by those who have failed in their early attempts. Perseverance, thought, and a ready knowledge of the contents of God's word are among the most necessary qualifications for its acquirement; but where the gift is wanting, and all attempts to acquire it have failed, there is no reason that the preaching of any man of average ability and command of voice, should be either tame, dull, or in any way ineffective. One fact must be borne in mind in comparing the preaching of the Church of England with that of either Dissenters or Romanists, viz., the complete difference in the forms of worship of which the preaching forms a part. In the Dissenting worship the sermon usually occupies the greater portion of the service, and the congregation "lay themselves out" for a long sermon. The whole spirit, again, of the Romish ritual is as different as can be from the more simple and (even in the case of our cathedrals) unæsthetic service of the Church of England; nor is there a less difference in the

spirit and intention of the sermons. But whereas in the case of Dissenters and Romanists the congregations respectively obtain what they come for and expect, this is very frequently far from the case in the Church of England. The Dissenter is prepared for his long discourse, the Romish laity for the impassioned address, they are sure to listen to: but the English Churchman seems continually in a kind of tacit, unproclaimed feud with his clergyman on the subject of "that last five or ten minutes." Half an hour seems somehow to have come to be regarded as a *quasi* resting-point. Up to that point few complaints are openly made; beyond it, they are far more freely expressed. But it may surely be very readily admitted, that when the amalgamation of three services into one, which now practically constitutes the morning prayers of the English Churchman, is taken into consideration, half an hour is amply long enough for an educated person to listen to with profit, and very far too much for the poor, for many of the female part of the congregation, for invalids, and most especially for children. This is indeed the case with regard to the morning service, and it is certain that in the afternoon or evening people are even more inclined to somnolency. It is difficult to define as to length, but it is quite certain that, whether in extempore or written sermons, many clergymen are far too prolix to be effective; and while in some very rare instances half an hour may not be an excessive length for a sermon, there are very many more in which twenty minutes or even a quarter of an hour would be far preferable. But for a clergyman to come to preach to a strange congregation, and inflict on them a discourse of fifty minutes, is simply insufferable. Those who have the hardihood to make the attempt must not be surprised if they perceive unmistakable signs of fidget in the congregation to whom they deal out such measure, even to rattling of bunches of keys in the pocket, scraping of feet, coughing—anything to ward off the closing of the eyes and sudden jerk down of the head which announce the advent of an ignominious slumber.

MUSINGS IN THE PAST.

BY W. T. V..

THERE is to me a great charm in looking back, in wandering again over ground that was trodden years ago. How strange it all looks through the distance! How places and events become clothed with remembrances that twist and link themselves in and out together! Around it all there hangs an atmosphere of melancholy, that sobers but does not spoil the pleasure of the retrospect. Indeed, I think the tone of sadness that *must* tinge all memories of the past is almost needful to the peculiar character of this pleasure. It makes it the pleasure it is. It separates it off from every other kind of thinking. There are many times when the mind is almost forced upon this strain of thought. It has often come to me when the quiet of a fireside, in a winter evening, has seemed to make a call for such a thought. There is something in the sight of my wife and happy children that instinctively suggests the time when such were not to me. Back through many years does memory speed, and I find myself placed in a snug room, alone, save for the companionship of books. Yes, it was a happy time that. The place was lovely. A pretty cottage by the side of a hill, with a glorious view of the winding Wye. And of all my evenings there, memory calls up the evenings of the Lord's days in summer-time. Work was done; my Sunday duties were over; my seven miles' walk was past, and, with a pleasant sense of weariness, I sat at my bow-window, looking out upon the quiet scene.

Up the valley the spire of my church stood forth, pointing heavenwards, as if silently continuing the teaching of the day. Rich floods of light filled the valley, and brought out, first one point, and then another, here a cottage, there a tree, into striking prominence. All was lovely, and the sounds of evening increased the sense of stillness and quiet that seemed to pervade all nature. Oh! how thought would busy itself then as to the lasting effects of that day's work! How much of that seed

would spring up to eternal life! how much would perish, lying unheeded on the hard wayside! how much good, how much harm, had the gospel of Jesus Christ been a means of working in immortal beings! And, then, the thoughts would wander back to other such days. They would reach even to that first Lord's day when the first sermon was preached, in nervous fear, but still with a thankful heart that God had committed the word of life to my lips. And, then, connected with all those Sundays that had gone by since that first one, how many little incidents, marking one off from another, would start up rapidly! One would come with its happy thoughts; another would rise up to depress and sadden. One would arise with some recollection that humbled the spirit to the dust; another would come forth causing the heart to rejoice. One of this last kind comes back even now. Far away in a secluded nook had I been to take a service for a friend. It was a lovely spot, and the humble church nestled amid some glorious yew trees. The service ended, and I rode slowly home, giving myself to many thoughts of various kinds, little thinking of what would be to me the one great thought that would mark out that day. It was about a month afterwards that I heard that a farmer had been at that service, and had gone home to his death-bed, never to see a to-morrow. From the time he left the church his talk had been of the sermon, a plain statement of Scripture truth that had fastened itself upon him. He was not a religious man, but who can tell how, ere the morrow came, that word of life in Christ Jesus had made him accepted in the Beloved? God only knows. We can only thank God for enabling us to be instruments in His gracious work, and for giving us such helps in carrying it on.

Thus thoughts wander back to other days, each one touching a spring that sets others free, until we live for the time wholly in the past. And farther back still does my fireside group often send my thoughts a-wandering. I think of the days when I was young, when small brothers and sisters filled the places in my heart into which these little ones have stolen now. Yes, often do I recur to that home of long ago. One great sorrow fell upon it—our mother died. Since then, for twenty-eight years, has the stroke of death been kept from any of us. We cannot hope for this much longer. Hovering over one of us we see the dark shadow now. She was a special care to me when our mother left us. I see her in my eldest girl; and my thoughts

glance off from the child of to-day to the child of eight-and-twenty years ago. How much has come and gone since then!—what changes! what sorrows! what joys! How many bright visions have become grey! How many sunny hopes have lost all lovely hues! How much that seemed sure never realized! How much fair promise has fallen, leaving but the dry and bare branches on which it grew!

Hers has been a varied life—not sad, not joyous,—a tale of cares and pleasures intermixed, as fares with most of us. It is nearly over now. We have met for the last time here on earth. Many miles lie between us. It was a sad parting, though hopeful words were spoken. We knew there would be no other meeting here below; we spoke of that land where there would be no meetings such as *that* one, followed by the sad last “good-bye.” Oh! what a remembrance it is for future years, the remembrance of that last clasp of hand, that last passionate kiss, that last look as the door closed and shut out that bed of sorrow and pain! And what a sad journey back from that sad home! How solitary the soul feels in the din and bustle of the rushing train! And how one tries to scan the faces of one’s fellow-travellers! Are *they* in trouble? Are *they* hasting to or from some heart-breaking scene? One looks grave and sad; another joyous; a third restless; a fourth betrays no indication of his feelings. And time goes on; and ere long I am back again, in the midst of my own happy circle, on whom, as yet, no shadow rests. But thought will speed across the separating miles, and my spirit still lingers in that sad chamber, and my heart aches as memory revives so many incidents in our past lives together. Her last gift to me, to keep with sacred care, was a lock of our dear mother’s hair. I did not know she had it. It had been one of her chief treasures, and so she passed it on to me.

And further back my youngest child will take me, as I gaze on her sweet blue eyes, and am glad in her happy dance and merry song. A vision comes back of days when I was young as she is, and when the only one, the sole care of my mother. It is long ago now, but very fresh is the memory of those days. Old melodies bring them back in a moment. Tunes she played, to which I danced around her, have never been forgotten. It was generally at twilight when she played to me, and I danced then as my dear child does now, in that same quiet, sober time, when her favourite airs are played by her mother. What a strange power it is, the power of association! One note of

music, one suggestion, one look, how it unlocks many a page of various memory! How in a moment one is out of the present, and busy again in the past! How rapid is the flight through many years—back, far away, to a portion of one's history that has left its impress upon the character! And then some trivial remark or incident breaks up the vision, and we are out of dreamland again.

And one great lesson we learn from the habit of stepping often into the past is this,—to take a more correct and equal view of *present things*. The quarrels of the past! those mistakes, and misunderstandings, and suspicions that grew up into such evil growth,—oh! how tiny they look from our present point of view! What trifles, what notes, to effect so much mischief! How could we have been so foolish? How could we have suffered *such* a beginning to develop into such a lasting hatred? That little unguarded word, why did we not recall it, instead of proudly letting it do its work, while our heart ached as we looked on? That ill-timed act, meant perhaps in kindness, but which rankled in the bosom, it was done to soothe, why did we not explain it, instead of blaming the pride that took it ill? That look of contempt, that touched a sensitive soul and occasioned that coldness, why did we not atone for the wrong, showing that we sorrowed for it and did our best to remedy it? That thoughtless allusion to some trouble or sorrow, that the man took as purposely spoken, why did we not take his hand with loving clasp, and put the matter straight? That cutting saying, meant to strike deep and to wound, which we would have given much to try and heal, and yet never made the attempt, through a false and evil shame! As we look back on all these things now, do they not seem almost unreal, untrue? We would not do *now* what we often did in years past. At least, so we think. If we had the chance again, we would weave a very different tissue for future examination. Too often this is all mere sentiment, or a fleeting impression. Well is it, and a cause for deep thankfulness to God, if painful memories of the past, and ones that condemn us, issue out into careful living in the present. They *should* work this. They should be beacon lights, casting a light on places where danger lurks again. The present is but a renewing of the past. We may be now making memories for years to come, all of them the same as those we now deplore.

"What sadder scene can angels view
Than self-deceiving tears,
Pour'd idly over some dark page
Of earlier life, though pride or rage
The record of to-day engage,
A woe for future years?"

Let our course now be shaped better from a sight of the mistakes and sins of the past. Let us try to look on the beginnings of unchristian thoughts, of careless words, of thoughtless acts, by the memory of what the same things have done for harm before. Let us think they will do the same again. Like will produce like. If thoughts of the past are to be messengers from God to us, they must be exercising an influence we have never felt before; they must be working out a course of life far higher and better than before.

Let us think, too, of the disappointments of the past. I do not mean the great heavy blows that may have fallen, bringing a settled care upon the face, the outward token of a bruised heart. Even with these there doubtless came some mercies that broke the full violence of the stroke. But it is the lot of all to meet with many little crossings of the will, to find many plans turned upside down. And how hardly we bore all this! How deeply it touched us! How sadly we compared our lot with the more prosperous lot of our neighbour! Perhaps it was some vacant post we longed for. It had some special attractions to us, and all seemed fair for success. But another came across our path, and we had other plans to make. Or there was some party of pleasure, to which we had long looked forward, out of which important events might arise to us. Something or other made it all go wrong. The weather, the tempers, the arrangements, the ill-matched company, and many such like things made it all a failure. From that day we date many troubles that are not now quite forgotten. Or a mistake was made through some carelessness or thoughtlessness, and we can trace it out now in effects that have not died out. How often did that meet us in years gone by, and always brought out into strong relief the happiness it kept away! But now all these things have gone, and we look back upon them with wonderful serenity. Years ago we could not have believed that such a thing could be. Since then we have marked how strangely those adverse occasions have worked up into our life, and how they supply a not unpleasing shadow amidst the brighter colouring. Not unfe-

quantly can we see how the schemes and hopes which met with so sad an end were replaced by others that have worked out effects for good *they* never could have worked.

And shall we not in faith bear up, and more than bear up, when now we smart under some new and present wreck of cherished plans and hopes? They may be much the same, or very different, but they try us because they are to be endured *now*. Thus we may refresh our spirits for present patience by living in often remembrance of the past. The same hand that guided us, that arranged all that, that wove that various tissue, is now over us, and is busy for us. Surely this memory should cheer us, and give us great help to bear in to-day's trials of faith and patience. This result to frequent thought of past years will make it no morbid, weakening waste of time; it will be like humble listening to the words of a wise, dear, old friend, as he opens out to us the treasures of his experience. Let us be often at the work of tracing out, so far as we have the clue, the many, various, manifold ways of God in bringing us here to the present stage of life, and let us believe that the same wisdom, love, and tenderness are still with us.

And I think we may recall all the pleasures and brightest hours of life, and having passed our judgment on them, learn to value rightly the sunshine that *now* streams down upon us. Prosperity, sunshine, happiness, worldly success, have all a fascinating influence upon us, and they tend to make us content with things as they are. Our atmosphere is so pleasant, that we do not think of the cold desolation lying around outside of it.

Hence arise bitter sorrows, life-long disappointments, sad forebodings, a jaundiced view of life. We pass into a changed condition of things, out into the cold dreary scene, which makes such a contrast, and the spirit sinks down into hopeless dejection. But why should it? Ask the past. Have not these things been before? Have we not known bright, very bright days, which opened out into a scene no more pleasing than bright days do now? Have we not dived down before into the very deeps of high and cherished hopes and enjoyments, and have found that no earthly joys can satisfy the soul? Have we not often left the bright and pleasant sunshine for chill periods of existence, and then, after a time, stepped into the light and warmth again? We learnt our lesson then, that the best and purest that the world can give can only do for us what God meant it *should* do, be a help and solace by the way. The cloud came between us and the sun, and we felt the change, and were the more thankful when the cloud passed away.

Perchance a warm radiance fell upon the cloud itself, and it left us not the dark forbidding thing it looked on its approach. It is a loving work of our heavenly Father to make us feel that unchanging happiness, unclouded sunshine, unfading joys, live not here. *They* are in the land that is very far off.

And why, then, should we have all this to learn again? Why should we have to go through the same discipline so often? Do not the lessons we glean from the past make us wiser for the present? If we have learned what God meant to teach us, we shall suspect with jealous eye all that is bright with a light that is not of heaven. Our Saviour told us of the broad road and the wide gate as real dangers that the Christian will find. God tells us again and again of the pleasures, the promises, the offers, the enticements that are put to snare the Christian on his road to heaven. Real dangers beset our steps, and most dangerous and most fatal are those that come with smiling face and wanton gait.

The bright and joyous portions of our life are full of temptation to our poor weak nature. They engage our thoughts, and they keep them from rising up sweetly to the hopes beyond our vision. They dazzle the eye, and the things of the Spirit of God get to be seen in a confused tangle. They throw a mist around us, and shut out the view, distant, but so lovely, of what God has prepared for those who love Him. We have learned this years ago, it may be, by much varied experience. Let us by the light of that experience value truly all that the world offers *now*. It will save us many an hour of sorrow hereafter, as we mourn *this* fall and *that* faltering step, and will turn what is in itself a snare into a means of purifying and strengthening our faith. Days of prosperity, when they come to the home of a Christian, are *very* bright and happy to *him*. He knows the frail and brief life that is in every worldly joy, and he looks not for more than its nature can give. He therefore blesses his heavenly Father for His mercy, and doubtless often prolongs the time of its sojourn with him by his faithful and thankful use of it. Let health and worldly competence make his home happy; let the blessings of wedded life be prolonged to him; let peace and love be the bond that binds each heart together; and the Christian knows how his heart rises, full and thankful, to Him who has so ordered his lot. He forgets not how the scene may change for him, nor how soon. *That* remembrance is no shadow on his trusting spirit. It only directs his eye up, above earth's brightest lot, to that world where no

partings come, where no dangers lurk. Thus he journeys on, ever trusting, ever happy, ever thankful. He has a path strangely free from encumbrances, because he has been taught by God how to use with gratitude the things that others abuse to their hurt.

One day we shall cease from thus looking back over the several pages of life, to read its lessons, and to scan its pictures. On that day life's history will be all gathered up into one broad open sheet, and we shall see it all at a glance. As when the traveller, worn and weary, mounts the lofty hill, and sees behind him the road, the wood, the moor, the lane, the open country through which for many a mile he has passed, so in life's last hour shall we look back upon the years of life. Memory awakes at such a time to a strange quickness and exactness of detail. So much long forgotten, seemingly wiped out, is still there. It only wants the certainty of the departure hence to bring out all the lines in startling plainness. Sins, errors, mistakes, wilful wickedness, bitter words, careless living, duties left undone, worldly longings, faith so weak, love so cold, hope so languid, these make up so large a portion of the view of our path through life. And now we are leaving it. The journey is nearly over. Have we a view of home? So unworthy, so often straying from the right way to it, still, in God's good mercy have we a view of it? Shall we reach it? Are some there waiting for us? Wearied with the pilgrimage, sad at heart as we look on the story of the past, oh! have we a hope through Him who loved us, through whose precious blood we were redeemed? Fainting, weak—too weak almost to pray,—can we simply rest on the promise to all who come unto God by Him?

Another looking back there surely will be after that one. Home gained, the dark river passed, dangers over, wandering for ever impossible, will the past be forgotten? It surely cannot be as if it had not been. Our life there would be imperfect if separated thus from our life here. This life runs out into that, as the narrow river opens out into the broad estuary. No, we shall still look back; but with what different feelings! We look back *now* upon the past, and we find it filled with many lamentations and many woes. The pages of life are like a sadly blotted book. We look, and mourn, and linger still round what we see, and then sit down sorrowful at the prospect. And we see not *half* there is to make us sad as memory tells the tale to us. We only see the great falls, the large patches of dirt, the fateful steps aside that led to such a morass. The smaller wanderings, the less-marked slips, the marks of dust we see not.

Enough to see what is recalled. Perhaps we could not bear to see it all as God sees it now. But when we look back upon it all from our home, surely the vision will be in other colours. We know that sorrow will be absent as we take that retrospect, because in that land sorrow is unknown. It will be with feelings we cannot picture now, with which we shall then look out across all our life here. May it not be a special part of that home's happiness to trace out how God was ever with us in our course?—to see how His hand was round us to protect, and how His love bore long? May we not expect that, through eternity no weariness will fall upon our spirit as it lingers over difficulties then cleared up, and over sorrows then all explained? Surely it *will* be thus! Our life here is but a fragment. It is like a piece of a child's puzzle that is not understood until it is placed side by side with the other pieces. What a happy occupation, what a blessed work, to be allowed to look back through all the intricacies of our present life here! How we shall stop to adore, to lift up the voice in praise, to bow before the throne! Let us repose our aching hearts and worn spirits on the belief that thus it shall be. "What we know not now we shall know hereafter."

"Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home;
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet: I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me."

“THE VEXED QUESTION,”

CAN I MARRY ON £300 A YEAR?

BY HUNTLEY SMYTH.

CHAPTER XV.

MRS. CHANDLER AT HOME.

MRS. CHANDLER is at home, and as the play books say—is discovered seated behind one of Wheeler and Wilson’s patent lock-stitch sewing machines; delighted to see Mrs. Ward, whom she has not had the pleasure of meeting for months. “May I ask, Kate, What have you been doing with yourself all this time past?” Such was the greeting Mrs. Ward received one morning on entering Mrs. Chandler’s pretty drawing-room in Arlington Street; to which she replied, “I have been very busy at home about all sorts of things; and babynow takes up so much of my time. Where did you get that affair? I have been wishing so much for one.”

“It is a present from Guy Chandler, and came a few days ago. Is it not jolly? You would laugh to see Hugh over it, he so delights in everything in the way of machinery. He mastered all the difficulties of the management of it much sooner than I did, for I found it rather an intricate business at first, and he insisted on hemming some handkerchiefs. Seated at it, he looked exactly like, What’s-his-name, that large gentleman they erected a statue to in Hyde Park?”

“The Duke of Wellington, do you mean?”

“No, absurd.”

“Mr. Banting, perhaps, who ought to have had a statue.”

“How can you be so ridiculous? I mean Hercules, Kate dear,” pursued Mrs. Chandler. “I think it such a pity sewing-machines were not invented long ago; there,”—pointing to a picture which hung opposite, of Penelope, by Angelina Kauffmann,—“would it not have been much more sensible of that young woman to have had some dozens of nice new shirts ready for her Ulysses when he returned instead of having gone on knotting and unknotting that stupid web of hers?”

“Perhaps it might have been more sensible,” said Mrs. Ward, laughing, “but the poetry of the affair would have been lost by

your practical view. Augusta dear, I have just come from Eaton Square. The Prince de Chimay and Mr. Lexington were there. I do not like the latter being so constantly seen with Lilla."

"You need have no uneasiness on the subject; Lilla is quite *désabusée* about Horace Lexington; knows him as he is, and in her quiet, cool manner lets him see how perfectly indifferent she is to him—so indifferent as not even to be offended at all his implied admiration. The exquisite Horace is *planté*. He has received a lesson in life that he will remember." Grace Armytage will have nothing to say to him. She heard how he acted towards Lilla, and broke off their engagement in consequence, and is now about to be married to John Malvern!"

"John Malvern! How did that come about?"

"It came about in this wise. One fine morning, shortly after the memorable croquet party, Miss Armytage drove up to Lady Malvern's, who by the way was an old friend of her mother's—and in the most straightforward manner asked if it were true that Mr. Lexington had been paying very devoted attention to Lilla D'Arcy? Lady Malvern replied, that until the day of her party, when to her extreme surprise she heard of Lilla's having accepted Sir Compton Roubriek, she had believed a marriage between her and Mr. Lexington to have been a settled thing. He was always to be seen at her side, and, in fact, quite monopolized her. She took for granted they were engaged, particularly as Lilla D'Arcy was not a flirt."

"I am engaged to Mr. Lexington," said Grace, quietly.

"You, my dear! Since when?"

"It is now more than a year since the thing was arranged. It was some months before my dear father's death. Mr. Lexington used to be a great deal with us at Bromleigh. But dear Lady Malvern," said she, "pray tell me all you know of this."

"So then and there Lady Malvern told her all about the whole affair as far as she knew, concluding by, "Now that you tell me of your engagement, my firm belief is, Lilla that morning heard for the first time of it; perhaps from Mr. Lexington himself, thinking he had gone too far, and that piqued, and incensed at his conduct, she accepted Sir Compton. I could not make it out at the time, but it all seems clear enough now. Poor child, she had not strength of mind to bear the comments of the world on his desertion."

"Miss Armytage thanked her warmly for her information, and

begged to be allowed to write a note to Mr. Lexington, which she afterwards showed to Lady Malvern, and which the dear old lady told me must have made the gentleman's ears tingle not a little to receive. 'So, my dear, that ended that.'

"John Malvern had always admired Grace, and was quite charmed with the spirit and good feeling she displayed on this occasion: of course he heard all the particulars from his mother. So he very shortly after proposed himself as Mr. Lexington's substitute; was accepted, and the affair comes off, I believe, next month."

"I always detested Mr. Lexington," said Kata. "But I am afraid Sir Compton is a small amendment. Gus dear, I feel it quite wrong to dislike my sister's husband as I do, without trying at least to combat the feeling; but alas! the more I see of Sir Compton the more repulsive he appears."

"Pray do not apologize; I simply detest him."

"I am afraid so do I."

"We dined there yesterday," said Augusta. "It was a small party, including only ourselves and two gentlemen, friends of Sir Cotton's. Even during dinner *he* drank deeply, becoming more and more unpleasant as he went on, and was extremely snappish and rude to Lilla, who, however, would neither hear nor see it. This calm, cool manner seemed but to exasperate him, for at last he said something so offensive that it did exhaust her patience. Looking at me, she rose to retire to the drawing-room, but before we quitted the room she turned round, and in her clear, distinct voice, every word telling on our ears, said, 'Pray excuse Sir Compton, gentlemen; he does not mean to be either rude or vulgar: the poor fellow labours under many disadvantages, and the rôle of husband and gentleman does not well suit him.' Kate darling, I did not think anything human could look so demoniac as that man did. He became positively purple; he tried to swear, but nearly choked in the effort; then seized a heavy decanter, was in the act of flinging it, when Guy Chandler caught his arm with a firm grasp, saying, 'Come, none of that work, if you please, Sir Compton.' I felt quite terrified, and drew Lilla out of the room. When we reached the drawing-room I caught her hand with, 'O Lilla——'

"She interrupted me at once by, 'Don't say a syllable about it, Gus. It is only by forgetting everything, never hearing or seeing anything that goes on about me, I manage to keep my senses.' And then changed the subject by saying, 'Come to my

room, I want to show you my dress for Lady Dillon's *bal costumé*, which Madame B—— has just sent home. It is perfect in every detail.'

"On arriving there we found her maid Désirée, so of course the subject was dropped, and the rest of the time went in discussions on toilettes, until the gentlemen came up-stairs for coffee.

"Sir Compton did not again appear; he is never now visible after dinner except to a few choice friends, with whom he retires to his own rooms, and there they drink and smoke until far in the night, when his servants assist him to bed."

"My poor Lilla! what a miserable fate you have brought on yourself."

"Ay," said Augusta. "Brought on herself; that is the worst of it; and she feels it bitterly: and it is this thought that makes her so reticent, and causes her to fly from anything like sympathy. Even to me she has never alluded to Sir Compton's habits."

"Nor to me. His name seems quite a tabooed subject. She comes over constantly to Maybury Terrace and takes our Master Phillip and myself for a country drive. She never alludes to her home troubles; but really to-day, whilst at luncheon at her house, it was quite as much as I could do to command my temper. You know I am rather a quiet person in general, but it was with real difficulty I could sit still and hear that man rate and sneer at all she said and did. Then he went on in such a way about a little terrier she held in her arms, that had been given her by the Prince, whom, by the way, he evidently favours with his aversion. He was quite insulting to him. I confess my patience was terribly tried, but I just managed to hold my peace, fearing to speak lest I should say too much. Lilla behaved beautifully, tried to ward off and give a playful turn to many of his most unpleasant remarks; but it was a relief to all parties when the Prince, pleading an engagement, took leave and departed, accompanied by the other gentlemen."

"Poor darling!" said Augusta. "How very trying for her, and before Horace Lexington, too. I am glad I was not there, for I cannot keep quiet on those occasions. I fear I should have been tempted to have used strong language. He well knows the reason Lilla shows so much attention to this foreign gentleman is simply in return for the extreme kindness she received in Rome from his mother, who took care of and nursed her through a severe attack of fever she had while there; so she considers her

self bound to do all she can to make Monsieur de Chimay's stay pleasant while in London. It is this feeling of gratitude to the mother that has made her open her doors so hospitably to the son.

"Sir Compton went off through dread of the infection, leaving her to the care of the servants. It is altogether very miserable; but a misery she must bear alone, for no one can help her in it. We must pity her, pray for her, but are utterly powerless to assist her. My poor darling, the burden laid upon her is a heavy one."

CHAPTER XVI.

"MRS. WARD IMPROVES THE OCCASION."

"Now, Augusta dear, tell me something of yourself. You have, I hope, got over your difficulties."

"Yes; I am happy to say things are looking up a little. It was all very hard at first, trying to make matters come right, and I often felt quite disheartened, my failures were so many and hopeless. But since that morning when I poured forth all my troubles into your sympathizing ear, and got such good advice, with many valuable hints, I determined to turn over a new leaf and look after things myself, and not leave all as heretofore to Mrs. Grant. But alas! in looking I found things in a terrible mess, worse than I could have anticipated. Bills innumerable due to tradespeople, for the payment of which I was convinced I had given money. Our consumption, too, seemed enormous. The beef, mutton, poultry, indeed all condiments that we used, would have supplied a regiment. James, Hugh's factotum, told me afterwards Mrs. Grant's sister and family had lodgings near; he had suspicions they were all fed from my kitchen: but though he watched closely, he could not succeed in bringing the charge home, the parties were all so wary."

"Of course you dismissed the cook at once?"

"Oh! that functionary was most intensely disgusted at what she styled my 'new-fangled ideas,' so gave immediate warning; she could not 'possibly remain with ladies as had the meanesses to be rummaging over bills or poking into larders; she was not used to it nohow.' Dear Kate, what I have since gone through in the way of cooks! and the amount of 'dirt Hugh and I have eaten,' it is inconceivable how we have borne

it and still lived, I must say Hugh did bear it all beautifully, displayed immense fortitude over sudden mitten and gritty vegetables; never but once gave way, and that was one day when about one of the worst of our incapables, in carrying up dinner, upset the tray, and the whole performance rolled down the kitchen stairs. "Unfortunately I had not been well for two or three days previously, and had lost all appetite. Hugh insisted it was starvation that was the matter with me, and had ordered in from Verey's a recherché little dinner to tempt me to eat. But alas! cook had got at the brandy bottle, the effect of which caused such unsteadiness in her gait, that at the top of the stairs she made a lurch, and upset the whole thing before James could take it out of her hands. Then for the first time Hugh's temper, poor old fellow, gave way. I am sorry to have it to say of my husband, Kate, but he did use very bad language with respect to cook, house, and things in general. It was dreadfully wicked, but the circumstances were particularly irritating; so you must forgive him, Kate, as I did, after a little bit. I felt quite beaten, threw myself on the sofa, and cried deliberately for a whole hour, and would not be comforted by anything Hugh, now full of remorse, could say. . . I told him I feared we had made a mistake, — had undertaken more than we were equal to. He was foolish to marry me. I had tried to do my best, but felt I had failed miserably; I had much better leave him and go to East Grinstead and become a Sister of Mercy; it was the only thing I felt I was at all fit for."

"Rather uncomplimentary that to the sisterhood, though, Augusta, I must say."

"I beg their pardons, I meant no offence. Well, dear Hugh sat down beside me, and tried to reason with me; he asked, was it not going a little too far in thinking all the sunshine extracted from life because a female domestic chose to become intoxicated? He assured me there were still things worth living for, even though there were some disarrangements in our culinary department. He went so far as to say there might be more severe trials in life than even this that had come upon us; in fact, he burlesqued the whole affair so, that I began to take a more cheerful view of things: when, shortly after, the door opened, and James entered, bringing in some soup and a nice steak well dressed, which the prince of domestics quietly procured, cooked himself, and now, without asking any questions, laid on

the table. I felt quite inclined to laugh over, as a mere *contre-temps*, what so short a time previously had seemed to me such a reality of misfortune, threatening the happiness of my entire life.

"But, dear Kate, bad as was the state of my affairs, Hugh's monetary concerns were worse still. They were 'all confusion worse confounded.' When we added up the amount of our joint debts, we were appalled at their amount, something considerably over £600, more than an entire year's income. We sat looking at one another, blank pictures of despair. We read them all over and over again, hoping to find some error in the adding up; but no, there stood those demon figures, mocking us and telling that all those sums were really due, and must be paid. At last Hugh said, 'It can't be helped, the money is gone; there is not the least use in lamenting over it. The thing now is, to try and make the best of it. I'll ask Guy to help me to raise what will clear off all. We must only economize and pay it back by degrees.' I forgot to tell you, £150 of this money was lost by Hugh's obliging a friend who got him to do a bill for him."

"What do you mean by doing a bill, Gus?"

"It means, a gentleman coming to borrow a sum of money from you to be repaid in three or four months. If you have it not, you write your name with his on a piece of paper and get it in a bank; the borrower being bound to meet it when due, but which, Hugh says, as a matter of course, he never does; so after a while you have to pay it with a sum attached which they call interest."

"I must say I think it a very bad system, and one likely to cause great dishonesty."

"I think so too; but Hugh says it is because I do not understand the matter. Guy got the money for us, and we are to repay it by instalments of £160 each year until the debt is cleared off. This of course reduces our income considerably for some years to come. However, we have no one to blame for it but ourselves. It was all our own mismanagement. It compels me, of course, to practise the strictest economy. You need not laugh, Kate. I do. It was very uphill work at first, trying to keep regular accounts. I established a most imposing-looking book, with ruled lines, and get from Hugh every month the sum we have allotted for house expenses, which I have pledged myself not to exceed."

"You are going the right way to work," said Kate; "keep

and check your accounts accurately; you will find this the best possible guarantee against extravagance. Do not be satisfied by merely ascertaining the sum total of your expenditure. The whole system of true economy is in the items, and you will find the habit of putting down those of each day's expenditure an infallible safeguard against waste."

"I agree with you thoroughly," said Augusta. "Besides, it is a great satisfaction when your money has gone (long before you think it ought), to know how it is gone. I am sure, in one of Mrs. Grant's so-called accounts, one week's sundries would keep us now in comforts for many days."

"I can quite believe it," said Kate; "and another advantage gained by this rigid system of account-keeping is, one is sure to find some item that may be lessened or left out, so enabling a more liberal expenditure in others more important to comfort. One of our best living writers has well said, 'The wise and careful outlay of money—for this and not penurious frugality is the true thrift—is one of the effects of education. Thrift is, in short, only another form of the familiar virtue which enables a man to refrain from the present gratification of whims and fancies with a view to more solid subsequent advantages. And this is one of the distinctive characteristics of the educated mind;' and 'Solvency is, after all, one of the prime social virtues, and the people who flounder helplessly through the world for lack of it, have nearly always themselves to thank for the shallows and miseries in which their life is bound.' Sidney read this out to me one evening. I liked it so much I wrote out the paragraph. But now I must really go; Sidney will be looking out for me."

"Do stay and dine with us."

"I cannot. Miss Barker is to spend the evening at Maybury Terrace. A few hundred pounds have been left by a distant relative, which she wishes to devote to something useful, and comes this evening to consult Sidney about it."

"Dear old trot, she is always about some good work. She is certainly the nearest approach to perfection I know. Hugh is quite fond of her."

"Yes, they became great allies during Sidney's long illness. The very first evening they met, he pronounced her to be the least objectionable old maid he ever met."

"What does she purpose doing?"

"Sidney and she propose purchasing a building, now unoccupied,

which was originally intended for a music hall or something of that sort, but was never quite completed, and establishing there a kind of working men's club. They will try to have the exterior as ornamental and its interior as comfortable as their funds will allow, light it up brilliantly with gas, and provide newspapers and good useful periodicals; have tea and coffee served at a very cheap rate from four o'clock in the afternoon to ten at night; in fact, do everything possible to make it attractive, and induce fathers of families to frequent it instead of the ale-houses, which are so lamentably numerous in our neighbourhood.”

“I know a lady,” said Augusta, “who established a place of the kind, which turned out most successfully. The good it did in providing a safe place of resort, on Saturdays especially, was untold. Men come home on these nights with their week's wages in their pockets, and find there every species of discomfort arising from the general ‘cleaning out’ allotted by ancient custom to that evening; floors wet from being just washed, furniture all topsy-turvy; children, some crying from recent scrubbing, others just undergoing the process. The poor man finds himself altogether in the way, so takes his pipe and goes off to smoke it in peace at the nearest public-house. This soon becomes a habit, and as one thing leads to another, it generally ends in a great portion of his wages being swamped before he leaves.”

“We think of having a lecture for the men on Saturday nights, or ‘readings’ from some popular work, instructive and amusing. Mr. Porter, our rich parishioner, has come forward most generously with a hundred pounds towards defraying the expenses of this part of the arrangement.”

“That is excellent,” said Augusta; “you must let Hugh and me add our mite; I should like to feel we had some part in it, and surely her ladyship will help?”

“Yes; Lilla has given twenty pounds.”

“How long do you think it will take to get all ready?”

“If all goes on well, and our plans succeed, and no fresh difficulties arise, it might be finished by the twentieth of next month. I hope, Augusta, Hugh and you will attend the opening; Sidney is anxious to have as grand a demonstration on that occasion as possible.”

“We will certainly go, and Hugh shall make a speech.”

CHAPTER XVII.

MARRIAGE À LA MODE.

THE London season was at its height. Parks, gardens, and squares, dressed gaily with shrubs and flowers, were crowded with carriages and pedestrians. The West was amusing itself after its wont in the giving of balls, dinners, and concerts by night, and *fêtes* of every description, horticultural and otherwise, by day; while the East was starving, thieving, and perishing in wretched dens and foetid atmospheres, where reigns an amount of sin, abject poverty, and misery, the very existence of which is a mystery when side by side with luxury which throws ancient Babylon or Nineveh far into the shade.

Lady Roubrick, however, never troubled her pretty head with these thoughts. Her purse was always open to an appeal for charity. Almsgiving, the very easiest to fulfil of the Christian virtues, she was liberal in the practice of; and to do her sister justice, she did not spare her here. Perhaps there was an unacknowledged feeling in Kate that Lilla was not going on as she would wish her. Her god was altogether of this world, and failing in the attempt to gain her personal interest or attendance, she did much good in her name in her many schemes of benevolence. Lady Roubrick was blessed and prayed for in many doubtful localities her dainty feet never had approached within miles of. Poor Lilla would have lavished, if permitted, many costly gifts on her sister, but that Sidney would not permit. He at once, and sternly for him, forbade any of Sir Compton's money to be spent on him or his, so she was glad to affect a sort of compromise in giving the use of her purse to her sister; enabling her to carry out numerous projects for the good of the poor and suffering. Thus many a sunken eye brightened up, and pallid cheek flushed at the mention of Lady Roubrick's name; and parched and dying lips often murmured forth, "God bless her." Frequently would Kate remonstrate with her sister on the extravagant, reckless life she was leading, but was always met with "Leave me alone, Kate. You don't know the price I have paid for all this; at least let me enjoy it. Do not try to make me believe there is nothing in what, God help me! I have so dearly purchased."

Kate could but sigh, and patiently wait until a higher Hand

than hers would work on this poor wandering sheep, and bring it back to His fold.

So Lady Roubrick lived on her day, had everything wealth could purchase or influence command. Her *matinées* were the most popular, her balls the most successful of the season. She was applauded and admired, surrounded by adorers; yet the most cynical never mentioned her name but with respect. If there were a fault to be found with her, they said it was that she was cold. In the midst of all this, however, Lilla never even to herself confessed that she was happy. There was a spirit of weariness through it all. "Flat, stale, and unprofitable" was her nightly comment, as she stood before her mirror, and taking the costly jewels from her hair, gazed at the sad, weary face it gave back. These thoughts, however, she strictly confined to her own breast; she made no confidences. Neither mother, sister, nor friend was aware of the inner life of the beautiful and courted woman of fashion whose career was an object of intense envy to so many of her contemporaries.

Horace Lexington, when he first read the announcement of the Roubricks' arrival in the *Court Journal*, hesitated as to the expediency of his calling at Eaton Square, feeling doubtful as to the reception he should meet with; but Lady Roubrick's manner on their first rencontre quite did away with any feeling of the kind. It was perfectly courteous, and without the least trace of pique; perhaps a little colder than formerly, but that might be looked for in their altered relative positions. He consequently became a frequent visitor. Sir Compton, much as he formerly disliked him, now seemed glad to see him. The baronet always flattered himself that Horace had been thrown over by Lilla in his own favour. This thought immensely gratified his *amour propre*, and rendered the sight of Mr. Lexington to be almost grateful to his feelings. Lilla, fearing any over-coldness on her part might be construed into pique, or as arising from disappointed affection, met him with a manner conventionally cordial, which implied she had forgotten and outlived any of the past feelings that she had entertained for him, and generally included him in her invitations.

There is nothing very original in the remark that no man is wholly bad, so perhaps he commenced these visits without any evil intentions, and got led on, partly by pique at the unaffected indifference with which his attentions were received, and partly by discovering that, whatever was the amount of heart he pos-

sessed, it was in Lilla Roubriek's keeping, to betray, on one occasion, an expression of feeling which had much better been repressed.

The circumstance took place at a ball at D—— House. They had been dancing together, and had sat down to rest in one of the smaller rooms of the numerous suite thrown open for the rest and refreshment of the many guests. Lilla looked that night particularly lovely. The gay music, the amount of admiration she received, and the fast dance, had brought a flush to her cheek and a light to her eye long absent. She looked so like the Lilla of old as to cause Mr. Lexington's memory to bridge across the events that had parted them and his own share in the matter, and, quite thrown off his guard by some unusual softness that he fancied in her manner, he seized her hand, and said some words to the effect that it was hard for them to meet as strangers and exchange mere conventionalisms who once had been so much to one another.

The look Lilla gave him of non-comprehension, changing into one of cold astonishment with just a little contempt, brought him to his senses ; but before he had time to stammer out an apology, the Prince de Chimay came up and claimed her as his partner for the next dance. Inexpressibly relieved, Lilla took his arm, but the frank, cordial smile with which she did so made Horace Lexington grind his teeth. An ugly look came over his face as, glancing after them, he muttered, "So you will not have me for a friend on any terms, my lady ; let us now see how you will like me as a foe ;" and sauntering into the drawing-room, he might have been seen a few minutes afterwards bending over a fair young girl, and using the same sweet words and tones that had beguiled poor Lilla long ago, with that devotedness of manner which characterized him, as if he had not one thought beyond the woman he was addressing.

From this time forth Horace was much oftener to be found in Sir Compton's apartments than in his wife's drawing-room. Sir Compton had a suite of rooms on the ground-floor sacred to himself, furnished and decorated to his own taste. Into these his wife did not enter. Once she did so, but what she saw was so little to her taste, she never repeated her visits. Hither he and his friends returned after dinner, and spent the night in smoking and billiards, &c., when they did not adjourn to some of those places of resort so unfortunately numerous in this city of ours where gentlemen congregate, and throw off all the restraints of

their order, bringing their conversation and manners to the level of the company they meet with,—heroes of the ring and noble art of self-defence, or the happy owners of the "Billys" or "Vixens" that devoured so many thousand rats in so many minutes, and whose photographs hang side by side with their mothers and sisters in the rooms of these gentlemen.

Horace Lexington had an extensive acquaintance with the turf. Many of the jockeys and trainers were well known to him. He often got valuable hints, which caused him generally to make a safe book; and just before that memorable run which took England by surprise, and caused such exultation and excitement at the other side of the water, he advised Sir Compton to bet largely on the French three-year-old. The baronet took his advice, and netted a nice sum by that day's sport, and from that time Mr. Lexington and he became close associates, if not friends. No improvement, however, was visible in Sir Compton from this alliance. If Horace did not urge him on, he certainly did not keep him back; whether influenced by him or not, the unfortunate man went on his course, getting deeper and deeper into sinful habits.

Sir Compton's head groom was a friend of Horace's; in fact, it was through his recommendation he got that post; and many confidential communications passed between these comrades of such different degrees. Horace was at this time made quite free of Sir Compton's stable,—horses and "traps" were alike at his disposal.

Since the occurrence at the ball the Prince de Chimay had been an especial object of aversion to Mr. Lexington. He tried to bring himself to believe that there was more than mere friendship between him and Lady Ronbrick, but failed. He did, however, succeed in poisoning Sir Compton's mind, and planted there a feeling of jealous resentment, which vented itself in insulting speeches and language disgraceful to the lips that uttered them. The human mind is a problem hard to be solved: though the instigator of many a painful scene, if present at it, Horace's manhood would assert itself; and on the occasion described by Mrs. Chandler in a preceding chapter, it was with difficulty he restrained himself from "clutching the little beast's throat," as he expressed it to a friend when describing the scene; but Guy Chandler's haughty, prompt interference prevented him.

Horace went home that night execrating himself, Sir Compton, De Chimay, and every one and everything he came into contact

with. He could break a woman's heart remorselessly, crush her with neglect, unkindness, and indifference; but ill-usage such as Sir Compton attempted was repugnant to his feelings as a gentleman.

However, one cannot meddle with these fierce passions and come off unscathed. Cain's chief punishment was his own conscience; and in that old story of wild love and hate, would not the Eastern tyrant have given throne and diadem to have brought back his murdered love? Are we not told, "The guards shrank affrighted from the furious cries that came from his chamber at night, and rang through the halls, of 'Marianne Marianne'"? Revenge was lost in the agony of remorse; but no repentance could bring the victim back, and death avenged her fully and promptly.

Some short time after this Horace Lexington rode into Sir Compton's stables, and was immediately accosted by the groom with—"What's come to Warwick, sir? His knees are bleeding."

"Hang the brute! It shied at some tinker or other, and before I knew what he was about, jumped over a rail that was close by, and nearly came down. I thought I pulled him up in time to save his knees, though," said Mr. Lexington, jumping down and examining them.

"It's a bad job, sir. Only yesterday I says to master I didn't think as how Warwick's coat is as I'd like it. He rapped out an oath that he was the best horse in the stud; he was to run him for the Liverpool stakes, and he'd send us all adrift if aught happened to him."

"Something has happened to him now with a vengeance," said the gentleman, rubbing down the injured part.

"Sir Compton ain't a pleasant gentleman to deal with, he ain't," added the man. "Nothing of a sucking lamb about him."

"Wash his knees and bathe them well with hot water."

"All the water of the Jaundice won't take down that swelling." (It is to be presumed Jordan was the river referred to.)

"Come over, Jim, an' look here."

The person called came up and exclaimed,—

"Lor', won't we have a precious row! Only yesterday master says, 'Jim, I'd not take a hundred fivers for that 'ere colt.' He'd be a green un 'ud give quarter the money now."

"The thing can't be helped," said Mr. Lexington, turning to leave the yard; "but, Ringwood, remember you say nothing of my having taken him out. You can say, if you like," added he,

with a hard laugh, "the Prince had him. He's my lady's pet, so you'll come to no grief about it, you'll find."

The words had not passed his lips before he repented of them. "It was blackguard," he muttered, "to say it—to drag her name into the mire like that. Horace, you are not improving. Some one says, 'Better to have loved and lost than never love at all.' It is not my case. Too late now for regret, things must take their course."

Was it too late? Had he foreseen the events that followed, or the course things did take, he would have gone back, and, at any cost, have done away with the effect of those wicked words. He had set a stone rolling, little dreaming the havoc it would make or the consequences that would ensue and recoil upon himself before its course was run.

Now Ringwood argued thus with himself:—"If I tell of Mr. Lexington I lose my place for sartain, for reasons best known to myself alone. If I don't tell, I go all the same, an' no knowing what master would take it into that wicked old head of his to do or say. I s'pose I'd best do *his* bidding and leave *him* the consequences; but I'm blest if I know what he's so vicious upon my lady about,—he looked ugly as he said that about her. Well, I've no reason to stand by her. She does not like a bone in your skin, John Ringwood, that's truth.

"Jim, my boy, the Prince de Shimmy had Warwick out to-day: does yer understand?"

"All right," said the fellow. "I'm open to kinviction an' a fiver, which I suppose the gent will stand. I ain't agoin' to make no hobstacles; but won't it lick master into a cocked hat ven he hears it!"

"That hobbservation is correct, though yer langwidge is not as helegant, Jim, as might be hexpected from a lad as 'as had yer badwantages."

THE SIEGE OF TRALEE.

BY H. S. F.

TRALEE is not now-a-days a particularly interesting town. It has a spa, said to be good for almost all kinds of diseases, where several times a spasmodic effort has been made to start a watering-place; but it has none of the fine old houses which make Galway so grand amid its desolation; none of the heavy Spanish balconies which give such a singular look to the little town of Dingle; none of the semi-castellated mansions of which there used to be so many in poor tumble-down Kilmallock. It is simply a little Irish town—thriving as Irish towns go, and with that stamp of modernness and meanness on everything secular which contrasts so with the grandeur of some of the ecclesiastical remains, and which disappoints the traveller, who, having had his fill of old houses in Chester, expects to find still more of them when he comes further west. He soon finds that old wooden houses are unknown, and old stone houses very rare in the sister island. Things have been too much knocked about there for either to stand. And this is why Tralee, which once had four castles, and, no doubt, stone houses for its provost's assistants, its twelve burgesses, and twelve common councilmen, who sat with him at his "tholsel and piled powder" courts, cannot now boast of one really old house. Even of the great Dominican convent, the burial-place of the Earls of Desmond, nothing remains but the vaults. These Desmonds were the objects of Queen Elizabeth's inveterate hostility; she specially excepted them from all her amnesties, and was so bitter against them that even Sir Henry Sidney remonstrated, and urged that it was not fair for him to be always on the Butler's side and against the Fitzgeralds. One reason why the queen disliked Desmonds was because of his cruelty in slaying Sir H. Dunter and the lords justices in their beds in his own castle of Tralee, an act which he pretended to justify by their having held session of great delivery in his palatinate. Rather a summary way that of showing that he did not mean the queen's writ to run in his territory. Within a mile of Tralee is Killeen, the seat of the Butlers,

whose ancestor was an officer in Hierome Sankey's troop of horse. Sankey was one of Cromwell's troopers who divided Ireland amongst them; and as his share was chiefly among the "mere Irish," who had few friends to support their cause at the Restoration Court, it was confirmed to him by patent in Charles II.'s reign; Charles too frequently forgetting his friends, and, to save trouble, making friends with his former enemies. This Sankey was (if Sir W. Pettry is to be believed) a great rascal. He was always talking of the will of the Lord, and protesting his willingness to accept the roughest mountain side if it should come to him as the "Lord's lot." At the same time he managed that some of the best of the "regimental" lands should be left out to oblige the Irish, who paid him well for it, and put in other lands instead which were not forfeited, thus wronging many innocent Irish as well as his own people. He is a sample of the men who made Puritanism to stink in the nostrils of the nation, and whose hypocritical self-seeking, so well set forth by Hudibras, accounts for the strange reaction which set in in 1660. To Tralee had seen earlier troubles than those of the Restoration. It was one of the many places hereabouts where the Armada got its wings clipped. On the 7th of September, 1588, a barque surrendered just off the town, having on board two of the Duke of Medina Sidonia's servants. The sufferings of this poor fleet were terrible. On the 6th, the Spanish admiral, together with another great ship and a barque, came into the Sound of the Blaskets. Next day two more ships came in. The admiral's ship had been shot through and through, her mainmast quite crippled. She had only some sixty men on board, and while she lay there they threw overboard daily five or six who died from fatigue and hardship. The examinations of some who were captured, before Sir W. Herbert and others, let us into the full horror of their state. John Antonio de Monona, son of Francisco de Monona, pilot to *Our Lady of the Rosary*, testifies (he being of Genoa) that "when they put to sea they had 700 men on board, and when they went down fifty only, the rest being lost by fight and diseases. She had received four shots through her hull, one between wind and water, and most of her tackle was spoiled by shot." So that it was not the elements, unassisted which beat the Armada. *Our Lady of the Rosary* struck on the Blaskets, "whereupon a great Spanish prince, who was on board, clad in white satin with russet silk stockings, did slay examination's father, saying he did it by treason." The gentlemen tried

to get off by the boat, but they could not get her loose, so that all perished except me, who swam ashore on two or three loose planks." Better to have braved the shoals of Flanders, which they came north-about to avoid, than to have suffered in this way. Malbay, on the Clare coast, was named (they say) by these unhappy sufferers, who found it indeed an evil place for them. And not far from Kilkee, a spot called in Irish "the graves of the yellow men" shows where some ship's crew was buried. The Irish did not treat them particularly well. The story goes, that in Clare one M'Loghlin M'Cabe killed eighty of them with his gallowglass (battle-axe) as they crept up out of the water. Yet they tell us that (in another sense than this) there is a great deal of Spanish blood in Clare. Fancy twenty great ships lost on the coast of Galway alone! Well might Elizabeth's medal say, "Afflavit Deus et dissipati sunt;" though (as we said) the round shot through their hulls and tackling bravely succeeded the storms. If you ever go to that coast of Clare, ironbound from Galway Bay right down to the Loop Head, you will wonder how any ships remained to go down outside Tralee.

Well, when all fear of the Armada was over, Elizabeth was free to deal with Ireland after the usual fashion—viz., by confiscating the lands of as many chieftains as it was convenient to dispossess, and assigning them, at a small quit-rent, to "undertakers," i. e., Englishmen of substance, who "undertook" to settle them with English. As to the respective merits of the chiefs, little account was made of these. Probably they had all coquetted enough with Spain to make them guilty of "constructive treason." So those were picked out whose lands promised best and were nearest to former settlements. This was an admirable plan of colonization; it is much the same as that which is going on now along the frontier between the United States and the Indians of the Far West; but there was one omission in Ireland which has led to unpleasant consequences since—the native, though dispossessed, was not exterminated, and he had from the first a disagreeable way of trying to get back again what he was stubborn enough to consider his own. Well, amid several "undertakers" in 1589 we find the name of Sir Ed. Denny, nephew of that Denny whose monument in Waltham Abbey begins thus:—

"Learn, curious reader, ere you pass,
What once Sir Edward Denny was."

Denny was not popular with his fellow-undertakers. Herbert,

writing to Burleigh, complains that he gives himself great airs as being Walsingham's cousin-german. "He measures conscience [says Herbert] by commodity, and law by lust." Towards the natives he appears to have acted pretty much as undertakers in general did. Once, as he was sailing to England, he went on shore in Ballinaskelligs Bay, near those curious rocks the Skelligs, a set of gigantic St. Michael's Mounts, covered (as all such places are along the west coast) with the beehive houses of old anchorites. Assembling the chief inhabitants, Sir Edward demanded a supply of "beeves;" and when his demand was not at once acceded to, he threatened force. The natives promised compliance, and sent one Sigerson, a Roman Catholic of English family, on board, as a pledge that the "beeves" should be ready on such a day. On the day appointed the English came ashore to get their cattle, but the natives had laid an ambuscade, into which the landing party fell, and, losing their presence of mind, fired off all their pieces at once. The Irish then rushed in on them and slew every one except the commander, one Vaucier, who swam to the ship with a pike sticking in his back. Sir E. Denny was for hanging his hostage; but he protested his innocence of the plot, and asserted that the wild O'Sullivans would be glad to see him killed too, because of his English extraction. So he was put on shore, and Sir Edward had to sail away without his "beeves;" and the spot where his men fell is called to this day the Englishmen's garden. Does it not read like some story of the South Sea Islands instead of an account of what went on not ten degrees west of Greenwich less than three centuries ago? And yet people are so unreasonable as to expect the Irish to be as orderly as we are, who have been schooled to order ever since the Norman Conquest and before it, and to be angry at outbreaks of lawlessness certainly not unnatural when we consider the antecedents of the race.

Sir E. Denny, however, though he lost his beeves, was more fortunate than some undertakers, who had to throw up their bargain because they could not get yeomen out of England to settle on them. He has 6,000 acres at a crown-rent of eightpence an acre—"plantation" acres, of course; and remember this is why the Irish or plantation acre is so much larger than the English. The same men who parcelled the ground out among themselves, had also the fixing of the measure by which it was to be divided. For a like reason Irish money—*i. e.*, the "medium" with which the English bought Irish produce—was made less

valuable than ours. Our undertaker thrives and takes good hold of the soil. The country round Tralee gets christened "the Seignory of Dennyvale;" and Sir Edward might well be content, but that he has to pay his crown-rent of £100 a year, and is at odds with the Herberts, who try to injure him with the all-powerful Walsingham. This from Sir W. Herbert is curious. After repeating Denny's boast, that before Easter all Ireland shall know him to be Walsingham's cousin, he adds,—“I cannot omitt what passingly displeased me. Thoes rare thinges in trewth of good value of the Duke of Medina Sidonea's cast into his hands, as I enterpreat, by God's providence, (to the end they might bea presented to her Majestie) hea beayinge Her Highness sworn servant, of her Privye Chamber, sworne councillor of this province, sworne sheriff of this county, hea shewed ceayrteyn frends of his at his hous of Trally, and declared how hea ment to dispose of every part of them; som to this nobleman, some to that, one thinge thear was witch coest threa thousand Duketts in Spayn: that hea sayed hea shoulde, but wolde not, bestowe upon your Honor; for that your Honor was alreadye sufficientlye bent to doe him goode; but hea wolde bestow it upon anoother, that had diswaded Her Majestye from forgeavinge him the rent of his signorye, whome by that gift hea hoped to make his frend.”

One is rather astonished at these squabbles among the invaders, seeing that the natives were always ready to take advantage of them. The MacCartys, chief clan in this part of Munster, the head of whom we shall find conducting the siege of Tralee against Denny's people, were naturally bitter against the family which had dispossessed them. Sir Edward, too, in order to secure himself in his seignory, had, through Walsingham, persuaded the queen to order the arrest and imprisonment of Florence MacCarty Mor, on account of his having dared to marry Ellen, daughter and heiress of the Earl of Clancarty (we know how angry Elizabeth got if any one dared to marry without her leave). Florence is sent to the Tower, where he stays many years; and Ellen is kept in Cork, until her father can be moved to become party to a divorce between her and the Irish chief. Ellen, however, being slightly guarded, steals out of the town one evening, and disappears for two years, hiding (in fact) until, having come of age, she is out of her father's power. But I cannot enter upon the long story about Florence and his disputes with Denny and Browne, and the other undertakers, and his alternate favours and

disfavour with Elizabeth, who at one time claps him into prison, at another calls him "one of the best subjects ever born of the Irishry." Enough had passed between him and Denny to make the feud hereditary, and so we shall find it comes up again in the great rising of 1641.

In earlier times these MacCartys had had the Fitzgeralds to fight against—when, that is, they were not making friends and intermarrying with them; for the Geraldines were one of those Norman houses which became "more Irish than the Irish themselves." The MacCartys, however, had never given even the Geraldines any long-continued quiet. In 1261 they entered Desmond,¹ and at Callan met Fitz-Thomas, ancestor of the Geraldines, returning from a foray. Him they slew, and so weakened the family, that "for twelve years none of that name durst put a plough in the ground, till dissensions arising among the septs, the Geraldines regained their former authority." Of course the Irish made a song about it—that was as natural as that they should quarrel after their success. Edward Walsh has translated the poem, of which this is a sample:—

"Fitz-Thomas went forth to the slaughter all burning;
And the dame by Tralee waits the robber's returning,
With the deep-lowing creach, with rich plunder laden,
The altar's best gold, the rare pearls of the maiden.
He rode with the spoils of all Desmond around him;
But the wrath of the Gael in its red vengeance found him."

After this battle arose the incident which gave the Earls of Kildare (Dukes of Leinster), the main stock of this wide-spread family of Fitzgerald, the ape as their crest, with the motto, *Non immemor beneficii*. When the news of the defeat at Callan came to Tralee, young Thomas Fitz-Thomas was a babe in the cradle. It was told how his father and grandfather, with a great store of uncles and kinsmen, had fallen. Out ran his nurses to join in the wailing and to hear the rest of the news. Whereupon a great ape, which was kept in the castle, took the child and carried it to the top of the battlements, climbing all round with it, to the horror of the spectators, and at last bringing it safely back to the cradle. Therefore was young Thomas called *Nappagh*, the ape, by the Irish from that time forward. These Geraldines were men of blood; but their way of managing matters suited the natives, who did not mind being beaten, but hated to be

¹ Desmond, Deas Muintir, South Munster; as Thomond, Tuais Muintir, is North Munster.

circumvented by that mixture of craft and force which the later settlers—men of the Denny stamp—practised. Some sixty years after Callan, one of their kin, Maurice FitzMaurice, having quarrelled with the son of MacCarty Mor, killed him upon the bench before the judge of assize at Tralee. For this he was tried at Dublin, but not put to death, because killing a “mere Irishman” was not reckoned murder. How the Geraldines became *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores* is well shown in the case of Gerald fourth Earl of Desmond, surnamed “the poet,” to whom the king, in 1367, granted licence to send his son James “to O’Brien of Thomond the Irishman, to remain and be brought up with him as long as his lordship pleaseth, all statutes—those against fostering and adopting Irish habits—to the contrary notwithstanding.” We all know how these Desmonds became almost independent sovereigns in Munster; how Henry VIII. at first favoured and afterwards persecuted them, and how (as I said) Elizabeth pursued them with unrelenting severity. The cruel fate of the last earl, in 1583, is so far connected with Tralee, that we may just notice it. He had been nearly caught in his hold of Aherlow wood (the glen became famous this spring as the scene of a Fenian *fiasco*), where twenty-five of his men were surprised asleep, and several more killed as they were boiling horse-flesh. Escaping thence, he became a wanderer, and being almost at his wits’ end for food, he sent a handful of trusty followers to lift a few cows from Tralee strand. Unluckily for him, some of these belonged to a poor woman named Moriarty, who determined to have her cattle back whatever might happen. So she told her brother, and her brother told the English governor that it was the Desmond who had done this. The governor gave him seven musketeers and twelve kernes (note how Irish are constantly used against Irish, as the police are against the Fenians now-a-days). He followed in the track of the cows, and came upon a wood five miles from Tralee, where they found a fire, and, sending out a spy, learned that there were some half-dozen people in a ruined house. Marching upon it, they found that all had fled, except an old man, whose arm Daniel Kelly (an Irishman, one of the musketeers) nearly severed from his body; as he was about to repeat the blow on his head the old man bade him desist, for that he was the Earl of Desmond. So they carried him away prisoner. But as the old earl grew faint and not able to travel, Kelly impatiently struck off his head, which, sent to London by his hereditary enemy, Butler, Earl of Ormond, was by

Elizabeth fixed on London Bridge. And so the Desmond perished by Irish treachery. Kelly got a pension of £20 a year; but we are not displeased to learn that he was afterwards hanged at Tyburn.

But this is a digression. It was impossible to say anything about Tralee without some mention of this great family of the Geraldines in their connection with it. But when the siege which we have to relate began, their supremacy in this district had quite passed away. The few who do appear come in as allies of Florence MacCarty of Carrigprehane, who in 1641, when "the Irish rebellion," as it is called, broke out in Ulster, took the title of Governor of Kerry, and began to raise men with the view of driving the English out. There were then two castles in Tralee, Sir Edward Denny's (the old hold of the Geraldines), and the "short castle" which the defenders took from one Rice, a Roman Catholic. Into these fled all the English families of the neighbourhood, so that there were in one 170 and in the other 105 souls, with their goods and provisions for two years. There was a good deal of preliminary fighting and cow-lifting on both sides, until at the end of January, 1642, MacCarty having taken Castlemaine, and found therein two old "sackers," began to form the siege of Tralee. Pulling down a house and barns in the neighbourhood, he built an engine of which the Irish, having no artillery, often made great use in attacking the castles of the English. This was the "sow," so well known in the Scotch war of Independence. But the English sallied out, burned the sow, and slew and took several of the assailants. All their prisoners they hanged except MacCarty's piper, whom they saved to make music for them. By and by, on the morning of Feb. 14th, the Irish burst into the town before daylight, and assailed the gaol door and the merchants' houses with sledges, both castles firing briskly upon them and they returning the fire. By dawn they had broken open the gaol and most of the houses. All the inhabitants escaped and were drawn up by ropes into the "short castle," except the gaoler, his servant, and his wife and sister. The two women afterwards got away; but the others were hanged, the captors first forcing the gaoler, one Thurlston, to show where his money was hidden, and to drink his own beer with them "until he was exceeding drunk. They then lashed him, making him skip and dance about until he could neither breathe nor stand. Whereupon, being a very corpulent man, he fell down, and then they dragged him to execu-

tion." That same day the provost had sallied out with a party to see if they had left him any of his cows, but the enemy got between him and the castle and compelled him to fly to Ardport, whence he returned to Cork, so that the whole defence fell thenceforth upon Sir Thomas Harris. By and by there came a helpless crowd of Sir Edward Denny's tenants from the neighbourhood, driven in by the marauding enemy, all of whom, to the number of 400, were taken into the castles, so that the two years' supply was much reduced. At this the garrison grumbled exceedingly, so that the governor promised he would henceforth take no step without the consent of the major part. He then, to inspirit them, administered unto all an oath to be faithful to the Protestant religion, and to hold out as long as they were able. Then began their sufferings. Water was not to be had: the enemy guarded the river, and though they sank as many as thirteen wells up to twenty feet deep in divers places, the water from all was very bad, some of it as black as ink. They had lost also above 500 quarters of corn, which they had stored under the castle guns, thinking it was safe there; but the Irish made a rush at it and carried it off; so that there was left to them not more than thirty quarters of corn of all kinds. For grinding this they had only two hand querns, with stones not more than eighteen inches across, whereof each family had the use in their turn by the hour. Indeed, the "provision for two years" seems, on a nearer survey, to melt away in a remarkable manner. Disease crept in, several died, many broke out into incurable ulcers; but, strangely enough, "of thirty women delivered of children during the siege not one either fell sick or miscarried; but all were able in two or three days to go about their ordinary work, notwithstanding they fed upon salt beef, pork, and bacon, and had nothing to drink but the bad water above mentioned." Meanwhile the Irish chiefs had mostly gone off to join Lord Muskerry; and at the end of February, those who remained demanded a parley, whereat they tried to persuade Sir Thomas Harris to surrender, "pretending that they meant him no hurt, that they took up arms only on account of their religion, and promised him and the garrison safe conduct to Cork or Kinsale, with their baggage." Sir Thomas tells them that their demands did not savour much of religion or conscience; and that he, being set there by Sir E. Denny, would not surrender the place to any rebel in Ireland. He chose to forget the very different measure which the English meted to the Irish—how not very long before

Sir Charles Wilmot took Listowel Castle with its garrison of eighteen men, nine of whom he shot at once, in revenge for nine English who had been shot during the siege, "and by the president's order the residue were soon after executed." However, he held firm, and nothing came of the parley but a truce to bury the dead. Soon after the Irish brought up a second sow covered with raw hides; but the garrison "having a gun which carried a ball as big as an egg, fired at it through the grate and obliged the besiegers to draw it off." Then they tried two other sows, but prudently kept out of gunshot, attempting to smoke the garrison out, and plundering the rations of the 400 refugees, most of whom, when disease broke out, had been lodged in the outhouses of the castle. And then comes one of the stories of which there are unhappily too many on both sides during this wretched contest. "An Englishwoman, near 100 years old, living outside the castle, was, during a hard frost, stripped by the Irish, and set quite naked in the river opposite the castle gate, where she died with cold and misery, none of the English daring to relieve her."

Towards the middle of March another attempt was made to persuade Sir T. Harris to yield. The besiegers showed an order signed by Lords Muskerry, Roche, and others of the Catholic council, authorizing all true Catholics to make war upon the English Protestants, and spoil them of their goods, but not to touch their lives. Sir Thomas replied, "he would rather make the castle his tomb than surrender it to rebels." They promised him a hot breakfast next Monday morning, on which they brought up their two sows, one against each castle, and managed to destroy the outhouses and get a lodgment close against the walls. Working under a constant fire, with crows and pickaxes, they got half through the wall of the {short castle, greatly terrifying the besieged, who fired a letter into the great castle desiring help. In this extremity one Peter Cambridge, a cooper, said "he would have one more bout with them," and starting up, he took an iron crow, and began to work on one of the pinnacles, which he soon loosened and tumbled on the sow, crushing it and the assailants who were inside, and immediately throwing over some dry fagots dipped in pitch, he burnt them and their engine. Hereupon the Irish in the other sow fled off in a panic, most of them being shot on their retreat, and soon after their engine was burnt also. In this affair the Irish lost twenty men in killed and burnt. One man, half burnt, was

lying under some rubbish. A cat came out daily to feed on him, and the Irish begged a truce to bury him and the rest, but it was not granted. Whether the besiegers recovered his body or not we cannot tell; for here the curious old MS. (written by one of the besieged) from which this account is taken, and which is still preserved in the Denny family, is so defaced as to become illegible. We know from other sources that the siege was maintained for more than six months; but at length Sir T. Harris died, worn out with watching and the sickness caused by the bad water, and soon after the garrison, being quite destitute of ammunition and provisions, "surrendered upon quarter, and a suit of clothes to each person with the delivering up of all their arms." There, it is not a very exciting narrative. The writer uses no high-flown phrases, but just tells a tale which well illustrates English endurance, and which (as I said) goes to explain why Tralee is such a modern-looking place. It also gives a sample of the way in which that feeling was nurtured which now comes out in the quarrels between landlord and tenant. The landlord was an invader—a Denny, whom there was always a MacCarty anxious to oust by all and any means. Thus religious differences were intensified by difference of race. The conquering landlord was a Protestant, the conquered tenant a Romanist. The two have not loved each other in England where is no conquest, and where the small numbers of the Romanists have been at once a protection to them, and a warrant against their growing discontented. How, then, could we expect them to love one another in Ireland? One thing the siege of Tralee does prove—viz., the utter folly (not to speak of them from other points of view) of these Fenian attempts. The thoroughly loyal and English population is ever so much more powerful as compared with the disaffected than it was in 1641. Yet then, though Denny, who ought to have been there to hold his own, was away, his people held out with incredible endurance. There is a Denny on the land now: does any one think that if a few hundred desperados made an attempt in Tralee to-morrow he and the other loyal inhabitants would not be able to give a better account of them than poor Sir T. Harris did of MacCarty and his following? It is a great pity that the true history of some of these Irish sieges is not printed and scattered broadcast among the peasantry. They might then see how hopeless is any attempt at a rising in these days of Whitworths and Sniders. The Orangemen always boast that if it came to blows, they would be able, without any

help from England, to drive the other party into the sea; and verily, judging from a good deal that has gone on from time to time on Irish soil, one almost fancies their boasting has some truth in it. As we said, the story is a very simple one. The reader can easily supply for himself the sighs, and groans, and weary watchings, and sickness of hope deferred; and on the other side the rage of the enemy when they found they made so little way. All these things, which our special correspondents deal in so largely, the writers of that day left to the poets to tell in "moving verse." Prose was then (according to the old Greek model) simple and chastened. Our redundancy of ornament and colouring would have disgusted an Elizabethan. Nevertheless the history tells its tale all the same, and that tale gives us a record of English heroism (of which, thank God, we have examples all the world over), and also shows the miserable folly of ever expecting to do anything effectual in a "war" in which all the wealth and resources of the country would be on one side, and on the other nothing but reckless inexperience, without the means of besieging even a place like Tralee, or even of storming a single police barrack.

Look at the north of Ireland, full of men accustomed to the use of arms, only waiting the signal to fall destructively on those who are so ready to brave them, knowing them to be "chained up." Look at the network of police, and soldiers, and landlords and their belongings, everywhere spread over the south, ample enough to keep the country against all the foes within and any who can possibly arrive from without, and say if Fenianism is not, of all the "isms" which have afflicted Ireland, the very maddest. But then the evil is, that we read these stories and argue upon them; the men whom we would fain influence for their good do not read them. They tell over the old tales of Ossianic heroes, and solace themselves with the legends of Ireland's early glories, till they come to think that they are all children of kings, that there is no such race anywhere else in the world, and that it is their right to rule Ireland, if not England into the bargain. What a pity they won't look a little nearer the present, and see how in every struggle—even in such a little matter as our siege—the English have always gained the day! Why will they not learn the lesson of these Elizabethan and Stuart wars—viz., that they have met with a stronger race than themselves; and that, having done so, their best wisdom is to submit?

But when I think of thee,
 And how thou wert with me,
 How often we have trod the path,
 How often we have fought the fight,
 How often we have shared the pain,
 How often we have shared the gain.

"SIT ANIMA MEA CUM EJUS ANIMA!"

BY F. W. HARRIS, M.A.

THOU hast crossed the troubled waters;
 Thou hast reached the happy shore;
 Thou hast striven with temptation,
 -- Thou wilt strive no more.
 O, I envy thee!

We are toiling still in rowing,
 Winds are raging, waves run high;
 Faith and courage often failing;
 No deliverer nigh.
 O, I envy thee!

Shall I e'er again be with thee?
 Shall I ever win the rest,
 Where thy happy soul repositeth
 On that loving Breast?
 O, I envy thee!

Sometimes I have had a vision
 Of the clear, calm, crystal sea—
 Caught a prospect of the haven
 Where my soul would be,
 Dearest, safe with thee.

Sometimes o'er the troubled waters
 I have thought I heard thy voice,
 Calling, "Cheer thee, brother, cheer thee;
 Thou shalt yet rejoice,
 Yes, rejoice with me!"

But again the dark clouds gather,
And again the billows roll,
Shutting out the distant prospect,
Shutting in my soul.
O, I envy thee!

"AMINA SUUM MODO ANIMAM AMINAM TI?"
Ah! another voice is calling

High above the tempest's roar;
And a glorious Form is standing
On the distant shore:—

Doth He call to me?

Yes, my soul, to thee He calleth;

Thou shouldst know those accents blest—

"He that to the end endureth"

Wins the promised rest."

Lord, I wait for Thee!

Should I for a gain be with thee?
Should I for a love be with thee?
Where only a glory is to be
On that far-off land?
O, I envy thee!

Sometimes I have had a fear
Of the great unknown world
Caught a prey of the power
Where no soul would be
Lost, and none be saved

Sometimes I have had a fear
Of the great unknown world
Caught a prey of the power
Where no soul would be
Lost, and none be saved
Yes, I envy thee!

WHO WAS THE FOUNDER OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS ?

BY S. R. TOWNSHEND MAYER, F.R.S.L.

THE Bishop of Oxford, in a recent article on Sunday schools, says, "Few of the moral powers which have acted for the last sixty or seventy years upon our population have done more for its benefit than they have effected. Those who felt their power in the zenith of their usefulness were never weary of speaking of their great results, and venerated Mr. Raikes almost as an apostle." And he subsequently repeats that in 1783 "Mr. Raikes of Gloucester became their apostle." *

Now Horace Walpole, in his "Historic Doubts on the Life and Reign of Richard III.," says there is "a kind of literary superstition which men are apt to contract from habit, and which makes them look on any attempt towards shaking their belief in any established character, no matter whether good or bad, as a sort of profanation. They are determined to adhere to their first impressions, and are equally offended at any innovation. No indulgence is granted to those who would ascertain the truth. The more testimonials on either side have been multiplied, the stronger is the conviction; though it generally happens that the original evidence is wondrous slender, and that the number of writers have but copied one another, or, what is worse, have only added to the original without any new authority. Attachment so groundless is not to be regarded; and in mere matters of curiosity it were ridiculous to pay any deference to it. If time brings new materials to light, if facts and dates constitute historians, what does it signify that we have been for two or three hundred years under an error? Does antiquity consecrate darkness? Does a lie become venerable from its age? Historic justice is due to all characters."

Actuated by the spirit of this last axiom, I am desirous of doing justice to a man whose claims to be considered a benefactor to his species have been very generally ignored. Everywhere we see Robert Raikes described as the "founder of Sunday

schools." This description I conceive to be in a measure unmerited. He was not alone in his noble work; and without wishing in the slightest degree to depreciate his *share* in the undertaking, unquestionably some tribute is due to the memory of his less-known coadjutor, the Rev. Thomas Stock, rector of St. John and St. Aldate, Gloucester, whose name should be associated with that of Raikes in grateful recognition.

With whom the project originated of assembling the children of the very poor, to be found in the suburbs of Gloucester, half clothed, half fed, and abandoned to every vicious practice, at the early Sunday morning service in the cathedral, and by degrees disciplining them into a due observance of at least the outward ceremonies of religion, will be found to be matter for widely varying conjecture. But that these estimable men worked together, each according to his means, in carrying out and perfecting that blessed scheme, we have sufficient direct testimony to show.

Neither of the Gloucester worthies, indeed, can be credited with having first put forth the idea of Sunday school teaching, as we find a school, which would appear to be the first on record, established in 1763-4, in Catterick, Yorkshire, by the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, conjointly with a benevolent lady named Cappe, of Bedale, in the same county. A Miss Hannah Ball, of High Wycombe, also opened and carried on successfully a Sunday school in her native town in 1769; and her pious example was followed by a humble individual named James Heys, more generally known by the familiar appellation of "Old Jemmy o' th' Hey," who lived in the village of Little Lever, near Bolton, Lancashire, and who in the year 1775 instructed the poor "bobbin-boys" or "draw-boys," on the Sabbath, in reading and spelling. The cottage of a neighbour afforded a front room large enough for the purpose, and was cheerfully granted. There "Old Jemmy" met his pupils—children and young folks—morning and afternoon; every Sunday, the time of assembling being announced by the ringing, not of a bell, but of an excellent proxy—an old brass pestle and mortar!

But although Stock and Raikes cannot be said to have opened the *first* Sunday school in the kingdom, they may justly divide the credit of originating the *system*. For, as has been truly observed, "whilst the existence of the few previous establishments of the kind already referred to was known only in their immediate localities, the success which attended the first Sunday school established in the ancient and important city of Glou-

cester by the joint labours of Mr. Stock and Mr. Raikes, and the publicity given to its results by the latter through the medium of his own paper, the *Gloucester Journal*, were unquestionably the means of awakening public attention to the subject, and of leading to that rapid and wide extension of the plan which has since happily taken place."

The following brief and unostentatious obituary notice appears in the *Gloucester Journal* of April 8th, 1811:—

"On Friday evening last died suddenly, at his residence in this city, R. Raikes, Esq., aged 76, who, in the year 1788, first instituted Sunday schools, and by his philanthropic exertions contributed to the adoption of them in different parts of the kingdom."

This was probably the origin of the general ascription to Raikes of founding Sunday schools, because the *Gloucester Journal* was made the medium for advocating their institution, and that paper virtually nationalized the project.

Counsel, in "History of Gloucester" (1829), clearly takes this view, for he says,—

"The late Robert Raikes, Esq., of this city, obtained the name of founder of Sunday schools by his unwearied exertions to render them general throughout the kingdom; and this gentleman lived to see his benevolent efforts crowned with success."

Rudge, in his "History and Antiquities of Gloucester" (1811), speaks of Robert Raikes as "a character justly esteemed for the philanthropy and zeal with which he brought forward and fostered the plan of Sunday schools for the education of poor children." This was written during Mr. Raikes's lifetime, and Archdeacon Rudge makes use of only the vague words "brought forward," upon which, especially if the entire sentence be read collaterally with others bearing upon the same point, we should hesitate to attribute to Raikes the foundation of Sunday schools. It must, however, be noted that by Rudge no mention whatever is made of Mr. Stock. Without Raikes's means of propagating the scheme it probably might have died a natural death, or been confined to Gloucester, so that our debt to Raikes is as great at the present time as though he had been the undoubted sole founder of the institution. In 1781, when the first ingathering of children to form a ragged and Sunday school took place in Gloucester Cathedral, it is recorded that many of the poor little things hesitated to come to school on account of their want of decent clothing. To these Raikes represented in his characteristic way that all he required was "clean hands, clean faces, and combed hair." This is trifling, perhaps, but it will show those

who know anything of children how eminently fitted Raikes was for the great work he undertook with Mr. Stock's assistance. In a book called "The Springs of Plynlmmon," by the Rev. Luke Booker, LL.D., F.R.S.L., Vicar of Dudley, printed in 1834, we read, "Gloucester, the birthplace and cradle of Sunday schools, was fortunate in possessing at the birth and infancy of these schools two individuals admirably fitted by divine Providence to foster and train to maturity the novel institution—the Rev. Thomas Stock, a clergyman of the Church of England, and Robert Raikes, Esq. Having been invited to advocate the cause of Sunday schools, soon after their establishment, at St. Mary de Crypt Church, in Gloucester, few persons are better acquainted with their origin and originators than myself. That being Mr. Raikes's parish, he was at church; and I was more than once a guest at his table. I also knew the Rev. T. Stock; and consider it a circumstance in which the hand of divine Providence was discernible that Gloucester possessed two such valuable men to co-operate in the same good work at the same time; for, to promote its success, that they were 'workers *together* with God,' there are many persons like myself, still alive, who can prove. Which of the two had the greater portion of merit *non nostrum tantas componere lites*. In the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. ci., pp. 132, 294, &c., and 391, although exclusive claims are preferred for each of these worthy individuals, I am induced from what I know to say of them both *et vitula tu dignus et hic*. The planting of this national vine (which soon spread its branches far and wide over the whole land) was, that, while Mr. Raikes received his full meed of praise, the modest, unostentatious Mr. Stock remained unnoticed and unrewarded. *Earthly* reward, indeed, he sought not, but though cathedral honours, which *ought* to be conferred on such men, awaited him not for so good a work in a world which passeth away, he will be honoured in that world which abideth for ever, where they who have done good in secret shall be rewarded openly."

"Mr. Stock's endeavours," says the obituary notice of that worthy man in the *Evangelical Magazine* for March, 1804, "were confined to the establishment of schools in his neighbourhood but Mr. Raikes's exertions, by constantly recommending the plan in the *Gloucester Journal*, which he printed, have been crowned with the desired success by the general adoption of them throughout the country."

"A Gloucestershire Vicar," who wrote on the subject a few years since, says,—

"If it can be proved that the Rev. Thomas Stock, Rector of St. John's, Gloucester, really initiated the idea, and was the first to carry it out; that he actually did open the first Sunday school, taught in that school himself, and prevailed on some of his parishioners to assist him in this work of love; then the question should be set at rest; and I quite think that, notwithstanding the silence of Archdeacon Rudge, and the subsequent obliteration of Mr. Stock's name, even as a co-founder, absorbed as it was, partly by the journalistic influence which Mr. Raikes naturally exercised, and the comparatively obscure position in which his 'modest and unostentatious' fellow-worker was placed, and, partly from other causes, every honest inquirer would be very cautious in designating Raikes the originator of Sunday schools."

In support of which statement he adds that there was, at the time when he wrote, resident in Gloucester—

"A most respectable and respected inhabitant, born and bred in St. John's parish, who can positively depose that her mother perfectly recollected Mr. Stock establishing the first Sunday school in the city; she (the mother) was one of the first teachers in the school; the children assembled in a room in 103, Northgate Street, then tenanted by Mr. Roberts, a brushmaker, the father of the last-named lady; and I well remember a highly respected tradesman of the same name, who carried on business as a grocer there, and who headed his bills with a vignette of the house, with this inscription beneath,—'On these premises the first Sunday school in England was established.'"

The history of the thing lies in a nutshell:—

"The Rev. Thomas Stock originated and instituted the first Sunday school; Mr. Robert Raikes was his warm coadjutor and supporter, and, if I mistake not, afterwards established a separate school in his own parish of St. Mary de Crypt. They were fellow-workers in the holy cause, but Mr. Raikes, as the proprietor of a public journal, did what Mr. Stock could not do—scattered the good seed, first sown in Gloucester, broadcast over the land. Still, *palmam qui meruit ferat*."¹

The rev. gentleman, however, besides adducing hearsay evidence which is rarely reliable, and seldom, perhaps never, conclusive, has fallen into a very common error in asserting that the *first* Sunday school was established at 103, Northgate Street, in the parish of St. John the Baptist. That was the *third* opened in Gloucester, as will appear from the testimony of Mr. Stock's intimate friend, Mr. G. W. Counsel, who said, in a letter addressed to the editor of the *Gloucester Journal* in 1832,—

"I do assert from my own knowledge that my old friend and schoolfellow, the Rev. Thomas Stock, was the person who first suggested the plan of that benevolent institution (Sunday schools). . . . When the *first* school was established in St. Catherine's parish, Mr. Raikes contributed two-thirds, and Mr. Stock one-third towards its support. . . . Mr. Raikes *afterwards* established a Sunday school in his own parish of St. Mary de Crypt, when he entirely withdrew his subscription from the original school; in consequence of which poor Mr. Stock had to support it wholly at his own expense. Mr. Stock *subsequently* established similar

¹ *Gloucestershire Chronicle*, Nov. 26th, 1864.

schools in the parish of St. John the Baptist and St. Aldate, both of which he regularly attended, and continued so to do until the time of his death."

This is tolerably conclusive, especially when supported by the following circumstantial narrative from the pen of the Rev. Henry Wintle, Rector of Matson, and oldest surviving college school pupil of the Rev. Thomas Stock:—

"I was resident for many years in Oxfordshire, till family circumstances and change of preferment called me back to Gloucester. Upon my return I paid my respects to the widow and family of my worthy old master. I lamented to them that justice was not done to his memory, and stated the following as my knowledge of the circumstances, which I had from Mr. Stock:—On a Sunday evening Mr. Stock met Mr. Raikes in Hare Lane, and said how much he was hurt at seeing the children so desecrate the Sabbath by their sports and pastimes. 'Mr. Raikes,' said he, 'I am determined to have a school for them; they cannot err so much by learning to read and write as by their present riotous behaviour and playing.' After a few days Mr. Raikes (certainly a well-disposed man) had some further conversation with Mr. Stock, who entered more into detail respecting his plan. It was then agreed that Mr. Raikes, who was wealthy, should supply three parts of the expense of the school, and Mr. Stock the remainder, with superintendence and direction. Mrs. Stock told me my information was correct as far as it went. 'The plan worked well,' said she, 'and the school of St. John's was doing so much good that Mr. Raikes set up a similar school in his own parish of Crypt. He withdrew his subscription from the St. John's school, and left my husband to bear the whole expense. This was hard, as we were poor in comparison with our situation.'"

On this Mr. Wintle set on foot the project of a memorial to Stock in Gloucester Cathedral, as the "originator of Sunday school teaching," and ultimately his exertions were crowned with success, Mr. Wintle himself, members of his family, several of Mr. Stock's old scholars, the Dean and Chapter, and many others contributing to the cost of the monument. Mr. Wintle continued,—

"His late Royal Highness the Prince William of Gloucester honoured Mr. Raikes with a visit, and partook of refreshment at his house. His Royal Highness talked of Sunday schools, and much praised Mr. Raikes, whose vanity induced him to receive the praise without mentioning the share Mr. Stock had. This circumstance was once observed upon to Mr. Raikes's brother, the Rev. Richard Raikes, the excellent minister of Maisemore. His answer was, 'Never mind, my brother has his reward on earth; Mr. Stock will have his in heaven.'"

In all other respects Mr. Wintle described Mr. Raikes as "an exemplary character." This was written in 1841, and about the same time that distinguished member of the Society of Friends, Mr. Samuel Bowly, confirmed the statement of the meeting in Hare Lane, adding,—

"The idea of taking a room in which to give them [the Sunday scholars] instruction then suggested itself, and before the two gentlemen parted they actually engaged a room at two shillings a week for the purpose. But then came the question, Who

is to teach them? and Mr. Raikes being at the time much engaged in attending to the editing and printing the *Gloucester Journal* on Sunday (for it then came out on the Monday morning), he could not devote his time to the work, and Mr. Stock therefore volunteered his services, and notwithstanding other heavy engagements he continued to the day of his death to devote himself to this valuable and important service, whilst Raikes availed himself of his position as the editor of a public paper to forward and support the work, not only in Gloucester, but elsewhere; and with what effect is well known.”¹

Mr. Bowly referred the matter to Counsel, the local historian, who was then eighty-three years of age, but whose faculties were unimpaired, so that he perfectly remembered the circumstances which led to the establishment of Sunday schools; his testimony has been already given. Fosbroke, in his elaborate “History of Gloucester,” mentions both Raikes and Stock, as does Dr. John Johnstone in his “Memoirs of Dr. Samuel Parr.” A supposed new light was thrown on the question by a gentleman who wrote from the West Indies, stating that—

“Many years ago, there lived at Dursley, in Gloucestershire, Mr. William King, a woollen card manufacturer, and a thorough Dissenter of the Whitfield school. He did a considerable business at one time, and being an intelligent man his society was much sought for by his superiors. In his younger days he was a friend of Raikes, and I think their friendship began in this manner: Mr. King was in the habit of going to Gloucester to visit and endeavour to prepare for their great change the condemned prisoners (*hanging was quite fashionable then*). In these visits, I believe, he often met Mr. Raikes, and so began their acquaintance. I know not in what year, but the narrative will sufficiently point out the time, Mr. King made a purpose journey to Gloucester to see and consult with Mr. Raikes. They met; and Mr. King introduced the subject of Sunday schools. He is understood to have remarked to Mr. Raikes that it was lamentable to see the Sabbath desecrated by their field-strolling and sports; and that he thought they might be brought together on that day to learn to read, so as to do a double good. Mr. Raikes threw cold water on the subject, and remarked that *it was too much for the Dissenters to attempt*, and that the first effort, if made, *must be made by the Establishment*. Within a month after this conversation Stock had established a school, and Raikes was advocating the institution in the *Journal*. . . . My object has been to show that King first suggested Sunday schools; Stock established them; Raikes promoted them.”

Mr. King's married daughter, Mrs. Wright, of Dursley, confirmed this narrative in every particular, stating also that “two or three weeks” after her father's interview with Mr. Raikes the latter introduced the subject in the *Journal*. If Mrs. Wright's memory could be relied on (some allowance must be made for the possibly imperfect recollection of a lady of seventy-three), she has here settled the date of that interview as 1783. But, most provokingly, she has created considerable confusion by adding, “As

There is at the present time living in Gloucester a very old gentleman, Mr. William Whitehead, who was one of Mr. Raikes's apprentices, and who has repeatedly confirmed to me the statements here made by Mr. Bowly.—S. R. T. M.

for the year that my father saw Mr. Raikes, I cannot exactly tell, but it was before he opened the Sunday school in Gloucester (in the year 1780)." Supposing Mr. King's interview with Raikes took place prior to 1780, we can hardly reconcile that hypothesis with the statement that it occurred "within one month" or "two or three weeks" before Raikes suggested the idea in the *Journal* (1783). There we distinctly trace the suggestion of Sunday schools to Raikes (as between himself and Stock), in direct opposition to Mr. Stock's account of the meeting and conversation in Hare Lane.

The evidence on this point is certainly conflicting, but it is quite unquestionable that the *first* Sunday school in Gloucester was opened in 1780 by Stock and Raikes jointly, at the house of another Mr. King, in St. Catherine's parish. Mr. King was steward to Mr. Pitt, sometime member for Gloucester, and his house is still standing.

The *second* school was established by Mr. Raikes (who had deserted the first), in the parish of St. Mary de Crypt; and the *third* was opened at the back premises of 103, Northgate Street, by Mr. Stock singly. But there is some doubt whether the school opened in St. Mary's Square, on the site of the present Lady Huntingdon's Chapel, was not in existence before the one in the parish of St. John; so that instead of St. John's being, as the "Gloucestershire Vicar" asserts, the *first* school established in Gloucester, it was probably the *fourth*!

Mr. Raikes, having had three years' experience of Sunday school management, first advocated the general adoption of the scheme in the *Gloucester Journal* of Nov. 3, 1783; and if his interview with Mr. William King, of Dursley, took place in October, 1783, three weeks or a month before, it is very clear that Mr. King had nothing to do with the original "suggestion" of Sunday schools.

The advocates of Mr. Raikes rely, in support of his claims, upon a pamphlet bearing the following title-page:—

"*The Piety, Wisdom, and Policy of Promoting Sunday Schools*: a sermon preached in the parish church of Painswick, in the county of Gloucester, on Sunday, the 24th of September, 1786; by Samuel Glasse, D.D., F.R.S., Rector of Wanstead, in Essex, and chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty. 'To endeavour to inspire the common people with such sentiments as are suited to their earthly condition, and calculated to promote their everlasting felicity, is the most honourable occupation of the most worthy citizen.'—Mr. Hanway. Published by the desire of the minister and parishioners, &c. London: Printed for and sold by Messrs. Rivington, in St. Paul's Church yard, and Mr. Gardner, in the Strand. MDCCLXXXVI. N.B.—The profits (if any) will be applied to the benefit of Sunday schools."

This was dedicated to "Mr. Robert Raikes, of the city of Gloucester, an instructor of the ignorant, and a father to the poor; to whose piety and zeal, in the first institution and subsequent encouragement of Sunday schools, every friend to religion is indebted. The following discourse, preached at his request, is inscribed, as a token of friendship, approbation, and esteem, by the Author." The text is taken from Deut. **xxi.** 12, 13—"Gather the people together, men, and women, and children, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God, and observe to do all the words of this law: and that their children, which have not known anything, may hear, and learn to fear the Lord your God, as long as ye live."

It is noticeable that the sermon was preached at the *request* of Mr. Raikes, who would appear from the following passage to have been present at its delivery:¹—

"Of the original author of these excellent institutions I forbear, for obvious reasons, to say anything; both because this is not a place for language which might wear the semblance of flattery, and because his merit in this good work is beyond all praise. Too much, however, cannot be said in approbation of *their* zeal who have fanned the spark into a flame; the brightness whereof hath diffused itself through this and is now extending itself to the most distant parts of our sister kingdom."

"That worthy nobleman, Lord Ducie," the Bishop of Chester, the Dean of Canterbury, "the Lord Bishop of the diocese in which this sermon was preached;" "Mr. Hearne of Canterbury, and many others amongst the parochial clergy, in various parts of the kingdom," are alluded to in foot-notes, and an appendix contains extracts from letters of clergymen in Gloucestershire and elsewhere, including a communication from "an eminent Roman Catholic priest in Ireland," but the Rev. Thomas Stock is not once mentioned; which fact, taken in conjunction with the existence of a medal struck in commemoration of the Sunday School Jubilee, 1831, inscribed "Robert Raikes, Esq., Founder of Sunday Schools, born at Gloucester, September 14, 1756," and with the complimentary visit from Prince William, before referred to, is taken to be conclusive proof that Raikes deserved the exclusive recognition generally accorded to him. "It is evident," say his partisans, "that Raikes's contemporaries were under that impression, and it has obtained ever since." But be-

¹ At least this is the inference of Mr. Henry Jeffs, of Gloucester, to whom I am indebted for a sight of this sermon, and who is the possessor of an original portrait of Robert Raikes.—S. R. T. M.

cause a mistake has lasted for sixty or seventy years, is not its antiquity the stronger reason for endeavouring to set it right at last, upon the adduction of sufficient reliable evidence justifying such a course? Let me recommend to these too partial adherents to a—

“Faith unfaithful, falsely true,”

a closer consideration of the passage already quoted from Horace Walpole, which I may be allowed to support by two notable illustrations of those reversals of judgment of which history is full. The common and vulgar idea of “Fair Rosamond’s death” is that it was brought about by “cruel Queen Eleanor’s dagger and bowl.” Modern historians have examined the authorities for this monkish legend, and, aided by facts raked out from hitherto unheeded sources, have been enabled to give us something nearer an authentic account of the less sensational manner in which the unfortunate lady did die. Again, in the case of that much-maligned monarch, Richard the Third; our juvenile notions of this king (gathered from Mrs. Markham), and the “generally received opinion” of him are identical—namely, “that he was a humpbacked, cruel, cunning, unscrupulous monster.” Closer investigation shows us that Richard, popularly called “Crook-back,” was a good king, a brave warrior, a kind uncle, and, altogether, a very desirable relative! Shakspeare, adopting the popular tradition of his day, and probably not unmindful of how the grandfather of the Lion-Queen had won his crown, represented Richard as an incarnation of evil—a human butcher and a craven. But I think our statute-book proves him a wise and beneficent ruler; while his contemporaries, quoted by Knight and other recent historians, describe him as a practised swordsman, a formidable foe in the lists, and richly endowed with what we now call John Bull courage. The charge of murdering his nephews in the Tower has long since been withdrawn; and though two writers of history might formerly have contended as to whether the Duke of Gloucester employed flock or feather pillows for the perpetration of the deed, *we* are pretty sure that neither was used, inasmuch as the little princes were not smothered at all! So much for the broad question of the value of traditionary evidence. In this particular case the supposed facts by which it is supported are of small importance. The pointed omission of the name of Mr. Stock from Dr. Glassey’s sermon is only a striking instance of injustice, inasmuch as even those who still contend that Raikes was the founder of Sunday

schools, must admit that Stock was his active fellow-worker, and worthy of at least as much recognition as the "many other parochial clergy" mentioned in the notes. Prince William of Gloucester's complimentary remarks can hardly be said to be *in themselves* evidence that those remarks were deserved, especially when we bear in mind that their justice and propriety were questioned at the time, while the Rev. Richard Raikes's recorded observation on them well-nigh amounts to proof positive that they were *undeserved*. That Mr. Raikes received the praise of his Royal Highness in silence is, perhaps, not to be wondered at. Many of his contemporaries assert that vanity and envy of Mr. Stock tied his tongue. It is possibly more consistent with what we know of his character to conclude that, being a diffident man, he lacked moral courage to dispel the very pleasant illusion of his illustrious guest; and that, having once accepted without qualification the honour from royal lips, he thenceforward maintained strict silence regarding his co-founder, leaving it for others to discover and declare his share of the work. With regard to the commemorative medal, an extract from a letter by Mr. G. W. Counsel to Mr. Thomas Clark, of Birmingham, dated June 3rd, 1841, shows that the assertion contained in the inscription on the medal has long since been called in question. After transcribing Mr. Raikes's epitaph on the memorial at St. Mary de Crypt, Mr. Counsel says,—

"His (Mr. Raikes's) friends expected it would have been done in the cathedral, like Dr. Jenner's and Sir George Paul's, at the public expense, but they have been sadly disappointed. If they had been candid enough to have admitted that Mr. Raikes was the founder of Sunday schools *conjointly* with Mr. Stock, no controversy would have arisen on the subject; but, so far from this being the case, they assert that Mr. Raikes was the original founder of these schools, and that his memory will on that account be deservedly held in remembrance. Perhaps you are not aware that at some of these schools the children are *compelled* to wear a large medal, on which is represented the head of Mr. Raikes, with the following legend:—'Robert Raikes, Esq., the Founder of Sunday Schools.' It is stated in the 'Gloucester Guide,' a work written by the late Archdeacon Rudge, of this city, one of Mr. Raikes's most intimate friends, that he, Mr. Raikes, was the *reputed* founder of Sunday schools, and that he *obtained the name* by his exertions to render them general throughout the kingdom."

Enough has been said to show that Mr. Stock's claim to be considered a *founder of Sunday schools* is as great as Mr. Raikes's; the fair conclusion seems to be that Stock originated and instituted the *first* Sunday school in Gloucester; Robert Raikes was his warm coadjutor and supporter, and both were "fellow-workers in the holy cause."



"Praise me a sunset down an English vale,
Where soft grey shadows on the hill-sides lie,
While crimson skies, which flush and faint and pale,
Invite the pensive verse, revive the mournful tale." *Page 68.*

SUMMER.

BY REV. M. G. WATKINS, M.A.

AN English Summer! what a burst of joy—
 What realms of beauty breathe in that brief phrase!
 Beauty that, dewy-fresh, can never cloy—
 Mirth running riot through wild woodland ways
 Where torrents leap, and birds sing roundelays,
 While Nature, never seen more blithe than here,
 Seems quickening memories of her bygone Mays
 With June's rich smile, and April's gentle tear,
 What time she rests in this, the heyday of her year.

A loving presence haunts thy perfumed bowers,
 Sweet English Summer! hence the ill-starred wight
 Sighs for thy forest glades 'mong tropic flowers,
 Recalls old elms, by fondest fancy dight,
 That cloud the azure sea of balmy light,
 Which o'er their curved tops hangs a lustrous dome,
 Quivering on sprays in crisped-green splendours bright;
 Pity their lot to whom in dreams will come
 On other shores such longing for an English home!

Grand is the glacier gliding from on high
 Its yearlong inch through lonely wastes of snow;
 Awful the Alpine vastness where the eye
 Sees far blue gentian-clouds, or pink peaks throw
 Their soft translucent tints o'er all below;
 Praise me a sunset down an English vale,
 Where soft grey shadows on the hill-sides lie;
 While crimson skies, which flush and faint and pale,
 Invite the pensive verse, revive the mournful tale.

My garden, blazing with a thousand blooms,
 Forestalls swarth Autumn with the rath-ripe pear;
 A heavy fragrance fills the darkened rooms,
 Their casements starry wreaths of jasmine bear.
 Nightly the amorous nightingale you hear,
 In the larch-copse that hems the pleasaunce round;
 Long ere the point of dawn the larks sing clear,
 Thrushes with breaking day their rich notes sound,
 And lap the wakening sleeper in a dreamy swoond.

How sweet to woo its shade in noontide heats!
 To muse with Plato—list to Portia plead,
 Miranda prattle, or with gorgeous Keats,
 Poet of Summer, faëry islands tread,
 Beauties and joys on every side dispread.
 Hail, Genius! how thy charm doth sweeten life!
 Bringing to earth once more the mighty dead.
 Here linger spell-bound, far from civic strife,—
 Armida's garden here, with purest pleasures rife.

Nor are these pleasures barren to the heart,
 Mere food for selfish fancy, while the mind
 From sympathetic cares doth sit apart;
 Rather in Nature may she teachings find,
 Love that will ne'er dissever from its kind,
 Far-reaching fears and hopes for man's true good,
 Like yon blue streams of smoke that upward wind
 From cottage chimneys buried in the wood,
 Upward here tend the issues of each thoughtful mood.

Wanting the warmth of human loves and fears
 No beauty pleases; e'en an English moor,
 When summer floods it till each dell appears
 Purpled with waves of heather, seems but poor—
 There nothing human opes for love the door.
 Unheeded there the pines may moan, the brook
 Murmur low music to the west wind's roar:
 Eden was nought, its loveliness ne'er took
 The final praise of good, till man did on it look.

Man's works, man's conquests—these I love to trace,
To watch how wastes his will to blossom dooms:
The far-spread ocean has for me no grace
Unless defeated by man's skill it booms
In wrathful impotence, while for strange looms
Or Seric silks, secure ships o'er the waves
Dare its worst anger, then as summer-glooms
Deepen to storm with twilight, in his caves
Grandest to human senses Father Ocean raves.

The silver moon hath passed her central bound,
Turn we from salt-blasts to the ambrosial night
That on this wood's edge wraps us closely round,
Here halt to drink in Summer's full delight!
List! surges still the dripping rock walls smite!
Sweet English Summer, here 'mid dew-drenched flowers
Breathing soft fragrance, let me learn aright
The wondrous affluence of thy magic powers,
The solemn joys which haunt thy silent dreamful hours!

What strong enchantment holds the listening earth?
'Tis the lone nightingale; in that young oak
She pours her thrilling melody—no mirth
To my mind fires her song; those strains evoke
Nought but deep feeling, as in Greece they wake
The ancient tale of Philomela's woe.
'Gainst that high chalk cliff—now those echoes broke!
And now fresh strains she trills and bubbles low!
Untired, sweet bird, we leave—morn's colder breezes blow!

Fain would I linger gathering varied lore
Of Nature, ere from night and thee I part,
'Tis truest wisdom thus to lay up store
When Summer reigns, ere winter chill the heart;
Hereafter oft to light will these joys start
'Mong sapless ghosts of golden days gone by,
And memory bid them heal life's sorest smart,
Dwelling on thoughts of past felicity,
And taught 'midst homely scenes to meet Eternity.

ODD EPITAPHS.

BY T. SHAIRP.

“Live still and write mine epitaph.”

To endeavour to offer any new observations on the subject of epitaphs after the wondrous deal which has at all times been written about them, would be as profitless a task as giving advice to one's friends. We do not pretend to do so; but we think that in our peregrinations in search of these curious evidences of human vanity, we have succeeded in finding at least one or two epitaphs which are not yet known to the public. If we have trodden anew ground which other travellers have already passed over, we offer a very humble apology.

Among the most ancient epitaphs on record—which seem to be old as the tombs themselves—are those of Simonides on Megistius, the soothsayer of the renowned little army of Leonidas, and upon the heroes who fell at Thermopylæ, preserved by Herodotus. The epitaph referred to in the ancient Greek inscription found in the Ceramicus at Athens, upon the warriors who fell at Potidæa, in the year 432 before Christ, is also of very high antiquity. The original, in a mutilated state, is now among the Elgin marbles in the British Museum. The earliest epitaphs of this country seem to be those of the Romans or Romanized Britons, which generally begin with D.M. (*Dies manibus*), followed by the name, age, and office of the deceased being usually in the form of a speech or personal eulogy, supposed to be uttered by the dead. The Athenians, in like manner, put over the tomb simply the name of the deceased, with the word “good,” or “hero,” or the like; frequently adding, however, the name of the father and his tribe. The Lacedæmonians accorded epitaphs as a sort of military honour to those only who had died in battle. The ancient Jews are supposed not to have used epitaphs at all, but it is exceedingly uncertain whether they did or not; and it is also doubted whether the Saxons or Danes used monumental inscriptions either in their own or the Latin tongue, those which are handed down to us being supposed to be

compositions of a later date. The regular series of English epitaphs begins with the eleventh century, at which time they were still written in the Latin language; and from then till the present day we have examples almost without end or number, all of which are, no doubt, equally truthful and sincere, else the old proverb (which has its equivalent in French and German),¹ "He lies like an epitaph," would never have arisen.

Classifying the epitaphs of the present day under characteristic heads, we may take firstly those certain "stock" inscriptions with which the entire world seems acquainted. Such as the following:—

"Affliction sore long time I bore,
Physicians were in vain,
Till death did ease, and God did please
To set me free from pain ;"

or,—

"Mourn not for me, though I lie here,
My friends and children five,
Certain that all must die,
As sure as you're alive ;"

and numerous others of a similar style.

After these we might place what may be termed the professional epitaphs, showing that if the ruling British passion—the "shop"—was not strong in death, at least the relatives of the deceased wished to make it appear so; of which the following are specimens:—

"Here lies in a horizontal position the outside case of —, watchmaker, whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession. Integrity was the main spring, and prudence the regulator of his actions: humane, generous, and liberal, his hands never stopped til he had relieved distress. So nicely regulated were all his motions, that he never went wrong, except when set agoing by people who did not know his key; even then he was easily set right again. He had the art of disposing of his time so well that his hours glided away in one continual round of delight, till an unlucky minute put a period to his existence. He departed this life wound up, in hope of being taken in hand by his Maker, and in hope of being thoroughly cleansed, repaired, and set agoing in the world to come, where he will never want winding up again, but will keep time for ever."

¹ The German form is, — "He lies like a tombstone, and is as impudent as a newspaper."

ON A BLACKSMITH.

"My sledge and hammer are declin'd;
 My bellows to have lost their wind;
 My fire is out, my forge decay'd,
 And in ye dust my vice is laid;
 My Coal is spent, my Iron gone,
 My nail is drove, my work is done."

ON A COBBLER.

"My cutting board's to pieces split,
 My size stick will no measures mete,
 My rotten last's turned into holes,
 My blunted knife cuts no more soles,
 My hammers head's flown from the haft,
 No more St. Mondays with the craft;
 My nippers, pinchers, stirrup and rag,
 And all my kit have got the bag,
 My lapstone's broke, my colour's o'er,
 My gum-glass froze, my paste's no more,
 My heel's served on, my pegs are driven,—
 I hope I'm on the road to heaven!"

"The body of Benjamin Franklin, printer (like the cover of an old book, its contents torn out, and stripped of its lettering and gilding), lies here, food for worms, yet the work itself will not be lost, for it will (as he believed) appear once more in a new and more beautiful edition, corrected and amended by the Author."

The following appeared in the *Athenæum*, No. 1,979, September 30, 1865:—

"Here lies the body of
 PETER ISNELL,

(30 years clerk of this parish).

He lived respected as a pious and mirthful man, and died on his way to church to assist at a wedding on the 31st day of March, 1811; aged 70 years.

"The inhabitants of Crayford have raised this stone to his cheerful memory and as a tribute to his long and faithful services.

The life of this *Clerk* was just threescore and ten,
 Nearly half of which time he had sung out *Amen*;
 In his youth he was married like other young men,
 But his wife died one day, so he chanted *Amen*.
 A second he took, she departed, what then?
 He married and buried a third with *Amen*.
 Thus his joys and his sorrows were trebled, but then
 His voice was deep *Bass* as he sung out *Amen*.

On the *horn* he could blow as well as most men,
So his *horn* was exalted in blowing *Amen* ;
But he lost all his *wind* after threescore and ten,
And here with three wives he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out *Amen*."

Thirdly come those odd epitaphs through which runs a curious vein of piously philosophical reflection, in some cases not unmixed with a little mournfulness ; of which the following, on an old woman aged one hundred, is a specimen :—

"By St. David's rules our ages then
Were numbered threescore years and ten ;
But if to fourscore years we gain,
Our labour then's but grief and pain ;
At ninety years I do depend
To make a good and holy end ;
But at one hundred years and three
The grave's the bed that best suits me."

The following two may also be classed under this head :—

"Insatiate is the grave, and in its womb
From lingering pains promiscuous millions rest ;
But longest shall they live beyond the tomb
Whose virtue serves society the best."

"This youth when in his sickness lay did for the minister send :. : that he would come and with him pray :. : But he would not attend :. : But when the young man buried was :. : the minister did him admit, he should be taken into Church that he might money get :. : By this you see what man will do, to get money if he can :. : who did refuse to come and pray :. : by the foresaid young man."

Lastly in our classification we should place the miscellaneous order, which are distinguished by humour of a certain style, and puns more or less atrocious. This is a specimen :—

"In a vault in this churchyard are interred several of the Saunderses of this parish : particulars the last day will disclose. Amen."

We consider the above a very model of epitaphs ; better even than—

"Here lies the body of Mary Sexton,
Who pleased many a man but never vex'd one,
Not like the woman that lies under the next stone !"

Which may very appropriately be followed by this droll conceit, for which we are indebted to the "Book of Days :"—

"Here lies my wife;
A fact that must tell
For her repose,
And mine as well."

Or, as it appears on a stone in "Père la Chaise,"—

"Ci-git ma femme. Ah ! qu'elle est bien
Pour son repos et pour le mien."

To say the least, the following is odd :—

"Here lies father, mother, and I,
Who all died in the space of one short year,
We be all buried at Wimble except I,
And I be buried here !"

As is also this one, which certainly does not speak well for the popularity of the family :—

"Here lies Ned Hyde,
Because he died.
If it had been his Sister,
We should have missed her.
But we had rather
It had been his Father ;
Or, for the good of the nation,
The whole generation."

The Bath Cathedral inscription is, we fancy, already known :—

"These walls adorned with monumental bust,
Show how Bath waters serve to lay the dust."

"Here lies Ann Mann,
She lived an old Maid and she died an old Mann."

The pun in the above is equalled, if not surpassed, by the well-known epitaph on one More :—

"Owen More has gone away,
Owin' more than he could pay."

To which this is kindred :—

"From Duns secure, if Creditors should come,
For once a Debtor may be found at home ;
By Death arrested and in gaol here laid,
The first and last, the only debt he paid."

For the following composition of four of the colleagues of one Anderson, Provost of Dundee, we are indebted to the "Recreations of a Country Parson :"—

"Here lies Him, here lies He :
Hallelujah, Hallelujah !
A. B. C. D. F. G.,"

which is unequalled in epitaphian lore.

There is something touching in the poetry of—

“Here Resteth the body of Mary Olive, a Pretty little tender
Brainch of Robert and Elizabeth Olive, who Departed this Life
October the 30, 1701.”

We would commend to the notice of Dr. Colenso this grotesque
inscription :—

“Here lies a noble pair who were in name,
In heart, in mind, in sentiments the same.
The arithmetic rule, then, can't be true,
For one and one did never here make two.”

Sometimes “one” and “one” *do* make two, though. No praise,
we fancy, could be higher than this tribute to a wife's memory :—

“She was—but words are wanting to say what;
Think what a wife should be—and she was that.”

A contented mind is a continual feast; surely contentment
never went further than this :—

“Here lie I at the chancel door;
Here lie I because I'm poor:
The further in the more you'll pay,
Here lie I as warm as they.”

One more epitaph and we have done :—

“More had I once, More would I have,
More is not to be had;
The first lost (?), the next is vaine,
The third is too, too bad.
If I had v'd with More regard
The more that I did give,
I might have made more use and find
Of *Mores* while he did live.
But time will be recal'd no more,
More since are gone in briefe,
Too late repentance yields no more,
Save onely paine and griefe.
My comfort is that God has More,
Such *Mores* to send at will,
In hope whereof I sigh no more,
But rest upon him still.”

are going, then, to ask our readers to accompany us in a little trip "down East," as our American friends would say. We do not propose to visit the docks, nor to dine off whitebait at Blackwall. All that we want to do is to get a general idea of the routine of East End life. We want to form our impression of "men and things" there, and so we will saunter down without the definite purpose of seeing any particular "lion," but merely with the intention of picking up a little information, and making a few observations upon East End life. With this view let us start upon our way.

Once clear of Aldgate Church and its immortal "pump," we become conscious of a change in the aspect of life around us. Generally, we should say, there seems to be less business and more dirt. The names above the butchers' shops betray unmistakable signs of the Hebrew origin of their owners; the grocers seem more restlessly anxious to puff their wares; the tailors more disposed to hang out garments of a nautical cut to the public view. The line of demarcation between the doctor and the chemist becomes less clear, and the "three golden balls" of the pawnbroker seem more at home than they look further westward. In short, we are in Whitechapel, and starting on our East End experience. The rough, heavy tramways, on which the laden waggons and trucks lumber uneasily along, tell us of themselves that we are on our way to the docks, and that if we want to get a notion of what goes on in that unknown region, we had better follow their course, and go whither they may lead us.

They will lead us to a ground fresh and unbroken, so far as the experience of the greater part of our readers is concerned. Even Mr. Timbs has left unchronicled the "curiosities" of Stepney, Limehouse, Bromley, Poplar, and "London over the border," yet each of these names represents a district containing a vast mass of human life. There is nothing particularly attractive in the outward aspect of such neighbourhoods. "A workman's suburb" is the proverbial ideal of dullness, according to the notions of the periodical press. Streets planned with almost American regularity; houses built of scarcely-burned bricks; shops which give by their wares no untrue index of the needs and means of the neighbourhood,—such are a few of the prominent characteristics of one of these quarters of London, as they first meet the eye. There is something almost hopeless in them at first sight,—a "dead level of practicality," as a friend once said to the writer, which almost chills the most indomitable spirit. Yet, as we

have been reminded by one of the most polished preachers of the day, it is in this apparent desert that there lies the battlefield in which "the crusade of charity"¹ is to be fought; and these dull prosaic streets have their own peculiar interest, and even their own peculiar romances. These neighbourhoods have a significance and importance which neither the religious nor political philosopher can afford to overlook with impunity. It is the object of this paper to awaken an interest in such places, and to put before our readers some information about the sort of life which people are living in those unknown wildernesses of bricks and mortar.

The expression "workman's suburb," which originated, as the writer believes, with the *Times*, forms no inapt description of the neighbourhoods which we are endeavouring to describe. They are, for all practical purposes, entirely in the hands of the working classes. Here and there an employer of labour may be found, residing among his workpeople, but instances of this are increasingly rare. So far, therefore, as the neighbourhood is concerned, the working classes are really "lords of the soil." The wealthier and more respectable of them are the "leading men" in parochial, social, and political matters. The shops are established to supply their needs; the standard and rule of everything is not the opinion of what are termed the "educated classes," but everything is measured according to the standard of the "wage-paid" class which almost alone inhabits the neighbourhood. Churches and chapels entrust alike the administration of their affairs to churchwardens or elders who are, or have been at no remote period, working men. Here it should be remarked that, though a working man may rise from the ranks and become, to a certain degree, an employer of labour, he never seems quite to lose his sympathy with his former "mates." In his modes of thought, and substantially in his mode of living, he is "a working man" still, though he has become a master. Hence the whole tone of such a neighbourhood, if we except the influences of the clergyman and the politician, is the tone of the working classes. Each "working man's suburb" is a little community of its own,—a sort of self-supplying republic which would have delighted the soul of Plato.

Of course, as there must be even in republics, there are grades of society. There stands first the small employer of labour (we purposely omit the mention of the larger employers of labour),

¹ See a sermon under the above title, preached by Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey at the anniversary service of the Bishop of London's Fund, 1866.

who has risen from being a working man to be a master. His business in most cases is limited and his capital small; but he realizes sufficient to maintain his family in comparative comfort, and (what is more important still) to give them a good education.

Next to these comes the mechanic who is a skilled workman, and who in fair times is earning his thirty or forty shillings a week. If his sons are growing up and following his business, they are probably earning enough to support themselves and contribute somewhat to the family stock. In times when provisions are cheap, this class of mechanic is able to have "his little home" neat, trim, and tidy, and even to spare something "to give to him that needeth." Still it must be remembered that his employment is precarious. If a commercial panic or a "strike" comes, this working man, by no fault of his own, may be reduced to absolute destitution, and may even come to the stone-yard and the reception of parish relief.

After him comes the mechanic who has employment but not regularly. He is often a keen, intelligent workman, but from irregular habits his work is uncertain. It would be more pleasant to draw a veil over this part of our picture, but it cannot be denied that in this class are comprehended many who bring their wives and families to want by habitual indulgence in strong drinks, and who sacrifice their health and usefulness to their ruling passion. "He's a good workman when he likes" is a sadly apt description of the man of this class.

His lack of diligence ends not uncommonly in his descending into a yet lower grade, in which we find the dock labourer, who works "off and on" for two-and-sixpence a day, and the man who is glad to pick up any odd job which comes to hand. These form the lowest and most troublesome class of the inhabitants of the "workman's suburb."

It has been thought well thus to classify the different grades of working men for the sake of convenience; but, like all attempts at classification, this must be accepted with considerable modifications. The "ups and downs of life" in these parts are so great that it is easy for a man to glide almost insensibly from one class to another, until he reaches the lowest rung of the social ladder.

This brings us naturally to consider another established feature of such neighbourhoods—their fluctuations. Many of these new suburbs have sprung up in the short space of ten years or so. What a few years ago was a common or a brick-field is now a

town peopled by its 8,000 or 9,000 inhabitants. It has arisen in answer to the demand for it. Time was when the shipwrights of the Thames received an almost fabulous rate of wages, and mechanics from all parts of the world, thinking to realize Dick Whittington's anticipations of a city whose streets were "paved with gold," poured into the iron-yards of the Thames in an almost uncontrollable stream. During such times as the Crimean war there was work for them almost at their own prices, and their wives and families were duly brought from Plymouth or from Tyneside, and installed in the scarcely dry houses of the mushroom towns of Bromley and Poplar New Town. All for a time goes "merrily as a marriage bell;" but then there comes a season of commercial depression. The clank of the iron-yards is almost silent. The Isle of Dogs is well-nigh deserted, and many of these people heartily wish themselves back at Plymouth or Newcastle, or sharing the modest gains of "the canny Scotsmen" whom they left behind on the Clyde for the more ambitious offers of the Thames. They now begin to feel that dearness of house-rent and provisions which they had never paused to think about in the days of their prosperity. Article after article of household furniture is parted with by the anxious wife, while the husband "walks about," seeking for work. This "walking about," which might at first sight seem rather an unusual mode of courting employment, is really the mechanic's recognised way of seeking for it. From six in the morning to six at night he tramps wearily from yard to yard, always making the same inquiry, whether there are any workmen wanted, and too often meeting with the same heart-sickening answer, "No work." The period of panic may in due time pass off, and the neighbourhood put on once more its look of prosperity, but for the time it has become the home of grinding poverty and weary idleness. To consider the causes of such fluctuations, and to enter into the consideration of the philosophy and prevention of strikes, would be beyond the scope which the writer has proposed to himself in the present paper. One remark, however, may be made in reference to these combinations of the employed. Working men persevere in them often with a Spartan pertinacity, which in a better cause must win from us a willing tribute of admiration.

These periods of distress fall hardly upon another class of the community—the shopkeepers. These tradesmen are in a very small way of business, and have commonly commenced with a very slender capital. In times of prosperity they do very well

for what the mechanic earns hardly he spends liberally. In periods of reactionary distress it is very difficult for them not to trust the men, who in their times of comparative prosperity have been their best customers, and who may yet again be able to lay out considerable sums of money with them. Hence they are often induced to give credit till (to use their own graphic expression) "they trust themselves out of house and home," and their modest show of merchandise in the window becomes more modest still.

Such are a few of the more prominent thoughts which naturally occur to the writer in connection with the subject of East End life. At present a dark shadow rests upon that life, as it has rested before. It is a misfortune that at such a time there should not be a greater appreciation than there apparently is, on the part of the wealthier classes, of some of the bright features in the character of the mechanics and artisans of the eastern portion of the metropolis. Reference has already been made to their indomitable spirit of perseverance, where the cause is sometimes doubtful; but it would not be right to close without paying a tribute to another characteristic, of which it is impossible to speak save with unalloyed admiration, viz., their great sensitiveness to kindness. None are more easily won by it than the working men, and no characters are worth more when once won. Amidst privations of no ordinary kind they have often given proofs of the truest spirit of self-sacrifice, finding its expression in little acts of kindness towards those whom they have learned to love. None are more pleased by sympathy on the part of those who are their superiors in social position, and it is matter of regret that circumstances prevent their neighbours of the West End, except in some very rare cases, from knowing more of their habits of life and modes of thought. Mutual knowledge would breed mutual respect, and a little interchange of sympathy—the feeling of the possession of a common bond of union—would be for the benefit of both.

HARVEST HYMN.

BY E. P.

We praise Thee, God our Father,
 For love unmasked, untold ;
 We bless Thee, God the Giver,
 For mercies manifold.
 We sing the special bounty
 Which prospers us once more,
 And fills again so richly
 Our basket and our store.

For who but Thou, most Mighty,
 Could give each seed its birth,
 And place the crown of plenty
 Upon the smiling earth ?
 Or who could give when needed
 The late and early rain,
 Or send the blessed sunbeams
 To swell the golden grain ?

If on the sinless only
 Thy ceaseless gifts should fall,
 Which of us, Lord, should merit
 The smallest boon of all ?
 Ah, no ! Thou hast not meted
 Thy goodness by our worth ;
 Heaven's bounty is not fettered
 By all the guilt of earth.

O help us, Lord, to labour
 For that eternal Bread,—
 The Meat that cannot perish,
 Whereby our souls are fed ;
 And lead us on and upward,
 When we would wayward roam,
 That we may share the glory
 Of Thine own Harvest Home.

REVIEW AND NOTICE OF BOOK.

A Charge delivered to the Clergy and Churchwardens of the Diocese of Worcester. By HENRY, LORD BISHOP OF WORCESTER, at his Visitation in June, 1868. London: Rivingtons, Waterloo Place.

THERE are few Bishops on the English bench who are held in deeper and more deserved respect than the Bishop of Worcester. So far as scholarship is concerned, it is only necessary to remember that he was a senior wrangler and first-classman at Cambridge; while as the years roll on, the clergy and laity of the diocese of Worcester are more thoroughly confirmed in their estimate of his lordship's singular power of administration, and of his exceeding courtesy and judgment in all matters that are brought before him.

The learned and able charge delivered by the Bishop a few weeks ago will abundantly repay a careful perusal. The most weighty and important part of it is taken up with the doctrine of the Holy Communion. No subject in these days is of more vital consequence to the Church; for, as is generally acknowledged, the excessive ritualism which is disturbing the Church's peace, and marring the Church's work, is all directly connected with a teaching on this very doctrine, which is something other than that of the Reformed Church of England. Very wise and reverent are the Bishop's words; and we need offer no apology for the length of the extract we give below, but simply express a hope that it may lead our readers to procure the Charge for themselves.

"Nothing at first sight would seem to be simpler than the account of the institution of the Lord's Supper in the four passages of the New Testament in which it is recorded. When, however, we come to dwell upon the words of the three Evangelists and of St. Paul with the long, deep, earnest thought invited by the subject, the busy mind proposes many questions, to which, while the subtle wit of some would persuade them that they have found an answer, the patient experience of 'holy and humble men of heart' has long since convinced them that in sober truth no answer can be given.

"They 'which of human and corrupt curiosity,' is the language of the proclamation concerning the irreverent talkers of the Sacrament, set forth by King Edward the Sixth in the first year of his reign, 'hath desire to search out such mysteries as lieth hid in the infinite and bottomless depth of the wisdom and glory of God, and to the which our human imbecility cannot attain . . . oftentimes turneth the same to their own and others' destruction by contention and arrogant rashness, which simple and Christian affection, reverently receiving and obediently believing, without further search, taketh and useth to most great comfort and profit.'

"Our first impression respecting the simplicity of the doctrine of the Lord's Supper after all is right. 'The way of holiness' is plain and easy, by which we draw near to God in it. 'The unclean shall not pass over it;' but 'the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein,' if only they will cease to 'search and strive unreverently,' and content themselves with doing simply what our Lord has plainly told us.

“‘Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to His disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is My body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is My blood of the new testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.’

“In obedience to our Lord’s command, we try to do as our Lord has told us. His ministers in our Church take bread, and bless it, and break it, and give it to His disciples. They take the cup likewise, and give thanks or bless it, and distribute it to the faithful.

“We, the ministers to whom this office is committed, believe, and we teach our people to believe, that as our Lord’s faithful disciples severally eat the broken bread and drink the cup of blessing, they do verily and indeed eat the flesh and drink the blood of our once crucified, but now risen and exalted Saviour. ‘To such as rightly, worthily, and with faith receive the same, the bread which we break is a partaking of the body of Christ; and likewise the cup of blessing is a partaking of the blood of Christ’ (Art. 28). We have in the Lord’s Supper, as our Homily teaches, ‘communion of the body and blood of the Lord in a marvellous incorporation, which by the operation of the Holy Ghost, the very bond of our conjunction with Christ, is through faith wrought in the souls of the faithful, whereby not only their souls live to eternal life, but they surely trust to win their bodies a resurrection to immortality.’

“All would be well if they who present themselves at this holy feast, bearing in mind the words of Hooker (Book v., c. 67), that ‘this heavenly food is given for the satisfying of our empty souls, and not for the exercising of our curious and subtle wits,’ would ‘more give themselves to meditate with silence what we have by the Sacrament, and less to dispute of the manner how.’ Let those who enjoy not, dispute; let us who enjoy, dispute not.

“If men go on to ask what is the exact effect upon the bread and wine of the act of blessing, by which they are prepared for the reception of the faithful; what is the manner of the presence of the body and blood of our Lord in the Holy Supper; what is precisely the connection of the outward visible sign of the Sacrament with the inward spiritual grace;—*nil temere definimus*, says Bishop Andrews. Our Church does not presume to speak with the authority of definition upon any such questions, though she supplies us with many safeguards against manifest and acknowledged errors which have prevailed respecting them.

“‘Transubstantiation,’ says our twenty-eighth Article of Religion, ‘or the change of the substance of bread and wine in the Supper of the Lord, cannot be proved by Holy Writ; but is repugnant to the plain words of Scripture, overthroweth the nature of a Sacrament, and hath given occasion to many superstitions;’ and, in order to guide our thoughts into a safer channel, it is added, ‘The body of Christ is given, taken, and eaten in the Supper only after an heavenly and spiritual manner. And the means whereby the body of Christ is received and eaten in the Supper is faith.’

“Again, in the twenty-ninth Article of Religion, it seems to me that our Church has provided a simple test of great value for trying the truth of theories which pretend to explain the manner of the presence of the body and blood of our Lord in His Supper. Is the presumed presence such as to allow that ‘the wicked and such as be void of a lively faith’ may be ‘partakers of Christ,’ the theory cannot be true in which that presence is asserted. Such persons are ‘in no wise partakers of Christ.’ When they ‘carnally and visibly press with their teeth’ what is given to them, they eat and drink nothing but ‘the sign or sacrament of so great a thing.’” Pp. 16—20.

